

ultimatum requiring her to evacuate Egypt by the Consuls-General (!) of France and Russia at Alexandria. The false report of the neglect of the Italian fleet at Salonica to return the salute of the French warship *Amérique* is not much better; and the announcement in a Paris paper that the Grand Duke of Baden, at the end of the manœuvres in the Duchy, informed his troops that they would soon have to draw the sword against a foe that had not learnt wisdom from a bloody defeat, though more possible than the other stories, appears to be equally false. Apart from these fictions, from the disastrous floods in Southern Spain, the full extent of which is not yet known; and from the dramatic ending of the late Dictator of Chili, there is really little news of importance on the Continent.

The signs of calm are indeed important; chief among them the admirable speeches last week at Reims and Vitry of the President of the French Republic, dwelling on the efficiency of the army as a guarantee of peace, and exhorting to mutual reconciliation and union at home.

Certainly few things are more remarkable in the history of the last twenty years than the growth of stability in French politics. Even the Parisian populace is proof against the efforts of the anti-*Lohengrin* agitators. The second performance went off quietly enough. There were one or two demands for the "Marseillaise," and bottles containing chemicals, designed to clear the house by their odour, were thrown from the gallery; but the disturbers were expelled without difficulty. Many arrests were made outside, but only a few of those arrested then or on the previous occasion have been prosecuted. The sentences inflicted vary from ten days' to four months' imprisonment. The third performance went off with even less disturbance, and the seats have been sold by speculators at fancy prices.

The new passport regulations in Alsace-Lorraine make passports requisite only for military men, cadets, and former inhabitants of the Province who have adopted French nationality and have served in the French army. These, at least, must constitute the bulk of the civilians referred to. Strangers (of any nation) remaining more than twenty-four hours in the Province must have their presence notified to the police. The Paris press welcomes the change; not so Prince Bismarck's organ.

The disaster to the Zalewski expedition in German East Africa is followed by a report of disturbances among the Wadigo people in the north of the German sphere of influence. The partisans of a forward policy are, of course, demanding that severe punishment shall be inflicted on the Wahehe tribe, and suggesting that Major von Wissman is the man to govern the colony. Meanwhile the organ of the Liberal leader, Herr Eugen Richter, has suggested that Germany had best abandon her sphere of influence south of the Rufidyi River and its tributary the Rueha, withdrawing her garrisons from Kilwa, Lindi, and Mikandini, leaving Lakes Nyassa and Tanganyika alone, and giving up also her colonies in the Cameroons and New Guinea. England, it is suggested, might be glad to purchase all these, and they are a heavy expense to the German taxpayer.

The Commission of Inquiry into the affairs of the Italian possessions in Africa has just reported in favour of planting colonies at certain points—a plan, however, which would negative the projected economies of the Government.

The twenty-first anniversary of the entry of Italian troops into Rome was celebrated on Sunday in Rome in heavy rain. Garlands were deposited on the tomb of Victor Emmanuel, and there was a remarkable fraternisation of Monarchist and Republican politicians. The celebration was, of course, furiously denounced by some of the clerical organs. Meanwhile the French and Spanish pilgrims, after hearing mass at St. Peter's—where special courtesies were shown to them—were kept out of harm's way in the galleries of the Vatican. On Saturday a party of French pilgrims was received by the Pope, who

spoke for half an hour in French. A few voices—chiefly, it is said, those of Italian monks invited as spectators—supported the temporal Power by cries of "Long live the Pope King!" The address presented by the Comte de Mun referred to him as the first workmen's Pope; and in reply he treated the pilgrimage as a vote of thanks for the Encyclical on the social problem. Legislation, he remarked, could never settle labour questions, which depended on the conscience and Christian charity; and he insisted on the claim of the workman to a fair wage and a Sunday rest, and suggested that masters and workmen should combine in associations under the patronage of their bishops. Like the Encyclical, the speech is a long way from the real difficulties, but it is something that a Pope who is also a Roman noble should touch the labour question at all. He has also, at the request of the German and Austrian bishops, sent a letter to them strongly condemning duelling. The state of his health is said to cause the gravest apprehension.

The Italian Cabinet is said to be showing unwonted activity, probably in connection with the impending programme-speech of the Premier, which now, it is said, will be delivered after the middle of October, not at Milan but at Rome. The reason for the change is said to be that he had intended to announce the terms of the commercial treaty with Austria and Germany, which would produce marked effect in an industrial city like Milan, and that the hitch in the negotiations, due chiefly to difficulties as to Italian wines, will make this announcement impracticable.

Negotiations for the treaty of commerce between Serbia, Germany, and Austria-Hungary, are to commence next month. The War Minister of Austria-Hungary has been arranging with the Finance Ministers for an increased expenditure of six million florins—the practical result of the alarming pamphlet recently inspired by him. They were expected to object strongly to any increase, as causing the recurrence of a deficit; but the sum is not very large. Austria will contribute two-thirds of it.

The Queen of Roumania is occupying the first floor of the Grand Hotel at Pallanza, and is said to be decidedly better. She is suffering from a peculiar and obscure nervous disease—not, however, spinal congestion. The King is with her. Rumours, as yet unconfirmed, are afloat as to his intention to abdicate. Mlle. Vacaresco, who was reported to have attempted suicide at Milan, has proceeded to Rome.

A hundred thousand people are homeless in Spain through the floods a fortnight ago. Liberal contributions are being sent them, including 20,000 marks from the German Emperor, but the greatest difficulty is experienced in reaching them with relief. Many are desperate, much marauding is taking place, and pestilence is feared. Some families have been drowned, with all their heirs. There are the utmost difficulties in burying the dead. Nearly the whole of Southern Spain and Portugal was more or less affected by the storm. A serious railway collision wrecked the Paris-Madrid express on Thursday. Mr. Seymour Lucas, A.R.A., is reported injured.

A misunderstanding seems to have arisen as to the interpretation of the *modus vivendi* between England and the United States regarding the number of skins to be taken this year under it. The American Commissioners have reported strongly for the suspension of sealing in the open sea if the seals are to be preserved.

Much importance is attached to a recent speech of Mr. Mills, a prominent Democratic member of Congress, as indicating that the Democrats of the South-West are likely to give up regarding the free coinage of silver as an economic panacea.

The tragic suicide of the ex-Dictator Balmaceda, who, after all, was concealed in the Argentine Legation at Santiago, restores peace to Chili. He left a letter, excusing himself from complicity in most of the cruelties committed in his name, blaming his generals for his failure, and saying that

his purpose was to free Chili from the dominion of the foreigner—presumably the nitrate companies. The populace was divided between joy at his death and regret that it had lost the chance of tearing him to pieces. So ends another South American Dictator—so far as can be judged, one very far above the usual type. When his life comes to be written, he will probably be more leniently judged than is possible now.

A naval demonstration against China has been talked of this week, but it is understood that the report is premature. Meanwhile, England, France, Germany, and the United States have entered into an informal engagement that the representatives of each shall protect subjects of the East resident in China. Serious complaints have been made against the practice of concentrating the English fleet and allowing the rivers to remain without one gunboat. On Thursday, however, the Chinese Chargé d'Affaires in Paris assured M. Ribot, in reply to his recent remonstrance, that the Chinese Government had taken due steps to secure the protection of foreigners in China, and had sent ships to the disturbed districts. But things look more threatening daily both for foreigners and for the present dynasty.

LOCAL GOVERNMENT IN IRELAND.

II.—WHAT WE MAY EXPECT NEXT SESSION.

IN an article published in *THE SPEAKER* a few weeks ago I tried to sketch the existing system of local government in Ireland. I have now to attempt the more difficult task of indicating the reforms which we may expect from Mr. Balfour next session. I must do so with two reservations. In the first place, I speak only for myself. The details of local government are so complicated that there may very well be difference of opinion among those who are Nationalists in general politics. In the second place, it is useless to attempt to sketch an ideal system of local government such as we might ask for if we were members of the best of all possible Parliaments, with the best of all possible Governments sitting on the Treasury Bench. Till the General Election we have to deal with Mr. Balfour and the party who do as he bids them. All that can be done in such an article as this is to show what we have a right to expect from a Unionist Government if they carry into effect the principles which they have enunciated on the platform. They came into office on the planks of "similarity and simultaneity." That is not the principle either of the Nationalist party or of our Liberal allies. It is a bad principle: at once pedantic in essence and latinistic in form, but it is better than no principle at all. We must get as much as we can out of it.

One objection occurs at starting: What about "simultaneity?" The English Local Government Bill was passed in 1888. Next year will be 1892. If strict punctuality were exacted in the payment of political debts, it might be said that the due date was past; but in Ireland long experience has taught us to expect so little that we can be quite content if we are only four years behind time. What we may ask in all humility is this: If Mr. Balfour intends to deny to the Irish County Councils any power or attribute which has already been conceded to County Councils in England, let him, in the name of "simultaneity," spare us the indignity of being told that the boon will be extended to us so soon as we are fit for it.

What I have to do is to work the principle of "similarity" into detail. The Irish Local Government Bill should be similar to the Local Government Acts for England and Scotland. It cannot be made absolutely identical without changing unnecessarily our local arrangements; but it should resemble the English and Scotch Bills just as the Scotch Bill resembled the English Bill. Scotchmen were not satisfied with their Bill, and we should not be satisfied with ours even if it were as good as theirs. But

what they got is that which we have a right to expect to be offered by Mr. Balfour. The Irish County Councils should, according to the principle (or is it a dogma?) of similarity, be similar in constitution and similar in powers to the County Councils in England and Scotland.

The Irish County Councils should therefore be formed entirely of members elected on the parliamentary suffrage, or a suffrage equally wide. Mr. Balfour has hinted that he hopes to find some form of minority representation. Any such proposal should be strenuously resisted. It would not merely be contrary to the dogma of "similarity"—which is a trifle—but it would be unjust in principle and pernicious in working. It would be unjust, because the persons who pay the county rate are the occupiers, and the occupiers are the electors, for lodgers in country districts in Ireland are few in number. The county rate in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred is paid by the occupier, and not by the owner. Even the fine-spun economic argument that in the end the rate must fall upon the landlord because it reduces the rent does not apply in a country where the rent is fixed not by competition but by law. Lord Howth, in a recent letter to the *Times*, rejoined: "Let me point out that the landlord pays half the Poor Law rate, which includes the sanitary tax, and these form the tempting sources for pillage, which is so much dreaded." If this is all Lord Howth is afraid of, he need not even have written to the *Times*. The County Council will have nothing to do with the Poor Rate or, except in county boroughs, with the sanitary tax. It is true that reform both of the Poor Law and the Public Health Law in Ireland is required and expected; but that is not what we are promised for next session. If Mr. Balfour devises a system of minority representation, it will not be to protect a minority paying an unusual proportion of taxation from a majority with no interest in controlling expenditure. He means by "minority representation" some device for giving to the landlord class a greater weight than they are entitled to either by their numbers or their contributions to local expenditure. If that is not what he means we have ready one simple test. In the counties of Down, Antrim, and Armagh there are Catholic and Nationalist minorities who are so situated that, if the arrangement of local divisions is left to the Grand Juries, they will have little representation on the County Councils. We know by experience in the city of Belfast what the effect will be. In striking contrast to the tolerance shown by Catholic bodies in the south, Catholics are excluded from any office above the rank of scavenger. Does Mr. Balfour's form of minority representation meet the case of the Nationalist in the north-east as well as that of the landlord in the south-west? If not, it is palpably unjust.

Further, it will be pernicious in its practical effect. If "minority representation" means any form of the amiable fad connected with the name of Mr. Thomas Hare, it will be pernicious; for even the advocates of proportional representation now generally admit that small electoral districts are necessary for efficient local government. If, on the other hand, it means the introduction into the County Councils of any body of *ex-officio* councillors, or even of persons elected by a limited constituency, it would mean the introduction of the same element of friction and unrest which now exists in Boards of Guardians. If the old Grand Jury class had shown conspicuous honesty and ability in local administration (as one could perhaps say of the English county magistrates), there would be something to be said for continuing their power; but they have neither been honest nor capable. One need not appeal to hostile sources to show their long record of corruption. Mr. Froude, in his "English in Ireland," describes sufficiently the jobbery which caused the "Hearts of Steel" to begin moonlighting in the

most Orange districts of Ulster during the last century. To come down to later date, and after some attempt had been made at reform, Mr. Campbell Foster, the anti-Irish special correspondent of the *Times* in the "Forties," gives a precisely similar picture. If within the last few years there has been less open jobbery, the change has been due to two causes. In the first place, the Grand Juries are more controlled by the central Government and by the influence of public opinion. In the second place, the Irish landlord has now so precarious a tenure of his estates that it is hardly worth his while to get the county to build him a bridge or make him an avenue. Any Irish landlord who has done his duty in the past would probably be able to get himself elected to a County Council by popular suffrage. The others are not wanted on the county boards.

So much for the form of the governing body. Now as to its powers. Mr. Balfour let fall a significant hint during the discussion on the Land Purchase Bill. He seemed to say that the County Councils would not be empowered to make or levy their own rates. On every ground, and particularly from the point of view of efficient collection of the rates, I believe this decision would be most unfortunate. That there would be certain compulsory payments, just as there are now compulsory presentments, may be taken for granted. But it would be ridiculous, in order to secure those compulsory payments, to make a tax-collecting authority entirely independent of the administrative authority. Briefly, it may be said that the County Council should have all the powers of the Grand Jury which are similar to those which have been transferred to English County Councils from Quarter Sessions. The principal of these powers relate to the following matters:—The making and levying of all county or baronial rates, the borrowing of money for certain county purposes, the provision of county halls, assize courts, court-houses and other county buildings, the maintenance of asylums for pauper lunatics, the maintenance of children in reformatories and industrial schools, county roads and bridges, the fixing of fees for some and the election of other county officers, the division of the county into polling districts for parliamentary elections, the giving of compensation for malicious injury, the execution as local authority of various Acts of Parliament. The Grand Jury should be entirely deprived of its fiscal or administrative authority, and left to perform only the work of presentment in criminal cases, which is done by Grand Juries in England.

But a difficulty, which will be admitted by everyone, comes in when we try to set limits on the central control which may be exercised over the County Councils. It is generally recognised in Ireland that a certain amount of central control is necessary. What is asked is not county authorities independent of central control, but a central authority subject to the control of the Irish people collectively. It might even be well, if we had Home Rule in Ireland, to have in every county an agent of the central government resembling the *préfet* in a French department. A Nationalist dealing with the question of central control is drawn asunder by contrary hopes and fears. After Home Rule is carried, central control will be at once popular and useful: until Home Rule is carried, it means the control of a set of officials in Dublin Castle who are entirely out of sympathy with the people. It would perhaps be a fair compromise if central control was given in Ireland in those cases where it has been given in England, and also in some of those other cases where, under the present system of county government, it has been given in Ireland although not in England. We have no objection to a proper audit of the county accounts and a proper control of the county borrowing powers. It might also be possible, if in other matters the Irish County Councils were left unhampered, to allow the central authority to control the valuation

and to appoint the county surveyors, even though no such central control is known in England. There might even be something said, if the Bill was otherwise satisfactory, in favour of allowing the central authority for the time being to control the police. But if, on the other hand, the Government try to go further, and to impose a central control on the Irish County Councils which is neither imposed on the English County Councils nor on the Irish Grand Juries, the Irish members, however moderate might be their claims or their expectations, would be forced to carry the war into the enemy's country and fight every clause in the Bill which provided for any greater central control than exists in England.

There are certain other provisions in the English Local Government Bill which we shall expect to see followed in the Irish Bill. I may mention, as examples, the provisions empowering the Local Government Board to transfer, by provisional order, to the County Councils powers exercised by Government Departments relating to matters arising within the county, and to transfer the powers exercised by river conservators, drainage boards, etc. We might hope in that way to get rid in some measure of the Board of Works. We might in the same way expect the County Councils to be empowered to prevent the pollution of rivers, and to oppose Bills in Parliament. There are other powers now exercised by Boards of Guardians that might, with advantage, be transferred to the County Councils, especially the execution, as local authority, of the Labourers' Acts and the Housing of the Working Classes Act, and the Technical Education Acts. The extravagant and absurd provisions relating to light railways under the Act of 1883 might be amended. Various difficulties may occur in the constitution of the local bodies. The barony is generally too large an area either for electoral or assessment purposes, while the "electoral division" of the Union is, perhaps, too small. It would be better in some ways to group electoral divisions than to subdivide baronies. A fight may possibly take place over Presentment Sessions. Common sense would point to their abolition. The County Councils should be allowed to provide themselves a means, by committees or otherwise, of receiving and considering applications and tenders for smaller local works. But it is never safe to prophesy in matters of Irish government that common sense will prevail. A fight will doubtless be made to give the County Councils control of land purchase. These, and many other matters, are wearisome to the British public, and will, doubtless, drive members of the House of Commons to the smoking-room when the time comes.

It is only necessary to say, in conclusion, that, whatever measure of local government is given to us, it will not be Home Rule, or anything like Home Rule, and that it is useless for Liberals to say that it is Home Rule for the purpose of taunting the Tories with their inconsistency, or for Tories to say that it is as good as Home Rule in order to taunt us with our discontent. It may be, as Lord Salisbury said at Newport, that county government will be more dangerous to the "loyal minority" than a national government. The honest ones among them have not much to fear from either. The Local Government Bill may be a useful reform, though it cannot touch the causes of Irish discontent. It will, at least, should that course again become necessary, enable us to make government impossible in Ireland with more facility and less risk than at any previous time.

E. F. V. KNOX.

P.S.—As my article on Local Government in this number of *THE SPEAKER* was written about a month ago, I may perhaps be allowed to supplement it by a reference to Mr. T. W. Russell's article in the *National Observer* of September 19th. On one point I cordially agree with him. District Councils should be established at the same time as the County Councils. But I doubt whether a measure

establishing both District and County Councils can be passed in the same session of Parliament.

But Mr. Russell's main object seems to be to restrict the franchise. He argues, firstly, that the franchise cannot be the same as in England because there is no such franchise in Ireland now. There was no such thing as the present local government franchise in English rural districts until the Act of 1888. What we ask is that a local government franchise similar to that which was established by the Local Government Act for England should be established by the Local Government Act for Ireland. Mr. Russell argues, secondly, that the franchise should be restricted in Ireland because "in many cases the landlord pays half of the cess, and in all cases where the valuation is under £4 he pays the whole of it. As there are more than 200,000 holdings in Ireland under £4 valuation, it will be seen at once how serious the question becomes." Now this is a very gross mis-statement which should be nailed to the counter at once. It is already repeated in the leading article in the *Times* of Wednesday, and might soon pass current among Unionists as undoubted truth. The landlord only pays half the cess in a few cases, perhaps in one case in fifty, while he does not in all cases, where the valuation is under £4, pay the whole of the cess. In such cases he pays the whole of the poor rate (which has nothing to do with the coming local Government Act), but only pays the cess where the tenancy was created after the passing of the Land Act of 1870. This applies to, perhaps, 10,000 out of the 200,000 holdings under £4 valuation. When extra cess is levied for malicious injuries and for extra police the whole is in every case paid by the tenant. I am at a loss to understand how Mr. Russell can have made this mistake, as this distinction between the poor rate and the cess was dwelt on in one of his own speeches in committee on the Land Purchase Bill last session.

The fact is, that there is no good argument whatever in favour of the restriction of the franchise in Ireland which could not have been used in favour of the restriction of the franchise in England, and so Irish Unionists have to invent the facts to suit their theory.

E. F. V. K.

THE FIRST PROVINCIAL DAILY.

A JOURNALIST'S REMINISCENCE.

GLANCING over an article in which an American magazine has told its readers something of the provincial newspapers of the United States, I was reminded forcibly of some experiences of my own in the very earliest days of our English provincial press. It is ludicrous to contrast that day of small things with the full noon which we have since attained, to compare the organisation and machinery of our first provincial dailies with the state of things which has now been reached in the great offices of Manchester, Leeds, Glasgow, Liverpool, Edinburgh, and a dozen other important towns; and yet the contrast, though ludicrous, is not without interest.

The first provincial daily newspaper was the *Northern Daily Express*, started at Darlington in the year 1855 by a gentleman named Watson. Why Darlington should have been fixed upon as the birthplace of the first penny daily outside London it is difficult to say, though it is interesting to recall the fact that Darlington was also the birthplace of the first passenger railway in the world. Whatever may have been the reasons which induced Mr. Watson to establish his paper in the dull capital of Quakerism, they were not sufficiently strong to lead him to remain there, for in 1856 he transferred his venture to the busy town of Newcastle, and there endeavoured to secure for it a permanent success. It was in Newcastle,

towards the close of 1856, that I first made the acquaintance of Mr. Watson and of the office of the *Northern Daily Express*; and a curious place that office must have seemed to anyone acquainted with the establishments in which the big dailies of the present year of grace are produced for the benefit of their readers. The ground floor and the basement of a house in Clayton Street West had been hired by Mr. Watson, and here his daily paper was every morning produced. In the cellar was the one printing press which was needed for the issue of the paper. The two rooms on the ground floor were occupied by all the other different departments. The back room was the composing office. How many compositors were employed I should hardly like at this distance of time to say, but the room itself was so small that it could certainly not have accommodated more than a dozen. The front room was fitted up as an office. At the counter copies of the paper were sold and advertisements received. In one corner was a desk devoted by day to the use of a clerk and by night to the two readers who corrected the proofs. In the opposite corner a couple of small desks were hidden behind a glass screen. At one of these sat the gentleman who combined the functions of reporter and sub-editor, whilst at his elbow sat the editor forging his thunderbolts. Even when one remembers how poor a thing a provincial daily newspaper was five-and-thirty years ago, it is difficult to understand how it could have been produced in so small a space as that which was devoted to the work. Yet in that little front room in the house in Clayton Street West, Newcastle, the provincial daily press made its first strides towards the position of commanding influence which it has now secured; and, poor as were its outward circumstances, it enjoyed even then the services of talents of no common order.

The first editor of the *Express* was, I believe, a gentleman named Baskett, who was subsequently for a short period the editor of the *Newcastle Chronicle*, and of whom I have long since lost sight. He was followed very shortly after the removal of the paper from Darlington to Newcastle by a man who in literary power and real journalistic ability has had few equals on the English press. This was Mr. James B. Manson, a native of Scotland, who had spent some years in Canada. Mr. Manson was a born journalist of the old school. He was the master of a literary style at once picturesque and forcible, he had vast stores of knowledge, and was never at a loss for a good story wherewith to point a moral and adorn a leader. Above all, he had that instinct of the journalist which enabled him to seize upon the subject of the moment and to present it to his readers in the shape in which it is most certain to attract their attention and command their sympathies. Very remarkable was the work which in that day of small things he did for the little paper with which he was connected, and very great was the influence he speedily acquired in the community which had, in the first instance, looked upon the appearance of a daily newspaper in its midst as an unnecessary and unwarrantable intrusion upon the preserves of the old weeklies. There was a great local controversy dividing classes in Newcastle in those bygone days. A popular and estimable Evangelical clergyman, who was the minister of a certain extra-parochial church, had died. The gift was in the hands of a small body of local men, and the then Vicar of Newcastle, who was hardly a popular personage, and who, if I mistake not, was himself a member of the body in whose hands the patronage of the living lay, secured the appointment. It was a clear case of pluralism, and it offended the moral instincts of all those who were already ranged in arms against abuses in the Church. The Vicar was too strong for his opponents, and having been duly installed in the living he held it against all-comers; but what a battle royal was that which was waged for many weeks and months in the northern town! And with what splendid vigour and audacity did the editor of the *Express* lead the

fight! Morning after morning the people of Newcastle turned eagerly to the *Express* to see "what Manson had to say," and seldom were they disappointed in the expectation that they would find in the leading article of the day trenchant criticism, sharp animadversion, and brilliant rhetoric, enlivened not only by literary grace of style, but by a quaint and genuine humour. In those days the influence of an editor in a provincial town was far more directly personal than it is now, when even our provincial towns have attained to something of a metropolitan character. Mr. Manson was a power in the place, and was hated and admired accordingly by the different sections into which the community was divided. It was his brilliant pen which first made the *Express* a success.

But second only in influence to him was the gentleman who combined, as I have said, the duties of reporter and sub-editor, who toiled during the long hours of the day in Police Court or Bankruptcy Court, at public meeting or Town Council, and who spent his evenings far on into the night in doing the ordinary sub-editorial work of the paper. This was Mr. Lowes, a noted shorthand writer in his time, who subsequently became the editor of the *Newcastle Daily Journal*, and who still, I am glad to say, lives in the enjoyment of a well-earned repose. It was Mr. Lowes who first allowed the public men of the North to taste the joys—sometimes rather bitter in the mouth—of verbatim reporting. He could write an almost fabulous number of words a minute, and his reports of speeches had at least the merit of being full and accurate. If they wanted the grace which the practised London reporter of to-day manages to infuse into the speech of even a halting speaker, so much the worse for the orator who had not attended to his grammar. By the length and fidelity of his reports of meetings, which the weekly papers had hitherto condensed into a few lines, Mr. Lowes secured for the *Express* a reputation hardly inferior to that gained for it by the powerful writing of its editor. Incredible as it may seem to the modern journalist accustomed to the strict sub-division of duties and the ample staff to be found in most newspaper offices to-day, these two men in its earliest days produced everything original which appeared in the *Express*.

By-and-by, as people began dimly to perceive that a daily newspaper was not meant to die, a local tradesman named Marshall was induced to join his forces to those of Mr. Watson and to bring additional capital into the concern. The whole of the small house in Clayton Street was taken for the purposes of the paper, and editor and reporter each secured a room of his own. The luxury of a sub-editor who was confined to that work was next indulged in, and in course of time the reporting staff itself was strengthened. Then Mr. Manson retired for a time from the paper, and his place was taken by a gentleman who was destined subsequently to secure eminence in another branch of journalism, Mr. James Clark, afterwards one of the founders and proprietors of the *Christian World*. Mr. Clark, though a good newspaper manager, had nothing of the literary ability of Mr. Manson, and after a comparatively brief reign, he retired, and Manson returned to his old post like a giant refreshed. By this time other newspaper proprietors in Newcastle, as well as elsewhere, were beginning to perceive the future which lay before the provincial daily press, and the *Express* found itself faced by a formidable rival in the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle*. A third daily paper soon afterwards entered the scene in the shape of the *Daily Journal*. To this paper, as I have already said, the services of Mr. Lowes were transferred, and he became for a time its leading spirit.

Then a great blow fell upon the *Express*. A new daily paper had been started in Edinburgh as a rival of the *Scotsman*, and Mr. Manson was induced to become its editor. In Edinburgh he laboured for some years with the zeal and ability which were characteristic of the man, but he never made the

great mark there for himself which he had made in Newcastle. Perhaps the field was an uncongenial one, perhaps he was overawed by the unquestioned supremacy of that prince of modern journalists, Mr. Alexander Russel. Be this as it may, he continued to devote himself with unflagging industry to his new paper, until one day he was found seated at his desk dead, his pen in his hand and an unfinished leading article on the table before him.

In the meantime his place had been taken at Newcastle by a man who was in every respect worthy to be his successor. This was Mr. James Macdonell, whose subsequent career as a leader writer, first on the *Daily Telegraph* and then on the *Times*, though cut short by a premature death, has gained for him a permanent place in the records of the English press. Mr. Macdonell, when he first came to Newcastle, was the perfervid Scot, and his enthusiasm on behalf of all things which tended to make for Liberalism in politics, literature, and religion, soon drew to him a band of fervent admirers, who loved and trusted him to the last. But his stay in Newcastle was comparatively brief. The wider field of London had a magnetic attraction for him, as for most clever young journalists, and he entered it, speedily to make his mark there.

Then evil days fell upon the *Express*. Mr. Marshall died, Mr. Watson retired from it. New proprietors and new writers came upon the scene, and the paper was brought face to face with a condition of things of which no one had formed any conception when the little sheet was first launched in 1855. By this time the provincial daily press had become a power, and the *Express* found itself confronted by a rivalry against which it could not struggle. I have no heart to tell its subsequent history, and indeed, before Mr. Macdonell retired from the editorship, I had myself lost touch with the Newcastle press. But this brief story of the pioneer in provincial daily journalism may not be without interest for some of my readers. It will at least satisfy them of the magnitude of the strides which have been taken within the memory of living men in the development of that which is now a great national institution.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

IS criticism really, as M. Anatole France would have us think, the history of a soul in contact with masterpieces? If it be, then in this new spiritual hierarchy, this new soul-classification, M. France's soul will rank as that very *animula vagula, blandula*, of which Hadrian spoke. It is a delicate and amiable spirit, in charity with all men, and filled with an immense pity, even for M. Zola. Criticism founded on the theory that to understand is to forgive is not much to our ruder English taste; with us the literary Berserker flourishes, and the gentle Anatole France—one says this as instinctively as one says the gentle Elia—is, therefore, known over here only to a few bookmen. We all know him, to be sure, as the author of "Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard," a charming little story, even in the English translation which has lately appeared, and a self-revelation of a sort, but not to be compared with the exquisite self-revelations in literary criticism which its author makes from week to week in the columns of the *Temps*. In the latest volume of these papers, reprinted under the title of "La Vie Littéraire" (Calmann Lévy), one finds all M. France's best and most distinctive qualities: mansuetude of style, solid erudition worn lightly like a feather, a passionate love of letters, an amiable bibliomania (was he not born and bred in a book shop under the shadow of his beloved Institute?), a vein of tender melancholy, and a sweet humility of temper. But his humility has not turned away the wrath of the aggressive M. Ferdinand Brunetière, champion-in-chief of classic orthodoxy and judicial criticism, who has roundly denounced this bookish

innocent as a "corrupter of youth." What M. Brunetière precisely means by raising M. France to these Socratic honours is not quite clear, unless, as one is half inclined to suspect, it is merely done to exhibit M. Brunetière's well-known dexterity in administering hemlock. It is, perhaps, worth while reproducing the passage (from a former volume of "*La Vie Littéraire*") on which this perverse charge of corruption is based.

"There is no such thing as objective criticism any more than there is such a thing as objective art, and all who flatter themselves that they put something else than themselves into their work are dupes of the most fallacious philosophy. The truth is that one never gets away from one's self. That is one of our great troubles. What would we not give to see heaven and earth, for one moment, with the faceted eye of a fly, or to understand Nature with the rude and simple brain of an orang-outang? But that is altogether denied us. We are shut up in our person as in a perpetual prison. The best we can do, it seems, is to accept this frightful condition with a good grace and to confess that we speak of ourselves whenever we have not the strength to be silent."

In this position there is, or should be, nothing startling; it belongs to the general metaphysic of the World as Idea which is now, in the studio slang, an "old hat" for the veriest tyro in philosophy. But it shocks M. Brunetière, who is for prescribing hemlock at once and freely. Away, he cries in effect, with this Pyrrhonist! "Could one affirm with more perfect assurance that there is nothing assured?" For his part, M. Brunetière is very sure of everything: sure that there is no safety outside objective criticism, sure that M. Anatole France, M. Jules Lemaître, M. Paul Desjardins, and the rest of the new school of subjective critics, are corrupters of youth; sure, in fact, that orthodoxy is M. Brunetière's doxy. But M. France is quite as tenacious in his own meek way. He continues to believe in the irremediable diversity of opinions and to make large allowance for the "personal equation."

M. Brunetière has another bone to pick with M. Anatole France. Being a judicial critic, the professor insists upon assigning marks, upon drawing up a class-list of men of letters—"First Prize," "Second Prize," and "*Proxime accessit*." Thus Daudet is little, Chateaubriand is great, Boileau is greater, and the greatest of all is Bossuet. Such are the freaks of the University Don as critic. Now M. Anatole France judges not at all; the essence of his method is sympathy; he aims at revealing what is lovable in literature.

And he finds what is lovable everywhere. An eccentric Englishman in one of his novels—for M. France has written other novels than "*Sylvestre Bonnard*," and no less delightful—has a quaint hobby for collecting in little phials specimens of the water of all the rivers of both hemispheres. M. France has something of this catholicity. For him Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, are neither better nor worse than the waters of Israel. He collects impartially from them all, and all is fish that comes to his net from them, from the Abbess Hrotswitha—who wrote a comedy in the time of the Emperor Otho which had to wait until the time of President Carnot to be played (by marionettes) in Paris—to M. Paul Verlaine, from Joan of Arc to Lady Morgan, from the reveries of an Egyptian monk in the fourth century to the ribaldries of the "*Chat noir*" in the fag-end of this; and he lays bare for us the charm of all that he touches—or rather, to adopt his own notation, he makes everything he touches lay bare for us the charm of his own soul. In other words, he is an artist in criticism. Which is to say, he is not a moralist. That sweet humility of his has nothing evangelic about it; rather is it the outward and visible sign of that renunciation of the will-to-live which the Buddha of Frankfort declared to be the true mark of the artist. Though he speaks of saints (he knows the "*Acta Sanctorum*" as only seminary-bred scholars know it) as a saint, he has a paternal indulgence for the others, even, as we said, for M. Zola. This catholicity, this Mon-

taignesque trick of being "*ondoyant et divers*" will hardly, one fears, be the best recommendation for him in England, where the great Brunetière party waxeth fat and kicketh, and sweet humility of temper in criticism is apt to be shouted down by any leather-lungs with a dogma. But, for those who have eyes to see, a page of M. Anatole France after a page of, say, Mr. Froude's or Mr. Lecky's so-called "critical work" comes as a revelation.

Action and reaction, say the men of science, are equal and in contrary directions. In literature they have a perverse trick of being unequal. M. Anatole France, along with M. Jules Lemaître and M. Paul Bourget, represents the reaction against the arid classicism of Nisard and the scientific "*æsthyopsychology*" of Taine; and here it cannot be said that "the old is better." But the reaction which has been lately making its appearance in the novel, the reaction against the frank brutality of the Naturalist School, shows a loss of force as well as a change of direction. Take, for instance, "*L'Exorcisée*" (Lemerre) by M. Paul Hervieu, one of the new novelists.

The new novelist deals—it goes without saying—with the old subject, the great duel of sex. His combatants are well-born and well-bred, for M. Hervieu writes for the *Figaro*, and, therefore, like the late M. Feuillet and M. Henri Rabusson, only recognises the existence of persons of quality. M. Gérard de la Malgue, a bachelor with a taste for philosophising about love, and collecting elegant upholstery, which M. Bourget might envy, lays siege to the elegant Madame Saint-Vrain des Ormes, whose husband has "*la carrure forte et un peu lâchée de gentleman-farmer*," and is, therefore, a brute. Never was siege more quaintly conducted. Page after page is filled with a curious casuistry about what is, by courtesy, called love, in a style half precious, half scientific, which suggests at once the Hôtel de Rambouillet, the colloquies of Professor Bellac and Miss Lucy in "*Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie*," and the materialistic jargon of the learned Adrien Sixte. Nothing (fortunately for morality) is done, and everything—and more—that can be said is said. The gentleman propounds his theory, the lady hers, there is rejoinder and counter-rejoinder: not Hamlet himself was given to unpacking his heart with more words. This is to add a new terror to seduction stories, the terror of pseudo-philosophic boredom. The new method makes even less for righteously than the old unblushing nudities of the naturalists. For the reader, out of all patience, is tempted to wish that the lady would succumb, and so have done with the talking. Here is the quite untranslatable description of Madame Saint-Vrain des Ormes' chin. "*Le menton portait une marque rose-pâle, bizarre et tel qu'on aurait pu en songer au stigmate dont le viol du baiser laisserait ainsi cette empreinte tendre.*" To this complexion has the young French novelist come through an over-zealous imitation of the "*écriture artiste*" invented by the Messieurs de Goncourt. No wonder that plain French should sound out of harmony with such nineteenth century *marivaudage*. M. de la Malgue alludes, in a momentary deviation into simple speech, to "*l'adultère usuel*" ("*usuel*" is good). "*Chut!*" answers Madame Saint-Vrain des Ormes, "*Cette expression me fait toujours l'effet d'un gros mot.*" Precisely. But the "*gros mot*" of the Naturalists was more honest and, therefore, more moral than the alembicated jargon of M. Paul Hervieu. "*Décadent*" poetry is tiresome enough, but what are we to say of decadent prose? In this case, decidedly, the old is better.

Talking of decadent poetry, one has to confess to a certain disappointment over the recently issued "*Choix de Poésies*" of M. Paul Verlaine (Charpentier). The selection, for which it is presumed the author is not responsible—Verlainism and responsibility are irreconcilable ideas—has not been well done. One or two of the "nineteenth century Villon's" best things are here: the now-famous "*Clair de Lune*"—

Votre âme est un paysage choisi
Que vont charmant masques et bergamasques,
Jouant du luth et dansant et quasi-
Tristes sous leurs déguisements fantasques—

and the delicious "chant d'automne." But the best of the "Poèmes Saturniens"—

Moi, j'allais rêvant du divin Platon
Et de Phidias,
Et de Salamine et de Marathon,
Sous l'œil clignotant des bleus becs de gaz—

and others not less characteristic are absent. We still want a good Verlanthology. Perhaps one of the small but fervent band of English Verlaniacs will kindly see to this?

AT WEIMAR, DREAMING.

WE had turned our backs on the Rhine, dazed with its magic dreams of knights and dragons and fair maids; Frankfort's *Electrische Ausstellung* had rudely awakened us to the utmost verge of the twentieth century, and, after a long and dusty railway journey, we found our admiration claimed again by Eisenach's thickly wooded acropolis and the skirts of the Thuringerwald, which loomed black against the evening sky. But we were feeling *blasés*, and fain would find a spot where nothing was forced upon our admiration—where neither Nature nor the art of man pampered us with such lavish prodigality.

A sense of sweet satisfaction stole over us as the Thuringerwald grew more and more distant on our right, while we glided through a pleasant ever-widening and undulating plain—a patchwork counterpane of hedgeless fields, white waving oats, billows of golden wheat and ambrosial beans blowing hoary in the breeze. So the country rose and fell with the sweet monotony of the swell of a summer sea, and ere the pleasure cloyed we stopped at Weimar. In the twilight we could just descry the white walls of the little town against the dark of the low hills that rise around it. Here, at last, our wishes seemed destined to be fulfilled. Nothing imperiously demanded the wondering gaze of weary eyes. A horseshoe of soft-wooded hills, into which the town nestled, and on each side the treeless, sweeping plain. This was all.

"Sleep after toyle, port after stormie seas, ease after warre": truly Weimar is all this to the weary tourist. Weimar is sleeping and smiling in its sleep as it dreams of the bright days of Carl August, Goethe, Schiller, and all the galaxy of genius that shed its lustre on this favoured spot. Its interest lies wholly in the past: the tide of genius has ebbed and left a few old relics high and dry which still have power to set the fancy free. The life of the little place goes on indeed, but in a kind of undertone. Every Wednesday and Saturday morning there is a hum of voices in the market square; thrifty housewives buy their cherries and strong cheese, the swain selects the best of the roses that make an Eden of one corner of the market, and the short-skirted countrywomen thread the throng with great baskets on their backs.

Still all this business seems an empty show. Only Goethe and Carl August are real as they stand there unheeding and unheeded, cracking whips and trying who can crack the loudest; or else Schiller comes towards us, his shoulders bowed with the scholar's stoop and a noble discontent contracting his troubled brow. Or if we make our way down those narrow cañons of man's making yclept *Gassen*, we still seem to move in the past and look for Herder on some errand of mercy to a bare garret. We come out on to the broad square—and, say, did we not catch a glimpse of Becky Sharp's little pair of bronze boots tripping into the Elephant Hotel as we passed? But here is the statue of the grand Carl August on horseback in

the midst of the square, and we are again transported to days gone by. Over yonder is a lofty yellow building—the library; if we care to go within and climb the silent stairs, we shall catch side-glances of Goethe amongst the pillars; there he is, looking with the fastidious eye of genius to see if there is not some little alteration he can yet make in the designs of his beloved *Bibliothek*. Or let us enter his sanctum; his books lie open on the table amid a profusion of electrical instruments; the quill is even now wet, but the chair is pushed back, and the master-craftsman is leaning out of window looking down at the "unconquerable source of his heart's joy"—the Frau von Stein. Our entrance has interrupted him, and as he looks round we quail beneath the glance of those ethereal eyes lighting the god-like face. We have intruded too far. Let us out among the trees whose tops we see below this high casement. That seedy-looking building hard by is the *Schloss*; now it is almost buried in whispering foliage, but still we can descry one long window looking down upon the road; it opens on to a balcony, and—look—is there not a short thickset figure standing there? His hands are clasped tight behind him: beneath his cocked hat a broad placid brow and inexorable mouth: in the road below squadrons of infantry march past, dusty and bloodstained, saluting as they pass. It is the day after Jena. The last soldier has saluted and gone by. We see the Emperor turn to Talleyrand and go within and seat himself at breakfast. The poet of the day has been summoned. Reluctantly he comes. Though sixty years sit on his back, his step is agile and his form erect, nor has his eye grown strange to the fine frenzy. The man of few words looks up, and between the mouthfuls pronounces the memorable verdict, "*Vous êtes un homme.*"

The babbling of the Ilm disturbs our dream. We are walking by a broad shallow river, beneath a green arcade of lofty trees, and between the trunks we catch glimpses of a level greensward bosomed round with volumes of soft foliage. Here is the poet's own domain, and we may see him pass, his brow clouded with the cares of a Minister of State. If we follow him with our eyes we shall see him pass into that white cot against the fir-trees which men call Goethe's Gartenhaus. Fit place this to court the muse, with no sound but the plaint of the yellow-hammer and the stream babbling to the whisper of the trees that bend above it. But we can find a more secluded spot than this. Leaving the jarring discord of the cobble streets, we come to a green corner where all sounds of the outer world fall muffled on the ear: it is the churchyard, or, as they call it, the yard of peace. Luxuriant honeysuckle robs the gravestones of their heavy gloom. Shrubs of evergreen and growths of clambering briony shut out the world of man, and long quivering grasses soften the outline of the swelling sod that tells its tale of death. In the small chapel half-hid among the trees is a winding staircase which leads down to a cold darkling vault. By the dim light of a tiny lamp we see coffin after coffin—part seen, part hidden in the gloom; two there are close by us side by side; on each is laid a rich tribute of wreaths of laurel and of evergreen; the *cicerone* holds the lamp down low, and we read on the one "Schiller," and on the other "Goethe."

Henceforth Weimar must be dreaming for us. Beside that mortality immortal all the present is petty and transitory—a gnat buzzing out its existence in one evening at the foot of the eternal hills. Unkempt poetasters and *litterati* still gather together at concerts in the evening, and sit at round tables beneath odorous limes and drink their *seidels* of beer and smoke cigars; and they form their coteries, and grow long hair and look sad and unwashed, and they wait. But *Sesame* has opened and closed, and the watchword is forgotten. Dream on, sweet Weimar, and wake not, prythee, till we sleep.

OPEN QUESTIONS.

VI.—OUGHT EVERYTHING TO BE ABOLISHED?

I HAVE studied carefully the recent correspondence on the Drink Question in two of our great morning papers. It was a difficult question to me at one time, I confess; I could not see rightly what ought to be done; but I see perfectly clearly now. It was impossible for me to read any of those letters without being convinced; the logic of all of them was quite unanswerable, and I now hold, and can support by statistics, every single possible opinion on the Drink Question, besides many which are impossible. I am opposed to excessive drinking because it is degrading, to moderate drinking because it is insidious, and to total abstinence because it deteriorates the human race. I have determined to have absolutely nothing to do with any one of these three practices; each one of them has been proved to be totally wrong; and I cannot do anything which I know to be totally wrong. To be drunk or sober or anything of the kind is immoral. The three things which the nation must abolish at once are—excessive drinking, moderate drinking, and total abstinence. Compromise will not do; we must give them all up; it is impossible to fight against overwhelming medical testimony. It is not enough to say, "We will not drink"; we must also say, "We will drink"; and in both cases we must keep our word. It is perfectly clear what we ought to do.

Unfortunately, it is less clear how we are to do it. We are nothing if we are not practical. We must carry our opinions to their logical conclusion. I have attempted it; and it was this attempt which led me to ask myself if it would not be easier, and quicker, and better, to abolish everything—including the human race, the manners of children, and gratuities at restaurants. Those who write letters to the daily papers really ought not to make them so convincing. When a man holds three opinions, all different and contradictory, and tries to shape his life by them, he may be driven to desperation.

I happened the other day to enter the office of a friend of mine, when I detected his chief clerk—a man in whom he had the utmost confidence—in the very act of totally abstaining; and this was at eleven in the morning. A few questions elicited all the facts of the case; the man had been a secret teetotaller for years. He did not think he would ever be any better; he had frequently abstained during office-hours before; the habit had grown on him; he had begun by giving up intoxicants altogether, and it had gone on and on until now he never took them. He was quite aware that he was deteriorating the human race. "But what can I do?" he said pathetically. "My father was a teetotaller, and a fox-terrier that used to belong to my aunt drinks nothing but water. The curse is in the blood. Ibsen!" I endeavoured to secure the man's dismissal, but my friend refused to dismiss anyone for either total abstinence or moderate drinking. He only dismissed for drunkenness. As I pointed out to him, wretched compromises like that are responsible for half the misery of the world. He replied that if he dismissed for the other two reasons as well he would never have a single clerk in his office. "Then abolish your office," I said. I am never afraid of pushing things to their logical conclusion.

The only point where I hesitated was when I discovered that I should have to abolish myself. I am always either drinking or abstaining. It would be easy enough to give *one* of them up; but I feel that I ought to give *both* up, and I cannot do it. I allowed personal sentiments to influence me, and I did not abolish myself. I have known him for many years, and I do not want to be too hard on him. Still, if duty calls me, in the end I must obey; I should abolish the other things first, though.

Only, I should like to be quite sure that duty does call me. At the present moment I am con-

vinced that all three practices are wrong—excessive drinking, moderate drinking, and total abstinence. But by reading the same correspondence in the same papers from a slightly different point of view, I can always convince myself that the same three practices are perfectly right. For the man who objects to drunkenness may be equally logical when he shows the benefits of total abstinence; the man who condemns the teetotaller may be right in his praise of the moderate drinker. If this be so, one need not abolish anything: one ought, in fact, to encourage everything. As I think over it, I become less sure than I was that the discussion of the Drink Question has really cleared up all my difficulties. In fact, it seems to have increased them, and only left me with a vague impulse to do something or else to leave it undone.

THE DRAMA.

IT is easy to understand why the generation which was in its May of youth and bloom of lustihood in the 'sixties liked Robertsonian comedy. What I cannot understand so easily is why the men of that generation still try to keep the Robertsonian legend alive in the 'nineties. They will not admit that what they, excusably enough, thought flawless a quarter of a century ago is anything but flawless now. No, it is a point of honour with them to uphold the literary reputation of Robertson in the very teeth of the Time-Spirit, to declare that the hero of their "green, unknowing youth" is still the hero of their "riper age." This fidelity to a fetish is touching. But at the same time it is, as I say, perplexing.

For I ask myself, in all sincerity, what is there in Robertson? I take up his plays and set myself to analysing the impressions I receive from them. At once I am baffled. For I find I receive absolutely no impressions from them. They tell me, as the French say, nothing at all. They seem to me neither pleasant nor unpleasant, but simply null. Discouraged, but determined to persevere, I read them again; but once more I find my mind a blank. All I note is . . . a sensation of drowsiness . . . a feeling that my pipe will soon want refilling . . . and then nothing, nothing, nothing.

Is it to be wondered at if I fall to doubting the candour of these my elders who do so persistently sound the praises of their hero? In the Palace of Truth I imagine them confessing themselves in this wise: "Yes, we liked Robertson's work in the 'sixties because the other people's work was, by comparison, so bad, because the Bancrofts played prettily, and the old Prince of Wales's was a pleasant little theatre, because we ourselves were sentimental young fellows at the time. It is true we don't like Robertson so much now, we have an uneasy feeling that we overdid our enthusiasm for him in those old days. But, for old sake's sake, we shall not publicly recant. We intend to deal reverently with Robertson's memory, and we expect you youngsters to humour our little foible for overpraising the man whom we loved long ago." If they would talk in this way, I could understand this feeling and respect it. But they will not talk in this way. Here, for instance, is the foremost of them stoutly declaring this week that "Robertson's plays have a special interest of their own. They are observant, witty, and eminently unconventional." Observant? Well, Mr. Hare has revived *School* at the Garrick, and among the things which the author of *School* has observed I note these. He has observed that school-girls of fifteen and upwards (one of them is over age) hear the story of "Cinderella" for the first time, walk about public roads singing choruses, and ask their head master to explain to them "what is love." He has observed that school examinations are held

quite casually and *viva voce* for the private delectation of elderly beaux and lordlings of tender years. He has observed that school-ushers bid pupil-teachers "brush me," and that, when this happens, the other girls rise *en masse* and fling their school-books at the usher's head. He has observed that the elder pupils promenaded the school-grounds in the moonlight with the young lordlings and the lordlings' male friends, and flirt over milk-jugs. He has observed that the origin of humble pupil-teachers is like the "buth of Jeames, wrop in a mistry," and that they generally prove to be the long-lost grandchildren of the neighbouring squire. He has observed that the young lordling not only marries the pupil-teacher, but solemnly presents her on the wedding-day with a glass slipper, just to show her what a Prince Charming he is and what a Cinderella she. Where, I ask, did Robertson observe these things? "Why, in his mind's eye, Horatio," says someone. "Can't you see that all this is a fairy story, an attempt to bring *un rayon de l'idéal* across the footlights?" Very well; but why, in that case, call Robertson's work "observant"?

Then, again, it is "witty and eminently unconventional." "Witty?" Well, there is no arguing about wit. We all differ about that. The "you're another" form of repartee is still accepted, I believe, in some circles for excellent wit. Let that pass. But "eminently unconventional?" Beau Farintosh, a nineteenth-century Lord Ogleby, unconventional? Jack Poyntz, the eternal stupid-but-good-natured "Charles, his friend," unconventional? The usher, always "so 'umble" and always a sneak, unconventional? The long-lost grandchild, unconventional? The friendship of the wealthy heiress for the poor pupil-teacher, unconventional? The lordling who keeps his bride (in full robes and orange-blossoms) waiting for a quarter of an hour outside the garden door in order that he may turn the tables on all the other personages, unconventional?

Yet all this seems to our Robertsonian critic so eminently unconventional that he actually crowns his idol as—what do you think? no, you will never guess—as "the Ibsen of his time"! Robertson was "a cleanly, kindly, and English Ibsen." Our critic, you think, must surely have said this for a bet. I should have liked to fancy he had said it out of mere playfulness, as a little bit of harmless chaff of those whom he would call the Ibsenites. "Let me give these fellows a little dig in the ribs," I should have liked to imagine him saying. "They pooh-pooh Robertson, whom I admire, and admire Ibsen, whom I pooh-pooh. Then I will call Robertson an English Ibsen for sport, just to vex them in a friendly way." Had he done this we could all have joined in the laugh. But, bless you, our critic is quite serious. There is not a hint of conscious levity in his statement. I really believe he means what he says. And I tear my hair to think how we go about this world, wearing the same sort of hats and coats, having the same eyes, senses, affections, passions, and yet for ever remaining impenetrable mysteries one to the other, insoluble enigmas, carrying the secret of our own minds with us to the grave. And this very moment, as I am writing, comes a letter to me from a dramatist who knows my heterodoxy about Robertson and is sorry for me, to say (in italics, too), "I solemnly assure you that *School is literature*." Oh, my poor head!

The piece has been revived for the benefit of the second generation of the Hares and the Irvings; but I do not think the selection of a Robertsonian comedy, though, of course, kindly meant, was really a kindness either to Mr. Gilbert Hare or to Mr. H. B. Irving. The one succeeded as the usher, Krux, an easy character to play; the other practically failed as Lord Beaufoy, an exceedingly difficult one. But neither success nor failure in such a play can be of any account to young players. Both Mr. Hare, junr., and Mr. Irving, junr., will have to learn their art in a very different kind of drama—unless Robertson be indeed the English Ibsen, and so as sure of the future

as the Scandinavian one. For the present it is enough to say that Mr. Gilbert Hare has a voice which is the very echo of his father's, discretion, and intelligence. Mr. H. B. Irving, too, has close—almost ludicrously close—points of resemblance to his father, in feature and attitude. His voice is not yet under control, his delivery is spasmodic, he was on the first night even more artificial—and that is saying a good deal—than his part. Clearly, he didn't believe in Lord Beaufoy for one moment. How could he? Mr. Irving is a young Oxford man, with eyes in his head, and knows that the most foolish lordling who ever swaggered across Peckwater Quad or flaunted the Bullingdon ribbon down the High was never quite so silly as Lord Beaufoy. Let them give him a part to play that is not in every line an insult to a clever lad's intelligence, and then we shall be able to guess what sort of a player he is likely to make, not before. Of the rest, Miss Kate Rorke is a pretty Bella and Miss Annie Hughes a rather too follicking Naomi Tighe. Mr. Mackintosh exaggerates the senile decrepitude of Beau Farintosh. After all, a man may compass the feat of being a grandfather without being as full of years as Old Parr.

At the Lyceum Mr. Augustin Daly has given us another adaptation from his pet Von Schoenthan. *A Last Word* is a more considerable thing than *A Night Off* by just so much as Miss Ada Rehan in a big part is more considerable than Miss Ada Rehan in a small. Miss Rehan is a Russian Baroness in the new piece, with an exotic accent, a flamboyant red wig, and a fresh set of dresses by Worth. She queens it over the rest of the dramatic personages, taking all the other women under her wing and turning all the men round her little finger. Everything by turns—Ministering Angel, Tartar, Beatrice (with a Yankee Benedick), Katherine (reversing the parts and taming Petruchio), Portia with a tincture of Nerissa, the Duchess in *Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie* grown young again—she is always Ada Rehan. She turns Mr. John Drew from a wooden prig into a live man, and Mr. George Clarke from a Roman father into a limp, lachrymose, "bless-you-my-children" parent. That is to say, she is dæmonic. And the piece in which she is and does all this is not worth describing.

A. B. W.

THE WEEK.

ONE of our Northern correspondents writes:—"HENRIK IBSEN, who is once more about to settle down in Christiania, where he has taken a house for the winter, is being considerably lionised in the Norwegian capital—a process to which the famous author apparently submits with more grace than one might almost have expected. Having been 'dined' and otherwise fêted on two or three previous occasions, HENRIK IBSEN was present, as the specially invited guest of the evening, on Thursday evening, September 17th, at a very interesting performance of *Ghosts*—the one of his plays which has probably met with the bitterest and most hostile criticism—at the Tivoli Theatre in Christiania. It was HERR LINDBERG's company which had taken upon itself the difficult task—the 'Christiania Theatre' having closed its doors for *Ghosts*—and LINDBERG himself rendered Oswald with masterly skill, FRU WINTERHJELM's Fru Alving also being a high-class performance. The presence of IBSEN evidently incited the actors to do their utmost, and they were much applauded, although the bulk of the enthusiasm was addressed to IBSEN himself. At the close of the performance IBSEN had to appear about a score of times, and the ovation has perhaps never been equalled in a Norwegian theatre. IBSEN was evidently well pleased."

"IBSEN is engaged" (our correspondent continues) "in the writing of a new play, with regard to which he, however, maintains his usual secrecy. Not even his wife or son is allowed a peep behind the curtain while he is at work, and it is not till the last evening before the mailing of the manuscript to his publisher at Copenhagen that he himself reads it aloud to them."

LITERARY criticism has many dwellings. Its official residences are the literary weeklies; it must be confessed that in some of these it wears its robes of state, is dignified, sober, not seldom dull, and inclined to deal in "justices' justice," but always eminently decorous and respectable. In the quarterlies and monthlies literary criticism may be said to be on a visit. There it is even more high and mighty than in the weeklies, as befits a grandee away from home. It now makes a departure which will be watched with interest in its new town-house, *The Bookman*, a sixpenny monthly, with DR. ROBERTSON NICOLL as major-domo, and a highly qualified staff of assistants.

A BIOGRAPHY of TOUSSAINT ROSE, from the pen of BARON MARC DE VILLIERS DU TERRAGE, will shortly be issued in a limited edition by MESSRS. MAY & MOTTEROZ. ROSE, who lived from 1611 to 1701, began life as secretary to CARDINAL DE RETZ. DE RETZ passed him on to MAZARIN, and MAZARIN to LOUIS XIV., whose confidence he retained for fifty years. LOUIS XIV. had four secretaries; but ROSE "bore the pen." "*Avoir la plume*," says SAINT-SIMON, "is to be a professional forger, and to do legally what would cost anyone else his life. It consists in imitating so exactly the handwriting of the king that it would be impossible to tell the difference."

THE BARON—with the long name—corrects an anecdote of ROSE which VOLTAIRE reports in exactly. According to VOLTAIRE, ROSE proposed to announce to LA ROCHEFOUCAULD his appointment as Master of the Hounds in the following arrogant style:—"I rejoice as your friend at the gift which I bestow on you as your master;" but the King thought the message lacking in tact, and withheld it. "Now," remarks the BARON MARC, etc., "if it is true that the letter was not sent, it was owing to ROSE, who said, when the King submitted it to him, 'Sire, since your majesty does me the honour to consult me, may I say that this is too brilliant, and shows too much wit for a king's letter to one of his subjects? The character of the sovereign demands a graver tone.' LOUIS XIV., flattered at the skilful suggestion that he had too much genius for a king, commissioned ROSE to word the appointment differently."

THE above is a good example of the talented flattery which enabled ROSE to keep his post so long. He wrote most of the King's letters during his fifty years of office, was in all the King's secrets, and knew all his weak points. He was besides on friendly terms with the best writers of the time, especially with MOLIÈRE. His life should prove an interesting and piquant book.

OF the books, old and new, announced by MESSRS. LAWRENCE & BULLEN, none will receive a warmer welcome, from those at least who know the author's "Joseph and his Brethren," than "Stories after Nature," by CHARLES J. WELLS. Published anonymously in 1820, the book was received with unanimous neglect, and seems hardly even to have found a reader until MR. W. J. LINTON picked a copy off a bookstall in 1842. DANTE ROSSETTI, to whom MR.

LINTON lent his treasure, found the stories perfect in grace and power, tender and exquisite in choice of language, full of a noble and masculine delicacy in feeling and purpose; and in MR. SWINBURNE'S estimation they seem sometimes almost to attain the standard of the "Decameron."

ONCE at Woodford MR. LINTON saw WELLS. He was a small weather-worn, wiry man, looking like a sportsman or foxhunter. He had, indeed, been a great sportsman during a residence of many years in the north of France. There is something wizard-like about WELLS. He is one of the most curious personalities in the literary history of the first half of the century.

BOOKS of travel and biography figure most largely in MESSRS. SAMPSON LOW & Co.'s autumn list. Among the former we note "Lord Randolph Churchill's South African Travels," illustrated with sketches by CAPTAIN GILES. The most important biographies are a memoir of HOGARTH, by MR. AUSTIN DOBSON; "The Marquis of Salisbury," by MR. H. D. TRAILL; and "Sir John Macdonald," by MR. G. M. ADAM. A new edition of WENDELL HOLMES'S works in fourteen volumes will be issued by the same firm.

AMONG the works announced by MESSRS. SONNENSCHN & Co. are "The Flight to Varennes and Other Historical Essays," by MR. OSCAR BROWNING, and a "History of Æsthetics," by MR. BERNARD BOSANQUET.

THE first volume of MR. GLADSTONE'S speeches and public addresses, edited by MESSRS. HUTTON & COHEN, will be issued shortly by MESSRS. METHUEN & Co. The same publishers have in the press volumes of verse by RUDYARD KIPLING and GRAHAM TOMSON.

THE twenty-eighth volume of the "Dictionary of National Biography" (SMITH, ELDER) begins with HOWARD, twelfth Duke of Norfolk, and ends with DR. INGELTHORPE, Bishop of Rochester, who died in 1291. DAVID HUME is by MR. LESLIE STEPHEN; LEIGH HUNT, by MR. ALEXANDER IRELAND; JAMES HOWELL, by MR. SIDNEY LEE; and EDWARD HYDE, Earl of Clarendon, by MR. C. H. FIRTH.

IN the rush and whirl of modern life men who once occupied prominent places, and whose names were familiar throughout the land, are so apt to be forgotten, that it is not improbable some may ask the question, "Who was GEORGE FIFE ANGAS?" So begins the preface of MR. EDWIN HODDER'S life of the father and founder of South Australia. It is true we have forgotten ANGAS, but the man who originated the South Australian Company, the Bank of South Australia, the National Provincial Bank of England, and the Union Bank of Australia, and whose foresight and prudence won for Great Britain the possession of New Zealand as a Colony, is not likely to be forgotten in the South Seas. His memory will, doubtless, yet be cherished here.

MR. R. W. MURRAY has endeavoured to produce a concise and trustworthy history of "South Africa from Arab Domination to British Rule" (STANFORD). A chapter has been contributed to MR. MURRAY'S book by PROFESSOR A. H. KEANE on "The Portuguese in South Africa."

A CONTEMPORARY account of the reigns of HENRY VIII. and EDWARD VI., written in Spanish, in all probability by a Spanish mercenary soldier in the service of England, and which was only discovered in Madrid in 1873, has been done into English by

If housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

MR. M. A. S. HUME, and published by MESSRS. GEORGE BELL & SONS. The chronicle is chiefly of value on account of the new information it contains regarding the lives and fortunes of those military adventurers to whose ranks the writer belonged.

THE October volume of the Whitefriars Library (HENRY & Co.) will be MR. RUDOLPH C. LEHMANN'S "In Cambridge Courts," an exceedingly humorous description in prose and verse of undergraduate life on the Cam.

MRS. L. B. WALFORD writes in her letter to the *New York Critic* a striking reminiscence of the Edinburgh Grassmarket. Twenty years ago she saw one of the Grassmarket tenements after it had fallen down in the night. Sixty people had been sleeping within its "condemned" walls, and of these the greater part had fallen victims; yet a little canary bird still chirped in a cage attached to one rickety wall, and a cuckoo clock, which had been undisturbed by the uproar, rang out its accustomed alarm while MRS. WALFORD stood looking at the ruin!

THE Americans are angry with MR. WILLIAM MORRIS for pronouncing some of the critics "second-hand superior persons from Grub Street or Wall Street." They want to know why MR. MORRIS brackets Wall Street with Grub Street, and if he intends a fling at MR. STEDMAN, a "brother-poet." They think he is probably dissatisfied with the treatment his verse received in "Victorian Poets," and that he is "getting even" with MR. STEDMAN, who is a banker in Wall Street. In spite of this prompt appropriation of the cap, we are not prepared to say what MR. MORRIS meant by bracketing Grub Street and Wall Street; but we are quite certain that to bracket STEDMAN and MORRIS as brother-poets is to yoke Rozinante with Pegasus.

VICTORIAN FINANCE.

MELBOURNE, August 3, 1891.

THE last fortnight has been a very important one in Parliament. Hereafter it will probably be remembered only as the time when we formally assented to Federation, but that does not impress us much just now. If it had not been for Sir Bryan O'Loughlin, who has taken it into his head that there is some analogy between us and Ireland, and that Home Rule in Victoria must not be sacrificed, we could not even have produced a spirited debate. Happily, Sir Bryan succeeded in finding one or two supporters, and there was in this way the semblance of an Opposition, and three or four good speeches were elicited. If, however, we are nearly unanimous about Federation, we fall back into the old party ranks when questions of Victorian finance and administration are discussed. During the last ten days the Premier has made his Budget speech, and the Attorney-General, who is also Minister of Railways, has delivered himself of an eloquent invective upon our present system of railway administration. These two subjects are closely connected, for all our financial troubles arise from the cost of building and maintaining lines which are admittedly in excess of our present wants.

The Budget speech will, I am afraid, produce a worse effect in England than it has done here. The simple facts are that Mr. Munro, as leader of the Opposition, attacked the finance of the Gillies-Deakin Ministry as its vulnerable point, and made charges that were grossly exaggerated. His estimate of the deficit incurred varied from a million to a million and a half, and these statements have been reiterated till the world began to believe that they must be true. It was a fact that Mr. Gillies' calculations

had been to a great extent upset by unforeseen expenditure on railway construction; and when we were hoping that a good year would pull us through, the strike came and paralysed labour, reduced revenue, and saddled the Administration with heavy expenses. We were, therefore, prepared to hear that the Treasury was a little embarrassed; and Mr. Munro was in the anomalous position of being bound, if he could, to prove himself insolvent. He was so far equal to the occasion, that he announced an actual deficit "in the finance account, amounting to £710,015," of which £681,968 is attributable to the railways. He went on, however, to say, that there were arrears due by selectors and on account of sales by auction to the amount of £569,000. Practically, therefore, we are only £141,000 behind-hand in a bad year on a revenue of more than £8,000,000, and even against this must be set the fact that Mr. Gillies paid off £276,000 of railway debentures. Moreover, some lands near Melbourne, which Mr. Gillies proposed to sell, and which are worth nearly a million, must in all fairness be reckoned as an asset, which Mr. Gillies based his calculations upon, though Mr. Munro prefers not to alienate them. Consequently, though we might be short of money for a few months, if we had to rely entirely on that in the Treasury, there is no difficulty whatever in the situation, and the banks will give the Premier all the over-draft that he needs. He practically admits this, when he refuses to put on a single new tax, though he has his choice of several which would hardly be felt, and says that he will only take power, which he hopes will not be needed, to issue Treasury Bonds to the extent of £750,000. It would, of course, have been more creditable if Mr. Munro had retracted all that was extravagant and unwarrantable in his statements. Obviously, if the deficit is a real one, and if we are staggering under a load of debt, we need the most drastic remedies—taxation and retrenchment—instead of a mere debt of three-quarters of a million. The plain fact is, that there has been no economy, except in public works, and that it would not be safe to propose even moderate taxation in the face of accounts which show that it is not needed. Unhappily, all this will not be understood in England. The impression will be that we are living from hand to mouth, that one public man is no better than another, and that the secret of our extravagance is to be found in the demands of the fierce democracy for high wages, and in the fact that men of all conditions find it pleasanter to live upon English loans than to put their hands into their own pockets.

You will observe that except for our railways we should have practically no money troubles, even according to the most pessimist statement. The railways are also the real rock ahead of the Government. Mr. Shiels, their Attorney-General and best speaker, was entrusted by the Cabinet with the task of railway reform, chiefly, I think, because he had constantly inveighed against railway administration while he was in Opposition. I remember telling you, when the Ministry took office, that Mr. Munro would probably find Mr. Shiels—eloquent, able, and honest as he is—more embarrassing as a colleague than even Mr. Gillies as an opponent. The prediction is already verified. During eight months Mr. Shiels has been writing voluminous letters to the permanent Board which administers our railway system, and has effected nothing beyond landing himself in a very pretty quarrel, at which his colleagues are absolutely aghast, and which he himself sees no way of ending, except by transferring the powers of the Commissioners to the Minister and a very motley board of advisers. As in most quarrels, there is some right on both sides, and the cause of dispute really lies in a conflict of policies and jurisdictions. When we transferred the practical control of our railways in 1883 from a Minister to a commission of experts, retaining the Minister only as a Parliamentary adviser and mouthpiece, we were chiefly actuated by two considerations. One was the desire to

abolish patronage. This was very necessary, for the railways were being staffed with the *protégés* of Members of Parliament; but it might have been done without change of system. New hands are now taken on by ballot and by examination, and this could have been worked under a Minister as well as under Commissioners. The second motive was therefore the decisive one; and this was generally expressed at the time by the phrase, that we wished to have the railways conducted "on commercial principles." Briefly, they were to be made safe, and they were to be made to pay. Our estimate of commercial principles was, however, a very mixed one. We did not mean to let the Commissioners decide how many railway lines would be good for us. It was considered, not unreasonably, that a railway which would not pay interest for years might yet be worth making if it encouraged the growth of an agricultural population, brought timber cheaply to mines, or enabled the State to sell its waste lands. Then, again, we did not mean that the Commissioners should buy material in the cheapest market. The principle of protection to native industry compels us to manufacture our rolling-stock in the Colony. Neither, again, did we intend that the Commissioners should be allowed to engage, dismiss, and pay labourers as they like. They have to take the men allotted to them, and these men are so effectively championed by their Union and in Parliament, that it is very difficult to dismiss them, and Parliament sees that they are the best paid of unskilled labourers. Therefore, the Commissioners are reduced to the function of advising the Minister about new lines, and are only autocratic, or nearly so, in deciding what repairs are necessary, and what trains shall be run. Here it is that the cause of discord has arisen. Under the old system the tendency of the Minister was to consult the exigencies of party and the needs of the Treasury. Employment was found for useless political partisans, but rails and boilers were not renewed as they should have been, and lines were not duplicated, as long as it could be put off. Under the present system the lines are in excellent order, and the rolling-stock last year was, for the first time, thoroughly adequate to its work, but the Commissioners are undoubtedly more careful to do their own work well than to help the Treasury. It seems a little unjust to blame them for being what we wanted them to be; but Parliament and the country were not prepared for the unavoidable loss upon new lines; and when it is found that working expenses have gone up from 56 to 68 per cent., we find it easier to blame the Commissioners than the people who clamoured for unproductive railways, and the Parliament which granted them. Not only is this the case, but whenever the railway estimates have shown a surplus there has been an immediate clamour for reduction of rates, and the Commissioners have been forced to sacrifice the profits, upon which they counted as a reserve in bad times. Now, when we are suffering from the results of this policy, Mr. Shiels, as the mouthpiece of his Government, calls upon the Commissioners to suspend all works that are not imperatively necessary, and to reduce the train mileage by 1,000,000 miles a year. The Commissioners are willing to do the first, but not the second, as they consider that the best way to meet the deficit is by keeping railway facilities as ample as possible. It is tolerably clear that if the right of judging in this last instance is taken from them, we had better abandon the practice of administering our railways on "commercial principles." On the other hand, it is also clear that the Government will soon have a genuine instead of a sham deficit, if the Commissioners are at liberty to pursue a spirited policy of railway development, and can always oblige the Treasury to pay their bills. It is difficult to predict at this moment what settlement will be arrived at. It is quite possible that the House will treat the quarrel between Mr. Shiels and the Commissioners as so

serious that it must be inquired into, and terminated by the retirement of either the Minister or the Board. Beyond this, it seems likely that we shall revert in some degree to the principle of complete Ministerial responsibility. The railway administration is very unpopular just now, perhaps undeservedly; and the Public Service Board—Mr. Service's other creation—is a complete failure, tending only to general inefficiency. That we shall return to the "patronage" or "spoils" system is quite unnecessary, and I hope impossible; but that we shall give up the complicated system of Boards independent of Ministers, and Ministers responsible for Boards which they do not control, is perhaps not unlikely to be the outcome of the present trouble.

MR. GLADSTONE'S BALKAN PROGRAMME.

BELGRADE, September 17th.

IT is neither the Dardanelles question nor the Sigrî incident that absorbs, at this moment, politicians between the Adriatic and the Black Sea. It is the programme—or what is supposed to be the programme—of Mr. Gladstone's Balkan policy. In Cetinje as well as in Belgrade the letters which the venerable leader of the English Liberals recently wrote to an active and prominent member of the Serbian "young Liberal" party have made a very great impression, and been interpreted, perhaps, in a too hopeful spirit. Reports from Sofia show that these interesting letters of Mr. Gladstone have made a sensation there, and the Hungarian Press has drawn special attention to them, associating them with the accumulated evidence of the probable result of the next General Election in England.

The genesis of these letters is itself not without interest at this moment. It has been already stated in THE SPEAKER how gladly the mass of the Serbian people—more especially the priests and the peasants—greeted the visit of their young King to the Tzar. They had not the slightest doubt of the success of Russia and France in the impending great struggle with the Triple Alliance, and they felt equally sure that the victorious Tzar would unite Bosnia, Herzegovina, and Old Serbia to the present kingdom, so as to form a strong and absolutely independent Serbia. But this popular belief was not shared by all the more intelligent classes. King Alexander had hardly reached Moscow before the opportuneness of this journey and the wisdom of an alliance with Russia were openly questioned and discussed in several Belgrade papers. Indeed, a somewhat bitter polemic on this question was waged between the opponents and the friends of the present Government. The high praise of Bulgaria in the Mansion House speech of the Marquis of Salisbury was eagerly seized upon by both parties as an argument in their favour. The friends of the Government pointed to it as a conclusive proof of their wisdom in seeking the Russian alliance; they asked what could Serbia do better than court the mighty protection of the Tzar when England so openly supported Bulgaria, and Austria kept possession of Bosnia and Herzegovina? On the other hand, the Opposition writers declared Lord Salisbury's ostentatious championship of Bulgaria to be the first consequence of Serbia having given up her hitherto neutral position and passed openly over to Russia.

All parties in Serbia were, however, unanimous in one thing—they all considered that Lord Salisbury's Mansion House declaration meant that English policy in the Balkans was in favour of the creation of a great and strong Bulgaria, and that, to accomplish this, the interests of other Balkan states would be disregarded, and the idea of a Balkan confederation crushed out as a visionary scheme incapable of realisation. Still, at the moment of the greatest excitement, a few politicians boldly affirmed that—although the Premier of England had openly proclaimed himself the champion of Bulgaria—Serbia

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was not justified in relinquishing all hope of English support. They argued that England could not possibly be in favour of the supremacy of any one Balkan state over the others; they contended that the policy of the English people could not coincide with the expressed opinion of the present Prime Minister. One of these gentlemen, an Independent Liberal, Mr. Yovanovitch (called "Americanatz" because he studied in America), decided to go to England and find out for himself what hope Serbia still had of English support and sympathy. Mr. Yovanovitch submitted to Mr. Gladstone a short memorandum of the relations between the Serbians and Bulgarians, and explained (from his point of view) their national aspirations.

Mr. Yovanovitch was fortunate enough to receive two letters from Mr. Gladstone, and these he has published this week in his paper, the *Boratz*, introducing them with a warmly written leader in praise of Mr. Gladstone, and thanking the great Englishman for the "ray of hope" he has sent, through him, to the despondent Serbians.

In the first letter—dated "Hawarden, August 3rd, 1891"—Mr. Gladstone writes:

"I am glad to convey to you my good wishes for your country. I heartily desire for Serbia prosperity, independence of all undue influence, and a close harmony with the other States and populations of the Balkan Peninsula, so that their policies, like their interests, may be one."

The second letter—dated "10th of August"—was a reply to Mr. Yovanovitch's question, "Whether Mr. Gladstone approved of Lord Salisbury's foreign policy," and "what position the leader of the English Liberals takes towards the programme of Eastern policy lately announced by the Premier at the Mansion House?" Mr. Gladstone writes:

"I have never given a wholesale approval of Lord Salisbury's recent foreign policy, but I rejoice not to trace in it the signs of Jingoism, as it is called in this country. If he has implied a desire for Bulgarian supremacy, or any other supremacy, in the Balkan Peninsula, I entirely differ from him. I feel warmly with and for the subjected and the lately subjected populations of South-Eastern Europe, but I cannot draw distinction against any, and am altogether opposed to Particularism in that region."

All Serbian papers, without distinction of party, speak with the liveliest satisfaction of this enunciation of Mr. Gladstone. They all express the hope that the English Liberals will follow the example of their distinguished and revered leader, and discourage the Bulgarian longing for supremacy, and encourage and support the idea of a confederation of all the Balkan nations.

Those publicists who are more Chauvinistic seek to concentrate the attention of their readers on Mr. Gladstone's sympathy with the "lately subjected populations." According to their interpretation, these "lately subjected populations" are those of Bosnia and Herzegovina, and they consider the expression of the illustrious past—and probably, at no distant future, again, actual—English Premier as a delicate ring of change on the famous "Hands off!"

In fact, at this moment Mr. Gladstone is the most popular man in Serbia. Of course his popularity is quite distinct to the supremacy of the Tzar; the Tzar is not a man but a "sacrosanct relic." All the efforts of Austrian diplomacy during the last two years have not given such a shock-and-shake to Russophile schemes in Serbia as a few simple words of Mr. Gladstone!

E. L. M.

THE WHITE MOTH.

"IF a leaf rustled she would start;
And yet she died, a year ago.
How had so frail a thing the heart
To journey when she feared so?
And do they turn and turn in fright,
Those little feet, in so much night?"

The light above the poet's head

Streamed on the page and on the cloth,
And twice and thrice there buffeted
On the black pane a white-winged moth,
'Twas Annie's soul that beat outside
And "Open, open, open!" cried:

"I could not find the way to God:

There are too many flaming suns
For signposts, and the fearful road
Led over wastes where millions
Of tangled comets hissed and burned—
I was bewildered, and I turned.

"O, it was easy then! I knew

Your window and no star beside.
Look up, and take me back to you!"
He rose and thrust the window wide.
—'Twas but because his brain was hot
With rhyming; for he heard her not.

But poets polishing a phrase

Show anger over trivial things;
And as she blundered in the blaze
Towards him, with ecstatic wings,
He raised a hand and smote her dead;
Then wrote "Would I had died instead!"

Q.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

"THE TRUE FUNCTION OF WOMAN."

SIR,—Your correspondent, Professor Murray, does not appear to have read the article on this subject in *THE SPEAKER* with any care. So far from saying that all women are alike, I drew a clear distinction between "the average woman" and the exceptional types of intellectual independence and self-reliance that one sometimes finds among her sex. I dwelt, too, on the special work which is done by women in the cause of charity. For some kinds of public work there is undoubtedly a womanly aptitude, though I suspect that the directors of the Charity Organisation Society would not care to submit their methods to the judgment of female suffrage. But I do not see anything momentous in the reasoning that because educated women are superior in intelligence to the agricultural labourer, therefore we ought to give the franchise to the agricultural labourer's sisters, aunts, and feminine cousins. The point on which I laid stress is that the fundamental factor of sex compels women in the mass to play a part which is essentially different from that of man. It assigns to them an influence which is inspired by feeling rather than by "practical shrewdness." "The false courtesy which masks a deep-seated contempt" is not, I believe, the sentiment with which a man usually regards his mother; nor does it strike him that she is "a pet animal," and that her sphere of duty is incomplete because she does not go to the poll. The emotional instinct which is paramount in woman by virtue of her sex cannot reasonably be regarded as a contributor to the political service of the State. As for the "privilege" which Professor Murray charges me with having arrogated for man, I am not aware that woman is unjustly treated because she is not put into a sentry-box; and as Nature has not thought fit to endow women with physical force, why should we make the Empire ridiculous by placing its destinies in the hands of those who are unable to defend it?—Your obedient servant,

THE WRITER OF THE ARTICLE.

SIR,—Your article last week on Mr. Frederic Harrison's treatment of this subject opens up two interesting fields of inquiry. First, as to the history of his view. It seems to have escaped the notice of most of his critics that he is a follower of Auguste Comte, and is here simply reproducing his master's views; and that Comte himself was not only an incarnate protest against the abstractions of the Revolution and against their logical consequence in the doctrine of the equality of all rational beings, but also a St. Simonian writing after the disruption of the sect on this very question, a sociologist without the least suspicion of the matriarchate, and a phrenologist who was quite ready to believe *a priori* that woman must be inferior to man in intellect because her forehead is seldom large enough to give room for the organs assumed to be there by the hypothesis; while in his ideals, if not in his life, he was saturated with the spirit of the most domestic people on earth. However, this must be left to the future historian of Comtist dogma. Your article raises a more interesting question: Is it true that the admission of women to political functions would involve "the letting in of a perfect flood of emotion"? Now I believe it will be found, on looking at those women whose position brings them much into contact with the work-a-day world, that their "sentiment" on

most subjects in which they are interested is commonly much shallower and more evanescent than that of many men, and that underlying it there is a hard, business-like matter-of-fact practicality that only requires experience to strip it of its covering. How many schoolmistresses—I mean of the modern, or skilled and trained, type—can be justly described as storage reservoirs of this flood of emotion? How many hotel book-keepers? How many Post Office lady clerks? Why, the mere fact—noted by a reviewer in your columns a fortnight ago—that ladies who ride cannot safely be trusted with a spur in the interest of the horse, speaks volumes for the narrow practicality of the sex. I believe if you look even at the ordinary British matron in the concrete, you will find her much harder on her servants, much more determined to insist on her strict legal rights, much more persistent in getting every pennyworth out of the tradespeople, much less ready to make allowances, and generally much more severe and exacting than her husband. It is only where knowledge fails that emotion comes in—just as with the Jingo: but the feminine mind is docile, and its ignorance is curable. And from the ravages of emotion even police magistrates are not exempt.

This strikes me as a line of investigation worth pursuing.—I am, sir, your obedient servant, SOCIOLOGIST.

DEAR SIR.—I have read with much interest your article, and the letters it has evoked, on the "Function of Woman." The question is a vast one, but as the ladies themselves seem to be maintaining a dignified silence, I should like (if you will allow me) to take up the cudgels for a few moments on their behalf.

To begin with, I fear that woman will hardly accept with unqualified gratitude the championship of your correspondent Mr. G. G. A. Murray.

I am unable, of course, to say whether the courtesy which Mr. Murray presumably extends to women "masks a deep-seated contempt," but if this should regrettably be the fact, it is manifestly unfair to argue from such an exceptional case a similar double dealing on the part of the rest of mankind. I am conscious of no such duplicity when I open the door for a lady, or take the back seat in a four-wheeled cab. Neither of these proceedings is pleasant to me, and I do them habitually out of sheer good nature and without the slightest feeling of latent "contempt" for the object of my civility. And I imagine this is the case with the majority of men.

But there is one fact which the fiercest advocates of equality of the sexes cannot altogether ignore, though they do their utmost to close their eyes to the truth. This is, that no amount of feminine intellectual activity can alter the eternal laws of Nature, by which man is constituted the stronger and more enduring animal of the two, and woman the mother of his children. Under the new conditions advocated by your correspondent and those whom he follows, I admit that this latter contingency would be remote; still, there might be exceptional cases which would seriously affect the progress of business in the County Council or the hustings. Would Mr. Murray, for instance, be satisfied to entrust his defence to a barrister whose eloquence was liable at any moment to be interrupted by the baby at her breast?

The fact is that woman can no more become the "equal" of man than man of woman. Each has a province peculiar and natural to their sex, any encroachment upon which by the other is unnatural and repulsive.

An uneducated man may be a deplorable spectacle, but an over-educated man-woman is a monster from whom all men (educated or uneducated) fly with the wholesome instinct of self-preservation. Foremost in the flight is, Yours faithfully,

PHILIP BURNE-JONES.

P.S.—A literary friend of mine is anxious to know to what pre-eminent lady-novelist Mr. Murray can point, excepting, of course, Lady Scott, Mrs. Thackeray, Mrs. Dickens, and Madame Dumas.

Rottingdean, September 21st, 1891.

[We are compelled to hold over until next week some of the letters we have received on this subject.—ED. SPEAKER.]

SIR W. LAWSON AND THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

SIR.—In your article on "The Drink Controversy" you call upon "Sir Wilfrid Lawson and his associates" to take in hand the proper arrangement of habitual drunkards.

May I respectfully ask why this business is to be allotted to us more than to any other class of citizens?

I am not aware that either I myself, or any of my especial associates, either have, or have professed to have, any special knowledge on this subject.

What we object to is the present system of "making people drunk by Act of Parliament."

Hitherto we have not succeeded in overthrowing that system, though we are shaking it more violently day by day. We are doing what we can to stop the manufacture of drunkards, and now you call on us to deal with the manufactured article.

Don't you think that your appeal would be made more appropriately to the licensed victuallers, to the magistrates, and to the electors who give vitality to the system under which the allied powers—the magistrates and the drink trade—do their deadly work, than to us who spend our lives in resisting these destroyers?

At any rate, I make that appeal to them. I entreat them to sweep up the refuse which they have made.

Perhaps they will do so, and we shall all rejoice to see the present crop of drunkards dealt with in the proper manner—whatever that may be.

But, of course, under the same conditions, a similar crop will soon spring up, for I suppose, of all old sayings the truest is, that "like causes produce like effects."

When once we have struck, and struck effectively, at those causes, it is probable that we shall have room enough and to spare for all the habitual drunkards with whom we may still be infected.

Don't suppose that I depreciate "cure." But the working motto of the Alliance for the Suppression of the Liquor Traffic, in which I and my associates are concerned, is "Prevention is better than cure."—Yours obediently, WILFRID LAWSON.

Brayton, Carlisle, September 21st, 1891.

THE "LITERARY" DRAMA.

SIR.—In his review of the published volume containing Mr. Jones's play of *Saints and Sinners* I am glad to see that your critic has something to say on its author's urgently expressed desire that our English drama should assume a "literary" status. I confess that the word has often puzzled me in its application to a play, and I am not sure that even Mr. Jones's preface has left me better informed; but as far as I can gather the purport of what he says there would seem to me to be something almost suburban in the feverish ambition of which he has made himself the exponent. In the region of dramatic art this hunger to be "literary" may, I think, be likened to the villa-resident's impetuous longing to be "genteel"; and in both cases the ambition, if it is consciously pursued, is likely to end in disaster. Whether he is or is not "literary" should scarcely concern the dramatist, who ought indeed to have no more leisure to consider the matter than a man of affairs with a serious purpose in the world should halt to reflect whether he is a gentleman. Time and the judgment of our friends may in both cases be safely left to provide a verdict, and to try to anticipate that verdict is about as idle and as hazardous as it would be for a stonemason to attempt to carve his own epitaph; it is certain that posterity will not be bustled, even by the most energetic and persistent aspirant for fame; and whether a dramatist has produced a work that is perishable or enduring in a literary sense can only be rightly known when it has either perished or endured.

I note that your critic endeavours to meet the difficulty by offering a more liberal interpretation of the word "literary" than Mr. Jones has chosen to adopt. This was obviously necessary, but that it is scarcely sufficient is shown in the fact that almost immediately afterwards he makes a concession to Mr. Jones's argument which is quite as misleading as anything urged by Mr. Jones himself. For if the printing of plays leads to any "improvement" in the dialogue which is not already demanded by the requirements of the drama, it will surely be an unmixed evil. No art can serve two masters. You cannot write dramatic dialogue with your eye on literary immortality; and if the critic needs to await the arrival of the printed book before deciding whether the dramatist has been true to the best ideals of his art, then I would venture to suggest that he is not in his right place in a theatre, but that he belongs rather to that class of "great literary critics" whose contempt for the stage so sorely vexes the soul of Mr. Jones.

On the whole, then, it would seem more modest and more prudent if those of us who are concerned in work for the stage were not to be too anxious about our "literary" status. As a coveted epithet, the word may safely be abandoned to the use of writers who, while adopting the dramatic form, produce work which is confessedly unfit for representation in the theatre. Here it is a source of harmless consolation which need not be too rigorously withheld, even when it is only doubtfully deserved; whereas if it is to be bandied about in our judgment of stage work it is likely to prove altogether mischievous and misleading. Mr. Jones says he is "concerned to establish the general rule that the intellectual and art values of any drama, its permanent influence and renown, are in exact proportion to its literary qualities. Shakespeare and Sheridan are popular playwrights to-day strictly on account of the enduring literary qualities of their work. They have admirable stage-craft as well, but this alone would not have saved them from oblivion." And the inference Mr. Jones would seem to draw is that dramatists should first strive to be "literary" in order that when their work is no longer acceptable from the point of view of the stage it should escape oblivion. But surely the very examples he chooses to cite stand in direct opposition to his theory. I will not stay to debate whether Shakespeare's stage-craft would have saved him from oblivion, although I have a fancy that when any contemporary writer has produced a stage-

play like *Othello* he need not greatly trouble himself about his literary qualities. But the main point to note is that neither Shakespeare nor Sheridan began by being "literary." Their work, whatever its literary merit, was primarily produced as stage-work, and in obedience to the laws and requirements of stage-work. It was tested and tried in the theatre before it passed into the domain of literature and before it assumed the dignity of printed type. Nor is there the smallest evidence that either of these writers laboured in reference to any other standard than that which their own art supplied. To them the ideals of the drama were self-sufficing. They were haunted by no restless questionings as to their literary status, and if the changing conditions of the theatre have in some instances impaired the fitness of Shakespeare's work for the uses of the modern stage while it leaves untouched the essential qualities of his poetry, are we on that account to invert the natural processes of artistic production and to strive to be literary before we have learned to be dramatic? Surely such a course must involve the sorriest of illusions. If there are dramatists among us who have awaited the advent of the American Copyright Bill in order to polish their dialogue, I cannot think their case very hopeful; and if the facilities which that Bill affords induce them to put into their work any so-called literary qualities which they have not previously felt to be demanded by the laws of their own art, then I must think their case not merely not hopeful but absolutely hopeless.

There is one other point in Mr. Jones's preface which seems to call for remark. He allows himself, I think, to be unduly depressed by the quantity of poor, artificial, and conventional work that is produced for the stage. But that does not seem to me to be necessarily depressing. We do not find writers like Mr. Meredith or Mr. Stevenson bemoaning the fact that there exist writers and readers for the fiction of *The Family Herald* and *The London Journal*. In an art so wide and liberal as that of the theatre there is room for all; and until we find that the worse excludes the better we need not be greatly discouraged. That we have not yet reached that point Mr. Jones himself would hardly contend. Since the days when he obtained "a great financial success in melodrama," he has presumably laboured in the higher interests of his art. He has, at any rate, produced plays that have won the most enthusiastic critical approval, and what is more to my present purpose, have secured a full measure of popular patronage. Why, then, this constant weeping and lamentation? When Mr. Jones has written a play, the excellence of which precludes the possibility of its production, or when he has produced a play that fails by reason of its beauty, surely then it will be time enough to give up the drama for lost. In the meantime, it is almost painful to see a successful playwright so woefully cast down.—I am, sir, your obedient servant, Garriock Club. J. COMYNS CARE.

THE NATIONALISATION OF CATHEDRALS.

SIR.—Mr. Percy Dearmer has made an excellent reply to Mr. Massingham. The aim of Mr. Massingham is to show that "men of culture" have ceased to take holy orders, because they refuse "to forswear their spiritual independence and enter the narrow gate of Church discipline." For this purpose he assumes that any layman of distinction would object to take orders on theological grounds. But he offers no proof, and facts are against him. He assumes, for instance, that Professor Gwatkin has remained a layman because he could not conscientiously subscribe the formularies of the Church of England. The fact is that Professor Gwatkin wished to take holy orders, but refrained from over-scrupulousness on account of a slight physical defect. He is a strong Churchman, as his works prove; and he is a man of rare academic renown, having achieved the unique academic distinction of taking five first classes. Sir George Stokes is also a clergyman, though he has lately chosen a lay career for reasons quite apart from any objection to the doctrines and discipline of the Church, of which he is still a devoted member. Mr. Massingham challenges you to "name one clergyman of first-rate eminence in science, a man as distinguished as was the late Dean Buckland." Professor Pritchard is quite as distinguished, and Sir George Stokes is more distinguished. The truth is that we are fallen on an age of mediocrity in every department of intellectual effort—in politics, in literature, in poetry, in science, in art. The clergy are well abreast of other professions.

But Mr. Massingham forgets the *raison d'être* of cathedrals. They are temples of Christian worship and places set apart for the exposition of Christian doctrine. I see no reason why laymen should not be allowed to preach in cathedrals and parish churches under the sanction of the bishop. But to turn our cathedrals into Noah's arks for the propagation of conflicting doctrines is surely a grotesque suggestion. A Dr. Liddon one Sunday, Dr. Martineau the next, Professor Huxley the next, then Mr. Labouchere, Mrs. Besant, the editor of the *Times*, Mr. Henry Irving, the editor of *Punch*, etc., etc., this surely is an absurdity; yet it is the logical outcome of Mr. Massingham's scheme of nationalising our cathedrals. Let the cathedrals be secularised if you like; but to turn them into menageries of religious controversy is an odd way of nationalising them.—I remain, etc., SCRUTATOR.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE,
Friday, September 25th, 1891.

I SPOKE rather vehemently, last week, about the present demand for ugliness in art and literature. I hinted that it was a cheap and vulgar demand, and breathed a prayer that I might live to see a league of youth established to deal with it as it deserves. My words have elicited a remonstrance. It has been pointed out to me, as a recent discovery, that a painter may paint, and a writer write about, any subject, provided he does so worthily; and that art is rendering its due service to democracy by turning its attention upon the sordid, the ignobly decent, and even the malformed and the degraded.

Quite so; though I doubt if the discovery be so very recent. The remark that art may treat any subject, if it treat it worthily, was made by Millet, and was a truism some hundreds of years before Millet's birth. It is in continual process of proof. Dickens, for instance, proved it. The whole question turns on the adverb "worthily." Dickens treated the sordid, the ignobly decent, and even the malformed and degraded, and he treated them worthily. How? By discovering to us the beauty that lay beneath them. It was not all the beauty, of course; for my point is that life and nature are to the serious artist—that is, to the tireless inquirer—so utterly inexhaustible that even their humblest and (superficially) most repulsive phenomena will yield a thousand beautiful aspects. Dickens, if you like, saw but one or two of these. But let it be observed that he always went below the ugly, tossing it aside as a gold-washer tosses aside mere dirt. To him it was mere dirt, for he was a great artist. Now turn for a moment to the "Badalia Herodsfoot" of Mr. Rudyard Kipling. Nobody admires and envies Mr. Kipling's gifts more sincerely than I; though I hold him to be all on the wrong tack while he pursues the ferocious. But even to contrast so young a writer with Dickens implies a profound compliment.

It is not, however, the two writers that I would contrast, so much as their notions of what seems worthy to be recorded. Mr. Kipling, in his minute account of the manner in which Badalia Herodsfoot was kicked on the head till she died, thinks it worth while to describe the feel of the blood as it soaked through the boot to the murderer's toes. It may be contended that Dickens would never have thought of this stroke. I am ready to uphold, by an induction based on all the deeds of violence described in his novels, that had he thought of it, he would have rejected it as intolerably cheap and brutal. The death of Badalia has been compared by more than one critic with the death of Nancy in "Oliver Twist." I wonder how many of them have counted the lines in which Dickens tells of Nancy's murder. It is perhaps more briefly told than any murder of the same importance in the whole of fiction, "the same importance" meaning, of course, the same importance in the story. It was necessary for Dickens to kill Nancy; it was necessary also that the circumstances of her death should be squalid and base. To a smaller artist here was an irresistible temptation; to Dickens here was a call for the austere restraint.

If this view of the cheapness and entire contemptibility of the brutal in art be questioned, let anyone test himself as follows. Take any chance person in the street—take, let us say, the first omnibus-driver who passes. Here is a man, not too heroic, upon whom to employ your imagination. Imagine him losing his balance, tumbling off the box and scattering his brains on the pavement. It is easy as A B C. Imagine him seized with madness, whipping out a pistol and shooting the clerk beside him through the head. Imagine him going

home drunk and murdering his wife. There is no difficulty at all. Now try to imagine something really beautiful that might as naturally happen to this man, and you will perceive the difference. It is only an artist who can do that; and even an artist can only do it with pain and trouble. If you urge that the man is but a plain omnibus-driver and that nothing beautiful is likely to happen to him, I reply that this objection of yours must always run the risk of being disproved one of these days: whereas to paint the ugliness and brutality that most men can imagine for themselves is so trivial a feat that—to dismiss all question of its expediency—it is not worth practising.

But Dickens, we are told, did not paint the truth, did not paint reality. I never hear this kind of thing said without desiring to ask "What truth?" "What reality?" Dickens, we may charitably suppose, painted reality as it appeared to Dickens: and if this was not the same reality as appears to Mr. Jones of Clapham Common, it only follows that Dickens and Mr. Jones are more or less different people; which, indeed, we knew before. It is hardly possible, just now, to pick up an article by any of our critics, even the most able, without finding "reality" spoken about as if it were something absolute. Last week, for instance, I found my friend A. B. W. doing this very thing in the columns of this very paper. Let me quote him, knowing that, if I misunderstand him, he will be ready to set me right.

Of Mr. H. A. Jones's play, *Saints and Sinners*, he says that "its realism is still tinged with stage-conventionalism. Its seduced heroine dies of a broken heart. This is one of the three orthodox endings of a seduction story (type, *Clarissa Harlowe*), the second being the marriage of the girl to her seducer, reformed (type, *Olivia*), and the third her marriage to some other young man who consents to overlook her fault, or doesn't care two straws about it (type, *Denise, Les Idées de Mme. Aubray*). Of the three, I submit that the third is the realistic conclusion; the first, the idealistic."

Now, I submit to A. B. W., on the contrary, that any one of these endings may be as "realistic" as any other. Obviously all three lie within the limits of possibility: and, for the rest, it all depends upon the author's finding and on his ability to convince his audience that the ending which he chooses is true. Some women die of heart-disease and a considerably smaller number are suffocated with pillows. But the rarity of Desdemona's case does not make it any the less real, for the simple reason that Shakespeare constrains us to accept Desdemona's story for the very truth. To me, I confess, it seems chiefly a question of power. If, in actual life, a young woman who has been seduced takes to her bed and dies, that is a fact. And if she lives to marry the other young man, "who consents to overlook her fault, or doesn't care two straws about it," that also is a fact, and perhaps a commoner one. If commoner, it may be more safely employed as a stage-ending by a feeble playwright. But that is as much as can be said. And since when has A. B. W. taken to succouring the feeble playwright?

But, in truth, realism just now goes by majority, and may be interpreted as "that which is easily recognised by the average man." And the taste for brutality and ugliness among our writers is due to the fact that brutality and ugliness will always appeal to the average man. They are the cheapest means of producing an effect, and the effect they produce will be, for the moment, more startling than that produced by beauty. But, for all that, they are despicable; and the call for them is a call to be delivered from the divine difficulties of good work.

A. T. Q. C.

REVIEWS.

THE PSALMS UNDER CRITICISM.

THE ORIGIN AND RELIGIOUS CONTENTS OF THE PSALTER IN THE LIGHT OF OLD TESTAMENT CRITICISM AND THE HISTORY OF RELIGIONS. By Thomas Kelly Cheyne, M.A., etc., etc., Oriel Professor of the Interpretations of Holy Scripture, Canon of Rochester. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. 1891.

NOT long since a German scholar—brilliant, wayward, fond of paradox, especially of the sort that confounds or humiliates his too prosaic and self-complacent countrymen—is said, during a discussion on the state of sacred scholarship in Germany, to have predicted the approaching hegemony of England in Biblical learning. If these Bampton lectures had been published, he might have pointed to them as a sign of the early fulfilment of his prophecy. They are evidence that English scholarship is ceasing to be dependent on German bounty, living, as it were, on the crumbs that fall from its table; and is learning to cultivate fields where it has been for generations a very humble servant, though once, indeed, it had lived there and worked as a master. In the seventeenth century some of the foremost Semitic scholars were English. Laud loved nobler things than ceremonies; his munificence enriched Oxford with MSS. from the East and with a chair for the teaching of Arabic. Lightfoot accumulated those stores of Rabbinical learning that have been a very treasure-house to later scholars. Brian Walton erected in his Polyglot an unparalleled monument to English scholarship, and showed it how to use versions for interpretative and critical purposes. Edward Pocock explored the Orient, and the choice wealth with which he returned still enriches Bodley's Library. But the policy which secluded the English Universities was fatal to the higher scholarship; only as they have regained their freedom does it promise to return. In Semitic studies we were living largely on a policy of appropriation. While scholars like Gesenius, Hupfeld, Ewald, Nöldeke, Delitzsch, Dillmann, Stade, Strack, Wellhausen, succeeded each other in Germany, and made Hebrew language and literature rich with their discoveries, England was almost silent. In the hands first of Gesenius and then of Ewald, the language lived anew, grew ever more significant and capable of a literary handling; by Nöldeke, Schrader, and Lagarde it was read in the light of the cognate Semitic tongues. With increased knowledge of the language came greater mastery over the literature, shown in the progressive skill and sureness with which the several parts were analysed and their relations determined. With the growing mastery over the literature came deeper insight into the history—its order, sequences, persons, events; and this fuller knowledge of the history was corrected, qualified, enlarged by the new knowledge of the related kingdoms and peoples, with all their literatures, achievements, and organisations. It was not surprising that the Old Testament became a veritable wonderland of discovery, that theories concerning its constituents, formation, institutions, came upon us with almost breathless haste; it would have been much more surprising if such things had not been. Where fresh discoveries are being made, new theories must arise; they are but the attempt of the mind to understand what it has discovered, and their successive phases can only mean the gradual expansion of the mind, its slow advance from the unknown to the known. Hence the changes of view in the field of Old Testament criticism, instead of discrediting either it or its results, are really the evidence that it has been growing ever more scientific and sure. So long as human knowledge is progressive the formulæ that express it cannot be stereotyped; dogmas become immutable only when they represent dead beliefs.

But while Germany, almost alone, did the earlier work in this field, England is beginning to take its share in the later. In a singularly modest yet self-respectful bit of autobiography, Professor Cheyne

in his introduction indicates the change that has passed over us since in 1869 "the college of Scott and Jowett for the first time opened a fellowship to Semitic and Biblical scholarship." What Balliol had then the audacity to encourage Oxford now cultivates with zeal, and not Oxford alone. In Cambridge and in Scotland, in Ireland as in England, scholars are at work on the Old Testament, convinced that in it we have the most living of all our religious and scientific questions. To this feeling these Bampton lectures will give, if we mistake not, a powerful impulse.

These lectures were delivered amid severe, though for the most part bewildered, criticism. John Bampton had bequeathed his "lands and estates" to the University of Oxford expressly to secure a succession of lecturers who should "confirm and establish the Christian faith" and maintain "the divine authority of the Holy Scriptures." But the lecturer, it was argued, impugned rather than maintained this authority, and one sage critic, with becomingly unconscious absurdity, described his discourses as "the so-called Bampton lectures." Yet such things do not signify much; the most sceptical religious philosophy our generation has known was delivered amid the applause of academic orthodoxy from the pulpit of St. Mary's and on the foundation of John Bampton. These, on the other hand, may be said to represent the newer conservative criticism. Professor Cheyne, properly enough, calls attention to the "apologetic" worth of his lectures; it is more than considerable, it is weighty. For one thing, it disencumbers the apologists from much that is indefensible. The defence of a non-vital may involve the surrender of the vital point; labour on what is no part of the defences may only be a playing into the enemy's hands. Now, there is no more fundamental point than this: the contents or actual books of Scripture are one thing, the codification or canonisation of these books is another, and very different. A book does not become inspired by being canonised, just as codification does not create or sanction the laws it systematises or arranges. Were they not laws beforehand they could not be codified, and sacred books, like, say, the Epistle to the Hebrews, or sacred lyrics like the Psalms, were as authoritative and as much inspired before as after their incorporation into the canon. Hence, it is possible to criticise the canonising process, or its conclusions, without doing anything injurious to the doctrine of inspiration. The criticism, on the contrary, clears it of a mass of irrelevant material. If this process is maintained to be inspired and authoritative, then all sorts of difficulties are created: the apologist is involved in the defence of the infallibility and inspiration of scribes and redactors, of Rabbinical and Talmudical schools, of a mixed body of heretics and Church fathers, whose judgments were often most manifestly wrong, and as often only accidentally right. But if the appeal is to the books themselves, then the question is changed; inspiration becomes not a formal but a material thing. It concerns the matter, not simply the vehicle, and is conceived as not ended by codification, but as living through a double process, the continued and active presence of the Spirit who gave in the Word and in the mind or consciousness of its interpreter. Inspiration is not the quality of a book, but is a state of persons who receive and make the book, and of persons who read the book thus made. Without the continued being of the Spirit there would be and could be no inspiration. And hence the older Protestant theologians held that the true evidence of inspiration was the *testimonium Spiritus Sancti internum*; without this, inspiration could not be perceived or believed or known—i.e., for the man it would not exist. They would absolutely have laughed at the simplicity of a man who had tried to corner them by arguing that it was impossible to believe in the Bible without first believing in the Church. Their answer would have been to ask such a man to understand the rudiments of the question. And one of the real advan-

tages of a book like this is to throw us back on the older and simpler doctrine. In effect, Professor Cheyne says, "Turn from formal questions, study the religion of the Psalter, understand the truths it embodies and the conditions out of which it springs, and then you will understand what its inspiration is and what its authority."

The book is too full of disputable positions to be a book with which a critic can throughout agree. The criticism which earlier concerned itself with the Hexateuch and the Prophets is now turning with new interest to the Psalms, and is seeking to determine their place in the sequence of Hebrew literature and thought. Not till this is done shall we have a complete or a coherent picture of the Hebrews or their history. The critical tendency is to bring down the date of the great body of the Psalms, and to place many in the Maccabæan, the earlier Greek and Persian periods. The historical gain Professor Cheyne thinks great; we recover, as it were, contemporary documents for a time concerning which we had little direct and authentic knowledge. In working out his thesis he commits himself to many judgments from which we feel bound to dissent. We could not, for example, accept his analysis and dating of Psalm cx. We think the internal evidence against his arguments; the priority of the kingship to the priesthood seems to show that it was addressed to a king who became priest, not to a priest who became king. Nor do we think his method of proof quite satisfactory. It consists too much of an analytical process which fits together a psalm and a period. Such an analysis must always be necessary to the determination of the question, but, taken alone, it easily becomes arbitrary. The argument is most complex. It involves a history of Hebrew thought, viewed both as regards its inner evolution and outer relations; a history of the Hebrew State, especially in relation to the action of belief on conduct and events on belief; a history of the Hebrew literature, both as regards the origin of the books, the formation of the canon, and the date of certain versions; a history of the Hebrew language, when it ceased to be living, and the question how far a dead and classical tongue can be used freely in compositions so living and spontaneous as religious lyrics. We feel that these and many other points must be discussed before the questions as to the date of certain psalms in the Psalter can be even approximately settled. We feel that the Septuagint offers serious difficulties in the way of some of Professor Cheyne's decisions, and that the language offers as serious difficulties in the way of some others. We recognise the truth of his position that ideas and phraseology are more certain evidences of date than terms, and we most gladly acknowledge the service he has rendered to philological criticism in the learned and elaborate appendix on "the linguistic affinities of the Psalms;" but we also feel that his argument omits too much to be final. Yet he modestly confesses to the provisional character of many of his positions. The confession is worthy of the scholar and inquirer, and greatly adds to the worth of the book. Criticism must always move through the provisional to the assured; and but for the former we could never reach the latter. Meanwhile, Professor Cheyne has laid all scholars of the Old Testament, and students of comparative religion, and theologians of every kind, under a deep debt of gratitude. He shows us how devout and reverent scientific criticism can be; he shows us how many affinities bind the religions together—kindred beliefs make religions akin, and it is their kinship that makes each able to influence the other; he shows us how, in diverse forms, one God works in all, and so he supplies the constructive theologian with new material for a higher doctrine of inspiration and providence. Men think more worthily of God when they see that He has never left Himself without a witness, and has used many tongues and many vehicles for the truths He has been pleased to reveal to men.

CHINA: THIRTY YEARS' STUDY.

NEW CHINA AND OLD. Personal Recollections and Observations of Thirty Years. By the Ven. Arthur E. Moule, B.D. London: Seeley & Co. 1891.

MR. WINGROVE COOK, the *Times* correspondent in China during the last war, was wont to be unsparing in his denunciations of the "twenty-years-in-the-country-and-know-the-language" men as political guides. And no doubt there is a good deal to be said for his view. The Chinese have a power, begotten of their superlative contempt for all Gentiles, of attracting the sympathy and absorbing the admiration of those who come into close and continued contact with them. The Sirens of old were not more successful in gaining possession of passing mariners than the Chinese are in dominating the opinions and attracting the regard of foreigners who study their language in the country. This is pre-eminently the case with diplomatists whose sphere of observation is confined to those mandarins who by virtue of a genuine admiration for the very limited knowledge at their command succeed in imposing upon Europeans the belief that their intellectual goslings are veritable swans.

To this weakness enlightened missionaries are less prone than their diplomatic brethren, their sphere of observation being wider; and thus the volume before us shows fewer symptoms of that Sinophilism which is so often observable in more pretentious works. Not that Archdeacon Moule is in any way unjust in his opinions of Chinamen and their habits, but a long and varied acquaintance with the people has taught him what is good, bad, and indifferent in them and in their lives. Ningpo and its neighbourhood were the scenes of the Archdeacon's experience, and in one respect his lot was thus cast in pleasant places. The scenery in that favoured part of the empire is extremely beautiful, and the vegetation is such as we in this comparatively barren land know nothing of. Speaking of the hills near Ningpo he thus describes their features in spring-time:—"The hills are in their full-orbed beauty. Besides the great carpet of azaleas, wistaria crowns the rocks, and sometimes camphor trees, thirty or forty feet high, are festooned from the summit to the ground by branches of this beautiful and fragrant creeper, falling and trailing amongst the brilliant green of the young camphor leaves. Single camellias also abound, and blue borage; and the fir-trees are in bloom; and women and girls are busy among the trees gathering the bloom to mix with cakes. . . . The blackbird and the Chinese yellow-eyebrowed thrush make the hills resound with melody, the wood-pigeons murmur, and the soaring cry of rooks and the croak of the raven are heard; besides many sweet notes peculiar to the beautiful hills and plains of China."

To the beauties which surround him the Chinaman is not unappreciative; but save in some exceptional spots, such as Hangchow, of which the author speaks, the struggle for existence is so severe that he has little time for aught else but the scraping together of the means of livelihood for himself and his household. Two meals, or even one only, and that of the coarsest description, are all during hard times that the poorer people can afford. It is this grinding poverty which accounts for so many of the phenomena of Chinese life. It explains the existence of infanticide, the strange and often repulsive food which is eaten, and the opposition of the people to the introduction of steam and of European machinery. When a closely packed population is living on the very verge of existence, the adoption of any mechanical contrivance which would upset the labour market, even momentarily, comes upon them like a sentence of death, and it is too much to expect that they will listen patiently to the doubtlessly true teaching that, though for the moment grievous, the change will result in a great and lasting benefit to them.

As a rule, there is generally a disinclination among the Chinese to adopt European methods, and

a marked preference for their own imperfect practices. The postal system is a case in point. At present there are no Governmental postal arrangements, and the conveyance of letters, consequently, varies considerably in different parts of the Empire. In the part best known to Archdeacon Moule letters are delivered through private agencies with great regularity, and even money and valuables can with safety be entrusted to them; but in other districts the delivery of letters is a matter of great uncertainty, and a Chinaman can be no more sure that an epistle he has taken the trouble to write will reach its intended destination than he can that for the next three months he will have food enough for his household. And yet, though schemes have been laid before the Government for a complete postal system on the European model, no attempt has been made to adopt any of them.

The Archdeacon speaks in advisedly moderate terms of the success which has hitherto attended missionary work in China, for it must be confessed that there is little to exult in in this regard. In the towns the effects produced have been very small, and it is only in the country districts that more hopeful results have been obtained. The fact that the strange combination of Confucianism, Buddhism, and Taoism which represents the religion of the people satisfies their spiritual wants mainly accounts for this lack of success; but doubtless also the foreign garb in which the faith is presented, and the foreign hands from which it comes, disinclines the conservatively minded Chinese to have anything to do with it. The opposition which it further offers to some of the most cherished and, in themselves, admirable practices of the people, such for instance as ancestral worship, militates against it; while the divisions which separate the different forms of Catholicism scandalise a people who are accustomed to one faith, one form, and one doctrine.

The Chinese are still in the unscientific stage of society, and are the ready victims, therefore, of every form of superstition; their lives being surrounded with all kinds of traditional beliefs in the occult forces of nature. The most prominent of these is the *Feng-shui* (literally, "Wind and water") superstition, which threatened at one time to prevent the construction of telegraphs and railways. The outbreak of the French war, however, which made speedy communication between distant parts of the empire an imperative necessity, compelled the issue of a mandate that the people were to pocket their belief, and, as would always be the case in similar circumstances, the practical Chinamen obeyed without a murmur.

The space at our command forbids us to follow the Archdeacon into this and the other numerous subjects on which he writes. His book is full of practical information, and to all who are interested in Chinese matters we can confidently recommend it.

THE ENGLISH LAND QUESTION.

THE LAND AND THE LABOURERS. By Charles William Stubbs, M.A. Stereotyped Edition. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1891.

THE Land Question is one of those problems which seem not to admit of any solution save that which politicians are incapable of carrying out. Briefly stated, it is a problem brought about by natural causes which no artificial regulations can settle. To one class of minds there is no Land Question, to another it is the problem from which all our social problems spring; with our author let us try and hold the balance level. To the man who cannot see with equanimity the country population still draining into the towns, the process of conversion of little properties into big estates still going on slowly and steadily, and the divorce of the labourers from the soil despite the gentle efforts of legislators to reunite them to it—in short, in whose ears rings Pliny's saying, "*Latifundia perdidere Italiam*"—Mr. Stubbs's words of warning will seem blessed. Statisticians will no doubt tell us, as they have told us at intervals for the last

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forty years, that the drain from country to town has "practically" ceased, landowners will avow that the labourers don't want allotments, *doctrinaires* will prove that fruit and flower and vegetable growing might regenerate England; but to these, one may answer in Sismondi's words, so aptly quoted by Mr. Stubbs, "You tell me you have improved the land, but what have you done with the labourers?" And first, let us quote to the *doctrinaire* the words of wisdom that fell from the mouth of an English farmer of our acquaintance: "They talk of the profits of poultry and fruit farms, but the British farmer is not such a d—d fool as he's taken to be. In the districts where those things pay, there you find them; in the districts where they are not advantageously placed, we can't compete with the foreign producer. And if English farmers to-morrow were to plunge into the business, the foreigner would send his produce all the same, for he has nowhere else to send it. They want us now to lay out twenty shillings to get eighteen back; but if we were to fruit farm we should not get fifteen!" In the second place, let us say to the business man who wishes to purchase a little land—say at Chilworth—and finds when he has set up an industry his employes must walk from Guildford to their work, because the landlords will neither sell land nor build cottages, that a little reflection will show him that if one quarter of England is in the hands of seven hundred people, the sooner he alters the land law the better for him. In the third place, let us whisper to the farmer who does not rejoice in the luxury of an easy landlord, that if a law were to pass forbidding the holding of land beyond the amount that a capable man can direct and manage, land would immediately approximate in price to the value of its returns, and that even if all corporations were obliged to sell their land, and registration of title were made compulsory, the tenant might have cause in the long run to bless his stars and lay the ghost of Protection. As for the political economist whose views of agrarian matters are summed up in *laissez-faire*, he is beyond advice, and we would merely present him with a single fact from Mr. Stubbs's volume:—"The chief benefit derived by the farmers is that when they have the nomination of tenants of cow-keeping cottages they can obtain the best and most intelligent men, who, but for the advantage of a cow, would drift into the large towns."—Report of Mr. Stephen Crawley, Lord Tollemahe's agent, p. 176. Mr. Stubbs's little volume abounds with such straws as these, all showing which way the wind is blowing, and he pleads convincingly for allotments for the unfortunate labourer of many a district, who, to get milk for his children, is forced to the towns, where the country produce goes. Mr. Stubbs is also eloquent on the benefits of co-operative farming, but the instances he adduces to show its feasibility in our opinion only prove that this way of attacking the problem can come to nothing, unless a radical revision of the land laws be first completed. The small man cannot stand against the big owner; when he is offered, in paying times, double the value of his land, he is bound in his own interest to sell it. Then comes the reaction sooner or later, prices go down, and the big man cannot afford the labour the land demands, and when he wants it later still he cannot get it. This has been proved over and over again, till one would think the eyes of even the *laissez-faire* politicians might be opened. Will Mr. Stubbs's co-operative workers stand against the big owner, without the capital the latter often draws on, however unwillingly? We fear not; the co-operative workers under the present system must go down as the small holder has gone down in the past. Our English system is indeed mysterious in its hidden wisdom; we exploit the country for the good of our towns; we emasculate our towns though we succeed in feeding them; we drain both country and town of our picked men for the benefit of over-seas. It is an ingenious system; but is it not time to stop, in order to avoid the crash?

ENGLISH WRITERS (1500-1540).

ENGLISH WRITERS. An Attempt towards a History of English Literature. By Henry Morley, LL.D., Emeritus Professor. Vol. VII.: From Caxton to Coverdale. London: Cassell & Co.

It is impossible to think otherwise than with respect of a volume that represents years of conscientious research, packed full of facts and dates that have been collected with indefatigable pains and verified with the most scrupulous care; a volume, too, that is written, from the first page to the last, with unflagging spirit, and contains not one ill-natured word. But as part of "An attempt towards a history of English literature," it has one great defect. It contains too many facts that have only an indirect bearing on the main theme. The veteran author's method is seen at its worst in the present volume, which deals with one of the most barren periods in English literature—the first forty years of the sixteenth century. How many of us could tell off-hand the literary celebrities of that barren time? Sir Thomas More was the chief of them, but his "Utopia" was written in Latin, and did not become an English classic till it was translated by Ralph Robinson about the middle of the century. England's only poet was John Skelton, whose "Lytell Treatyses," in verse, certainly had "some pith" in them, though he cut too many mad capers to be exactly a model of form. Across the Tweed the old-fashioned traditions of poetry were continued more decorously by Dunbar, and Gavin Douglas, and David Lyndesay. "The Pastime of Pleasure" was decorous enough, but even Mr. Morley is constrained to say that the author "was held by the ears when he was dipped in Helicon," a delightfully euphuistic way of saying that the excellent Hawes was an ass. Then, besides the first translators of the Scriptures, there was a secular translator of note. The "Froissart" of Lord Berners dates from the reign of Henry VIII. When we have reckoned up Barclay's "Ship of Fools" and Sir Thomas Elyot's "Governor," we have exhausted the list of notable works.

How does Mr. Morley contrive to make a volume about the English writers of such a period? The truth is that the bulk of the volume is more about them than of them. The men and the books we have mentioned are there, the incidents of their lives sympathetically detailed and accurately dated, the principal books summarised neatly and pointedly and at length, as Mr. Morley's manner is; but these short biographies and summaries are imbedded in a narrative of preceding and contemporary events, political and ecclesiastical, and of the lives and deeds of statesmen and Churchmen at home and abroad. These things may or may not have influenced such writing of English as there was, but we look elsewhere for a history of them in such detail as Mr. Morley furnishes. In his first chapter, for example, we get twenty pages about the revival of Greek studies in Italy before we come to Grocyn and Linacre and Erasmus, and, after all, their lives are sketched on very much the same scale as those of the Italian scholars and princes. Really, only one English writer in the ordinary sense of the term is spoken of in this chapter—Thomas More; he gets two pages out of the forty, and one of them is a brief biography of his patron, Cardinal Morton. Mr. Morley, however, it should be admitted, returns to Sir Thomas later on, and gives a really interesting sketch of his life. The second chapter gives a sketch of Church Reform from Wiclif to Luther, including a brief biography of John Hus. Now, it is very true that literature is an international unity, and that all things under the sun act and react one on another. The German Reformation affected the English Reformation, and the literature of the one movement affected the literature of the other. Still, there is such a thing as division of labour in history, and the history of English writers is not the history of the world. We have no doubt that the secret of Mr. Morley's method of dwelling upon collateral subjects as if they were principal, is partly the fruit of his long experience as a lecturer. He has discovered in that

way both the limits of the ordinary pupil's knowledge, and how best to appease his thirst for general information. The ordinary schoolboy of real life, who is very different in some ways from Macaulay's, knows in a vague way that the Greek Renaissance began in Italy, and somehow had a powerful influence on English literature. But his conceptions are not very definite. And when Mr. Morley tells him, with abundance of facts and dates, about the fall of Constantinople and Cosmo de Medici and Gemisthus and Chrysoloras and Argyropylos and Chalcondylas, he feels that he has received a considerable accession to his knowledge, and that now he knows all about the effect of the Revival of Letters on English. Information of this kind may be dry, but it is at least much less hard than an examination of English writers to determine how the study of Greek really did affect them, either in style, or in substance, or in character.

However, Mr. Morley has a right to his own way of writing history, and it is not to be denied that he has made as entertaining a book as is compatible with his severe purpose of conveying information. He has an eye for good sayings and anecdotes, and knows how to enliven his pages with them. We do not think, for example, that there was any call upon him as historian of English literature to give a summary of Bernard André's Latin Life of Henry VII. But he makes it the occasion for recording the growth of a very curious myth about Henry's entry into London after Bosworth. André wrote that he entered *laetanter*: Speed misread this *latenter*, and explained it to mean that he entered in a close chariot: Bacon accepted Speed's conjecture as a fact, and commented on it as characteristic of Henry's cold and haughty temper. Similarly, Theodore Gaza's life is somewhat out of place in a history of English writers; but the story of his throwing a gift of the Pope's into the Tiber, and his saying that the "fattest asses turn from the best grain," are admirably suggestive of the fiery enthusiasm of learning among the poor scholars of the Renaissance.

THE OUTCAST (NEW STYLE).

THE OUTCAST. A Rhyme for the Time. By Robert Buchanan.
London: Chatto & Windus. 1891.

THIS is the second book published this year on the subject of Robert Buchanan. The author in both cases has been Mr. Buchanan himself, and the present volume (written in rhyme) is announced as the first of a series. Nor do we know any reason why this series should reach any end but that which presumably will be imposed—we hope at a very distant date—by Mr. Buchanan's decease. For the subject is not merely inexhaustible but of a profound and obvious interest. In the world of literature at the present day Mr. Buchanan's figure is Titanic, and has all the disadvantages which this epithet connotes. His very sublimity has offended the small race of critics who

"Creep under his huge legs and peer about;"

with the result that, to use his own language, he has

" . . . been for long
The Ishmael of modern Song—
Wild, tattered, outcast, dusty, weary,
Hated by Jacob and his kin,
Driven to the desert dark and dreary,
A rebel and a Jacobin."

Nevertheless, he does not whine: but contents himself with stating his case against the world and complaining about it. "I have had," he says, "the usual experience of original men—my worst work has been received with more or less toleration, and my best work misunderstood or neglected. . . . For nearly a generation I have suffered a constant literary persecution. Even the good Samaritans have passed me by." In his heart, we fancy, Mr. Buchanan must be secretly content with this state of things; for he has accurately gauged the worthlessness of contemporary reputations—

"Our literature has run to seed in journalism. Our poets are respectable gentlemen, who have a holy horror of martyrdom. Our novels are written for young ladies' seminaries; our men of science are fashionable physicians, printing their feeble philosophical prescriptions in the Reviews, and taking large fees for showing the poor patient, Man, that his disease is incurable. Even Herbert Spencer has sometimes drifted into this sort of Empiricism. You would find London, if you ever came to it, about the most foolish place in the Universe. . . ."

The indictment is all the more damning for being set out thus coolly and without a trace of passion. And it says wonders for his largeness of heart that he continues to love his brother authors, when they are not spoiled by prosperity. Of this he distinctly assures us: and the confession affords a clue to a large mass of his writing. But perhaps, at this point, it would be as well to inform our readers who Mr. Buchanan is.

He has written poems, novels, essays, plays. In some of his plays he has adapted the work of previous writers and, in the opinion of some, has improved upon it. In the pit of the Vaudeville Theatre, for instance, it was the opinion of many gentlemen that *Joseph's Sweetheart* marked an advance upon Henry Fielding's novel. And there are few regular attendants at the Adelphi who would willingly miss a play from our author's pen. It is melancholy to think that, while less capable and less popular playwrights are rewarded with thousands of pounds, this old favourite, who has filled the theatres for years, should receive from his clients something less than the necessary refreshment of the body. "My life," he pathetically admits, "has been a weary fight for bread"; and again—"Few men have had to struggle harder even for the merest food and air." We feel sure that the lessees and managers of the Vaudeville and Adelphi theatres will have to give some sort of reply to these statements. The time is past, whatever those gentlemen may think, when Prometheus can be left to hunger upon a rock unnoticed.

As a poet, novelist, essayist, this remarkable writer has met with even worse fortune. The reason is perfectly well known to him, and he imparts it to us with a candour highly characteristic of the man. For some years past, he tells us, a solemn league and covenant has been entered into by journalists, to coerce, intimidate, and silence all non-union men—*id est*, all men who revolt against the hideous multiplicity of cockney scandal, literary tittle-tattle, Podsnapian criticism, and noisy playing on the French horn. As if aware of the half-incredulous disgust with which Englishmen—who are generally supposed to love fair play—will learn that their critics have imported and adopted the methods of the Italian *carbonari*, Mr. Buchanan has made his accusation circumstantial. It takes the form of easy satire. Our author feigns for the moment to have conciliated his persecutors by kneeling and doing homage before the altar of Nepotism; and proceeds—

"Henceforth I shall no more resemble
Poor Gulliver when caught in slumber,
Swarmed over, prick'd, put all a tremble
By liliputians without number.
The *Saturday Review* in pride
Will throne me by great Henley's side.
The *Daily News* sounds my *Te Deum*
Despite the Devil and *Athenaeum*;
Tho' Watts may triple his innuendoes,
And Swinburne shriek in sharp crescendoes,
The merry Critics all will pat me,
The merry Bards bob smiling at me,
All Cockneydom with crowns of roses
Salute my last apotheosis!
For (let me whisper in your ear!)
Of Criticism I've now no fear,
Since, knowing that the press might cavil,
I've joined the Critics' Club—the *Savile*!
And standing pledged to say things pleasant
Of all my friends, from Lang to Besant,
With many others, not forgetting
Our schoolroom classic, Stevenson.
I look for puffs, and praise, and petting,
From my new brethren, every one."

This is light *persiflage*, of course. It is, perhaps, unnecessary to say—though Mr. Buchanan says it—that he will never sell his birthright of manly

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independence even to hear Mr. Andrew Lang and Mr. Walter Besant sing *Te Deum laudamus* in his ear. Nay, he is ready to wager that this new poem of his will either be universally boycotted or torn into shreds; and that its purpose will be misunderstood; and that, above all, it will be impeached on the ground of its morality. Yet it is a live thing, part of the very seed of Mr. Buchanan's living soul, and he would read every line of it to the woman he loved—a severe test.

If the present writer is hardly prepared to go that length, Mr. Buchanan must forgive him. But there appears no reason for boycotting the poem or impeaching it on the ground of morality. The office of criticism, however, is to discover and point out the merits of a work of art: and in this case the reviewer finds his work very kindly taken out of his hands at every turn by Mr. Buchanan himself. After all, nobody can know so much about a book as the man who has written it: and we look forward to a day when Mr. Buchanan's habit of writing "appreciations" of his own books will be imitated by the majority of English authors. If we may make a single suggestion, however, it is that these "appreciations" might with advantage be removed from the body of the work (when they are apt to trip up the reader's interest) and printed in an appendix by themselves. Of the illustrations we will only say that they diversify the story in a very pleasing manner, for while Mr. Buchanan persistently describes Vanderdecken's vessel as a barque, Mr. Hume Nisbet persistently draws it as a brig.

Some authors are popular: others are unappreciated. And hitherto all unappreciated authors have desired popularity. But we have two gentlemen amongst us at present who, while enjoying immense popularity, yearn tearfully for the dignified torture of general misconception. Oddly enough, these two gentlemen are playwrights. We refer, of course, to Mr. Robert Buchanan and Mr. Henry Arthur Jones. Mr. Jones's case is still beyond our understanding: for if he despises the large profits which accrue from the composition of popular dramas, he has only (we should have thought) to write a few that are above people's heads. Mr. Buchanan's case, on the other hand, has our warmest sympathy. He is the idol of pit and gallery, and yet (he confesses) can barely earn enough to eat. But, after all, what has this to do with the public, which pay for admission to the Adelphi as well as for admission to the Haymarket? It seems to us that his remedy lies in an appeal to Messrs. Gatti, who, by the way, have an excellent restaurant on their premises.

NINE MUSES.

MICHAEL VILLIERS, IDEALIST, AND OTHER POEMS. By E. H. Hickey. London: Smith, Elder.

IN THE VALHALLA. By J. Y. Geddes. Dundee: Leng & Co.

THE MARCH OF MAN. By Alfred Hayes. THE SISTERS' TRAGEDY.

By T. B. Aldrich. DAPHNE, AND OTHER POEMS. By Frederick Tennyson. London: Macmillan & Co.

AMORIS IMAGO. By W. G. Hole. London: Kegan Paul & Co.

SONGS FROM THE SOUTH. By J. B. O'Hara. London: Ward, Lock.

GLEANINGS. By E. L. Tomlin. London: Longmans.

A LIGHT LOAD. By Dolly Radford. London: Elkin Mathews.

"WERE the grapes ripe of which this wine was brewed?" This question Miss Hickey asks regarding her own poetry in the dedication to her new volume; and this is the test we mean to apply, so far as our limitations will allow, to these nine volumes.

The first three are informed by the new spirit. Michael Villiers, the heir to estates in England and Ireland, becomes a practical Socialist, because

"We want no leisured class, but leisured men
Who win their leisure from the heart of work."

The growth of Michael's opinions is described in conversations which contain many fine images, pregnant thoughts, and glowing passages of indignation at injustice. The story of the hero's birth,

in the first portion, is good narrative; but the love-making between him and Lucy Vere is as artificial as if it were a direct transcript from life. Miss Hickey's thought is ripe. Her fine comment on the new understanding of Christ's life, which is most widely known through Oscar Wilde's "Soul of Man under Socialism," shows that her ideas are advanced; but the feeling is sometimes immature. While there is great depth of sympathy with the maternal passion, sexual love is refined away. This does not apply to "Autographs," a piece in parts as passionate as Mrs. Browning's "Sonnets from the Portuguese." It is the best of Miss Hickey's poems; her feeling here is as ripe as her thought: she is strong with a strong subject.

We would like to quote largely from Mr. Geddes' book. The Distinguished Traveller, not always inclined to share publicity with any one, who "informed the Supreme that if he were relieved he would mention the fact in the newspapers;" the regret of the modern Lazarus for the Dives of old, who "came not out to lecture him on thrift;" and the many daring witticisms in "Thrift," and "Glen-dale & Co.," are likely to give "In the Valhalla" a wide popularity. Mr. Geddes' conventional measures and subjects are not quite successful; but "Glen-dale & Co.," in which the deep chest-notes of Whitman are curiously echoed in high-pitched, detached utterances, as of an indignant Jingle, is a good, critical parody of the American poet, as well as a trenchant satire on our industrial system.

Although "The March of Man" has rather a repellent title, suggestive of stump oratory, and although its catch-word is "All for All," and the word progress appears wearing a capital, Mr. Hayes' principal poem, written in sonorous blank verse, contains an interesting presentation of the thoughts and feelings of a fine mind and a sympathetic nature confronted with our social problems; but "The Sempstress and the Skylark," a poem twenty lines long, of the purest pathos, is worth the whole hundred and forty pages of "The March of Man."

Mr. T. Bailey Aldrich's volume is the ripest of the nine. After the smoky air, noisy with hammers and wheels, with social turbulence and political strife, one breathes freely again among the non-economic human passions of Mr. Aldrich's dramatic romances. Two sisters loving one man is a subject of perennial interest, and has attracted four such diverse writers as Scott, Fenimore Cooper, Dickens, and Tennyson. It is no small commendation of Mr. Aldrich's "Sisters' Tragedy" to say that he sees a new and wonderful sidelight on his subject. "Pauline Pavlovna" is as subtle and soul-searching a piece of work as we have read for a long time. "Mercedes," a story of Spanish vengeance, borders on the horrible; Mr. Aldrich seems to have felt this, for it is written in prose. The lyrical pieces in various moods have that indefinable charm in presence of which criticism sheathes its pen and enjoys.

What are we to say of the new volume of Mr. Frederick Tennyson's pleasant, flowing, but garrulous and belated poems? Our main difficulty is that we cannot read them. There are over fifteen thousand lines of loose blank verse, and we take credit to ourselves for having gone through the title-poem. "Daphne, root-bound, that fled Apollo"—why, in the name of the nine Muses, should she be ravished from her sea-green laurel, to appear as a little English village maiden dreaming of the young squire (Apollo) and of her marriage and presentation at a drawing-room in Olympus? It is a pity Mr. Tennyson chose Greek subjects for his English idylls.

Mr. Hole's "Menarchus" is an artistic treatment of classical matter. He seems to have formed his style on the Laureate's earlier blank verse, the conclusion of his title-poem having much of the ring of "Ulysses." His ballads, "Sir Hernanden of Kroll" and "Barbara Gray," have great merit. Mr. Hole's reputation remains stationary at the height to which his first volume, "Procris," lifted it at once. He is a

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writer of much poetical power, who knows how to blot; but he has yet to find the subject which will show him at his best.

Mr. O'Hara's "Songs of the South" come from the land where spring begins in our autumn. His first poetic efforts, as he tells us himself, they are full of promise. For the form, there is a felicitous use of several measures, and a plenitude of poetic expression; and for the matter, as becomes a young poet, sunrise and sunset, and the sights and sounds of woodland and bush, supply him with ever-changing pictures and thoughts. He is strongest at present in description. The Australian spring is his main subject.

"In the yellow year cometh the lady October;
The streams sing her glory, the high heavens robe her
With mornings of sun-glow, with noontides of lustre,
With sweet flowing moons where the white planets cluster."

But he strikes a note of pathos in "A Memory," and his "Cattle-drovers" keeps close to every-day life. His songs are flower, rather than fruit; but there is every prospect of a rich harvest in the fulness of time.

Mr. E. L. Tomlin's "Gleanings" is a great advance on his former volume. His gift has ripened wonderfully. "A Church Legend" is sharply etched; "Over a Cradle" tells a common tragedy with a dramatic force that makes it significant; and "The Southern Cross" blends colour and sound as a master might. We may expect important work from Mr. Tomlin.

Woman's love for her lover, for her husband, for her children, are sung in Mrs. Radford's "Light Load" with a happy earnestness, into which sometimes a low note of melancholy strikes harmoniously. These poems must please poets—delicate, sweet, like a disembodied, but quite human, voice singing in the air. We do not think of them either as fruit or flower; it is perfume Dolly Radford has gathered, and it comes o'er our senses

"like the sweet south
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour."

FICTION.

1. MISS MAXWELL'S AFFECTIONS. By Richard Pryce. Two vols. London: Chatto & Windus. 1891.
2. BEGGARS ALL. By L. Dougall. One vol. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1891.

It would be quite impossible to do justice to Mr. Pryce's last novel by merely giving a sketch of the plot. There is nothing in the bare outline of the story to attract any attention; it is a story which has been told a hundred times; its materials seem old enough and conventional enough to be hopeless. Yet it is seldom nowadays that a reviewer comes across a better novel than "Miss Maxwell's Affections"; the story is old, but it takes new life under the hands of an artist; its incidents are simple and frequently trivial, but its characters are the conceptions of no ordinary mind and delineated with no ordinary skill. The heroine has many lovers, of whom two are important, a poor man whom she loves, who is sent away from her by an exceedingly simple falsehood told by her worldly guardian, and a rich man whom, in the absence of her lover, she finally promises to marry. Both men love her sincerely; the poor man, now freed from poverty, returns in time to discover the falsehood and to prevent her marriage with his rival. It is not in the barren conventionalities of the plot that one finds the charm of the book; on the contrary, they might provoke a certain amount of censure, were it not for the feeling which one has that Mr. Pryce has selected them deliberately, as if he were determined to show us what an artist could do with the least promising materials.

Miss Maxwell, the heroine of the story, is not an uncommon type in real life. She has her faults and her vanities; she has also her deep feelings, although she counterfeits them before she discovers their existence. Mr. Pryce has only cared to represent an

ordinary human being; to succeed in such a representation requires power and insight to a quite unusual degree; and the successful representation is never uninteresting. Most of us have met women very much like Miss Maxwell; but we have seldom read of them in stories. The average novelist cannot create a heroine without thinking about propriety: as a rule, he worships propriety; his heroine is a beautiful jelly-fish, of low vitality, guided by the current of perfect propriety into a perfectly commonplace matrimonial conclusion. Occasionally he despises propriety, and, under the name of realism, becomes merely unpleasant. Neither method is the method of Mr. Pryce: his taste is good, but he can leave it to take care of itself; he is not constantly conscious of it. He concentrates himself upon the sketch of the ordinary woman as she really is—neither the puppet of propriety nor the defier of decency, but a sentient human being. She never loses her hold upon the interest and sympathies of the reader.

It is easily possible to find fault with the novel. There are pages where description is completely overdone. George Brabant is rather a stage-like, melodramatic character. The conclusion does not quite succeed in hiding the fact that it is a concession to the requirements of the common circulating-library intelligence. But there is an artistic quality in the work for which one may well pardon something. It rarely happens that a reviewer of fiction goes to a task and finds a pleasure; but this was the case with Mr. Pryce's new novel, and we are not ungrateful.

"Beggars All" is another book which stands above the average of the modern novel. It is in the best sense realistic. Some parts of it are amateurish and overstrained; but, as a whole, it is undeniably interesting and in parts enthralling. The hero is one of those characters for which the public have always had an affection; they love the detective whom no one would ever imagine to be a detective; similarly, in this volume, they will feel a sympathetic interest in a burglar who is far above the ordinary run of burglars, who burglarises on principle, who is full of the most lovable and delightful qualities. The main idea of the character is not new; but it is well worked out in these pages. The heroine is a more original and more pleasing sketch. The most striking scene in the book is that where she discovers that her husband, who has been an affectionate and admirable husband, who has taken care of her invalid mother and sister, is in reality a burglar. This scene is a test of the author's power, and nowhere in the book does she appear to better advantage. The mystery of the first part of the book is well managed; it is subservient to the main interest; it is not allowed to become irritating. The story never degenerates into the stupid puzzles of detective fiction. It is in the selection of details, in the choice of a word, or in an unnecessary insistence on an obvious point that one seems to trace the hand of a beginner. These are faults which time and practice will remedy. The absence of a sense of humour is more likely to be fatal to ultimate success. But the author has undoubted power and considerable originality; and "Beggars All" is distinctly a readable book.

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THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1891.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

THE annual meeting of the National Liberal Federation began at Newcastle-on-Tyne on Thursday under circumstances of the most promising character. The attendance of delegates was very large, the speakers at the opening session of the Federation and the preliminary meetings included many of the leading members of the party, and the enthusiasm displayed was all that might have been expected from a militant body, gathered on the eve of a great battle in which they are confident of victory. MR. MORLEY'S speech on Thursday afternoon, though it suggests to the *Times* the manner of "a third-rate Dissenting minister"—a sneer unique in its maladroitness—was just such an address as might have been hoped for under the circumstances; whilst the reception given to MR. GLADSTONE on his entrance into the town in the evening proved that the community as a whole was in hearty sympathy with the Liberal delegates and their leader. MR. GLADSTONE, by the way, had on Thursday delivered a touching and beautiful address at Glenalmond College, full of delightful reminiscences of the early days of that institution and of the ripe wisdom and abounding sympathy which in his case have accompanied old age. He was to address the Liberal Federation last night, but of that speech we can say nothing here. Elsewhere we have dealt with the programme of the Federation; here we need only note the fact that Home Rule now, as heretofore, occupies the first place in it.

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT'S vigorous handling of MR. EDWARD DICEY, whose scandalous paper in the *Nineteenth Century* has been read with disgust even by persons sympathising with him in politics, may possibly have been unnecessary, but was certainly well-deserved. MR. DICEY'S reply to SIR WILLIAM in the *Times* of Tuesday has all the faults which would naturally be expected from the author of the paper in the *Nineteenth Century*. It is flippant, vulgar, and foolish. The satisfactory point about it is that it affords ample testimony of the fact that MR. DICEY has smarted under the castigation he received. Of his bad taste in the production which was the original cause of offence it is hardly necessary to speak. When a man openly speculates upon the death of a political opponent, who is happily still in the enjoyment of good health, and urges his confederates to base their political movements upon the hopes which he thus seeks to inspire, he has only himself to blame if he is held up to public contempt and reprobation. It is perhaps unfortunate that SIR WILLIAM was unable to distinguish between the two DICEYS; but then it is not often that two persons of the same name can be found whose distinguishing characteristic, so far as politics are concerned, is their venomous hatred of a particular statesman.

MR. J. W. LOWTHER, the member for the Penrith division of Cumberland, has been appointed Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs in place of SIR JAMES FERGUSSON, the new Postmaster-General. MR. LOWTHER is a man of ability, but his appointment is a surprise, and the public will look for its justification rather to his relationship by marriage with LORD SALISBURY than to his personal merits.

OUR contemporary the *British Weekly* is alarmed at the suggestion which it reads into our recent article on the English Church in Wales, that disestablishment need not be accompanied by disendowment. We certainly had no intention of conveying any such idea. Obviously, the Welsh Church, having ceased to be a national corporation, could have no claim to funds made over to it in that character. What we suggested was that the Welsh people might "probably" be inclined to pay a heavy price in compensation for the change that they desire. This is not unlikely, and it is possible that it might involve the abandonment of the great churches which we declared to be extremely "regrettable," and a scale of allowances for the loss of endowments on the over-liberal basis of the Irish Act. Practically, the Irish Church was re-endowed after disestablishment, and it is quite possible that the unfortunate precedent might be followed in Wales. As to the churches and cathedrals, we are inclined to favour a very sensible suggestion by MR. H. W. CROSSKEY in the *Fortnightly Review* of June, 1877, that churches built previous to the Church Buildings Act of 1818 should be regarded as "ancient parish churches, and be retained as national property, and that the voluntary modern churches should be left to the new Episcopalian body which would be formed as the result of the Act of Disestablishment."

AMONG the events of the week has been the return to Ireland of MR. JAMES STEPHENS, the founder and organiser of the Fenian movement. MR. STEPHENS has for many years past been a mere cipher in the political world. Such errors as he committed when he took an active part in organising rebellion in Ireland have been amply atoned for, and no one now can desire for him anything but a peaceful evening to his life. The true history of the Fenian movement has not yet been written. The men connected with it unquestionably committed many errors, not the least grave being the manner in which they ignored the superior force of the Power which they challenged to combat in the field. But there was nothing connected with the Fenian conspiracy of which those who at the time were engaged in it had any reason to be ashamed. It had nothing in common with the dynamite outrages of a later date. The men concerned in it were prepared to risk, and in many cases did risk, their lives in an open struggle with the Power which they regarded as their enemy, and though they failed, and rightly failed, those who are now seeking to redress the grievances of Ireland by legitimate and constitutional means cannot point the finger of scorn at them.

THE egregious proposal of the *Times* that the Chartered East African Company should receive a guarantee of interest on the capital cost of a railway to Uganda has been badly received even among Unionists; but we do not suppose that we have heard the last of it, for LORD SALISBURY in his Glasgow speech indicated clearly that he himself favoured such a scheme, although at that time he had been unable to beat down the opposition of the Treasury officials. SIR WILLIAM MACKINNON and LORD SALISBURY no doubt perceive that the only chance of inducing the public to part with its money is to create a belief that such a railway will kill the slave trade, and this view was ingeniously

but fallaciously urged by LORD SALISBURY, on the ground that experience showed that a railway killed all competing forms of transit, from which the obvious inference is that the proposed railway will carry slaves, for it is only by doing the business of rival carriers that a railway drives them out of the field. The *Times* is very angry with SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT for refusing to allow the trifling vote for the survey for this line to pass as "non-contentious" business at the end of last session, for, as it ingenuously explains, the great advantage of passing the vote would have been that it would have committed the country to making the railway! So that the business was contentious after all. We have little doubt that SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT will stick to his guns. The proposal offers a good test case for threshing out the doctrine of the *Times* and its Jingo friends that any body of peerage-hunters and baronetcy-hunters who can induce a Government office to give them a so-called charter, are thenceforth entitled, in order to stave off insolvency and extinction, to draw on the taxes of their country for any sums they may choose to specify. As there are four Chartered Companies in all, and as the doctrine of the *Times* involves a possible liability of hundreds of millions sterling, the sooner the question is debated and decided the better for us all.

THE London County Council is about to suffer a heavy loss. At the first meeting after the recess, held on Tuesday, SIR JOHN LUBBOCK and SIR THOMAS FARRER announced their intention to retire from their offices as Chairman and Vice-Chairman respectively. It would be difficult to conceive a heavier blow than the loss of the services of such men to the Council at the present moment. The manner in which the work of the Council has been assailed and misrepresented in the reactionary papers, above all in the *Standard*, and the deadly enmity manifested towards it by all the opponents of municipal reform, have done much to cripple its powers and authority since it came into existence. The people of London made a great bid for liberty three years ago, when they elected a Liberal County Council. But too many of them apparently forgot that the present Government had deliberately handicapped the Council in the interests of the City Corporation, the Vestries, and the other corrupt and incompetent bodies who have so long mismanaged the affairs of the metropolis. It was no part of LORD SALISBURY'S policy to give the people of London, any more than the people of Ireland, the right of managing their own affairs, and he started the County Council on its career laden with fetters.

THE result has been that the Council has never had fair-play. Its blunders have been exaggerated in the most absurd fashion; no allowances have been made for the limitations imposed upon its authority by the Tory Ministry, and even its successes have been misrepresented or under-rated. If it is now to lose the services of such men as SIR JOHN LUBBOCK and SIR THOMAS FARRER, we greatly dread the result. Its one chance is that the Liberal element in London shall rally to its support, and insist that the good work which it has begun, and which, despite overwhelming difficulties, it has already carried on with considerable success, shall not be abandoned. The National Liberal Federation has pronounced strongly in favour of the establishment of real self-government in London, and everyone who knows what the municipal life of all the other great towns of England is, will support the demands of the Federation. But the friends of corruption, gluttony, jobbery, and privilege, in London affairs, are numerous and powerful, and they will do their best to wreck the County Council when the next election takes place. If they succeed, the government of the greatest city of the world will continue for years to come to be a bye-word and a reproach among men.

THE Stock Markets are still under the influence of the surprise sprung upon them by MR. JAY GOULD last week. There has been generally very much less business doing than for five or six weeks. It is true that on Thursday an attempt was made to revive the speculation in South African Gold Shares; but it is doubtful whether it can succeed for any length of time, for there is no real change in the position in South Africa. The market for inter-bourse securities is supported by Paris. The German and Austrian Bourses are weak; English investors have for years past been doing little in the department, and for the time being the course of the market depends entirely upon Paris. In preparation for the Russian loan everything possible is being done in Paris to keep up prices, and there appears no doubt that the loan will be a very great success, although it is reported that the two Berlin banking-houses which were to have invited subscriptions in Berlin will withdraw from the syndicate. Possibly if they do, that will make the loan even a greater success in Paris, for the hostility of Germany will make it more than ever a patriotic duty in the eyes of investors to subscribe. In the American market, as we have said, there is uncertainty and hesitation, as nobody knows what MR. JAY GOULD may do and everyone is afraid that he has some fresh surprise to spring upon them. Apparently, however, the hesitation will not last long, for the economic conditions of the United States are so favourable that everyone is convinced that prices must continue to rise. It needs, therefore, only influential leadership to start another boom; and it is hardly likely that MR. GOULD will attempt to run counter to popular feeling at home and abroad. The Argentine Market on Thursday was disturbed by the issue of a decree abolishing gold contracts and requiring those who had insisted on them either to accept a composition or to give two years' time.

THE Directors of the Bank of England did not raise their rate of discount on Thursday, as, perhaps, would have been the wiser course. Within a fortnight over three quarters of a million sterling in gold have been withdrawn for New York, and in less than two months about a million and three quarters sterling have been withdrawn for Germany, making together roughly about two and a half millions sterling. Considerable sums, though small in each particular case, have been withdrawn for other countries, and there is every probability that the American demand will continue for months, and will become very large. In a short time, therefore, unless steps are taken to prevent it, the reserve will become so small that apprehension will spring up. Apparently, however, the Directors think that it would be useless to do anything, as the other banks are not prepared to support them, and without such support, they cannot keep up rates in the outside market. Indeed, when the Bank rate was raised last week the open market rate fell from 3 per cent. to 2½ per cent. in the course of a couple of days, and though it has recovered since it is not yet 3 per cent. This week the large Stock Exchange settlement and the end of the third quarter of the year caused a special demand for money, so that applications had to be made to the Bank of England. Next week there will be none of these temporary requirements, while the interest upon the National Debt will be paid and of course will increase the supply in the open market. The probability, then, is that rates will remain low, that the Bank of England will do nothing, that the withdrawals for export will become large, that suddenly in consequence apprehension will arise, and that then there will be a very sharp advance in the Bank rate, disarranging business and checking trade. Meantime, the silver market continues quiet. There is little demand for any country and no speculation, and the price, therefore, is barely 45d. per ounce.

THE FEDERATION AND ITS PROGRAMME.

THE National Liberal Federation, like all public bodies dealing with controversial questions and exercising great powers, has many critics and not a few foes. Born in the days when Mr. Chamberlain and an ambitious clique at Birmingham were seeking to subordinate the Liberal party to their own personal ends, it had naturally to encounter, in the first instance, the hostility of all those Liberals who were not prepared to take the law from the prophet of the Midland town. It has travelled far since those days, has overcome many of the prejudices excited against it in the beginning, has made friends of old foes and broken with old allies; but it still has to face the fire of criticism and to encounter a certain amount of hostile sentiment even within the borders of Liberalism. That Mr. Chamberlain and his handful of followers are no longer at one with it need not be said. It is not of Mr. Chamberlain that we are thinking, however, when we speak of the present-day critics of the Federation. Like all other human institutions, as it has grown old it has acquired some of the characteristics of age. There was a time when it was looked upon as the most dangerous and revolutionary political organisation in the United Kingdom, and when good Liberals of the old school fairly shivered with apprehension when they saw that it had issued another manifesto or held another meeting. Nowadays there are Liberals among us who complain that it does not go far enough, that it is prudent and almost timid in counsel, and that it exercises a restraining influence upon the more ardent spirits of the party. It is not so long since the name of Mr. Schnadhorst conjured up visions of terror, not merely in the Conservative imagination, but even in that of good Liberals. To-day even the Tories know that Mr. Schnadhorst is no conspirator; and whilst all do justice to his sagacity, his devotion to great principles, his statesmanlike prudence in action, there are some among us who think that he carries caution to an extreme, and who chafe under what they imagine to be the curb he has placed upon them.

It is natural, and indeed inevitable, that this change should have taken place. If it had not done so, then the National Liberal Federation would long ago have exhausted its power of usefulness and fallen into public contempt. The fact that it is now regarded not only without fear, but with confidence, by the overwhelming mass of Liberals affords the best possible proof of the fact that it truly represents the centre of the party, its average opinion, and its general drift. That to the ardent young men who are coming up full of enthusiasm and inspired by fine visions of the millennium towards which their eager eyes are turned it should appear to be lagging behind is natural, and is right. It moves cautiously because it moves with the main body of the Liberal army. In a campaign one does not see the Commander-in-Chief and his staff riding with the scouting parties. Their business is to guide and guard the army as a whole; not to make rash incursions into the unknown territory of the enemy, but to advance as becomes those upon whom a great charge is laid, with prudence and decision, never forgetting that it is not only in front that danger is to be apprehended. By all means let the reconnoitring parties lead the way. They are doing good work in the fashion in which such work has always been done by our political and social pioneers; but they have no right to gird because those upon whom responsibilities of which they know nothing are laid move with more cautious footsteps. It seems, then, to be altogether right and proper that, whilst the great bulk of the Liberal party throughout Great

Britain show an unbroken confidence in the Federation, the men who by nature, or training, or in virtue of their youth, are naturally best fitted for pioneering work should show some impatience of the pace at which it moves. If it went *their* pace, we may rest assured the majority of the party would not be slow to take alarm.

The chief purpose of the meetings now being held at Newcastle is not to impose a programme upon an unwilling party, still less to set limits to the objects which any section of that party may seek to attain, but to affirm clearly and unmistakably what are the tasks to which the energies of those composing the Federation are at this moment being devoted. And if we may judge by the resolutions with which the Federation is dealing during its two days' meeting, the work the Liberal party has now in hand is certainly wide enough and advanced enough to satisfy all but a very small section of its members. Ever since the memorable day in 1886 when the Federation cast off the yoke of Mr. Chamberlain, its first purpose has been to strengthen Mr. Gladstone in his attempt to put an end to the ancient feud between England and Ireland. To-day it can affirm that the case for Home Rule stands higher than it ever did before, and immeasurably higher than it stood when the Federation last met at Sheffield, with the ruinous disclosures of the Divorce Court ringing in its ears. Since then the Irish people have passed through one of the sharpest crises to which even they, in their chequered history, have been subjected, and have passed through it with success. They have shown, as the Federation affirms, the "steadfastness, sound judgment, and moderation" which constitute the highest of all political virtues, and have brilliantly justified those who have refused to believe that the people of Ireland alone among the many branches of our race are unfit to exercise the rights of self-government. At the Newcastle meeting, the National Federation, representing the Liberal party of England, have reaffirmed the terms of that treaty of alliance which was signed between Irishmen and Englishmen on the day when Mr. Gladstone, reversing the calamitous policy of generations, brought into the House of Commons a Bill for giving Ireland the control of its own domestic affairs. At no time since then has the treaty been in any real danger, save from the treachery and selfishness of the man who was so long the Irish leader. The members of the Federation are not likely to meet again before the General Election which will give voice to the national judgment on the question at issue. It is satisfactory to know that, in the resolution they passed concerning Home Rule, they were able to take higher ground than at any previous meeting in declaring their devotion to a cause with which English as well as Irish Liberalism is now indis-
solubly associated.

But, behind Home Rule, what are the subjects to which the Federation invite the attention of their supporters? The disestablishment and disendowment of the Church of England in Wales, the full enfranchisement of London by the enlargement of the powers of the County Council, the amendment and completion of the system of Free Education, the reform of our registration and electoral laws, so that each man shall be the equal of every other in voting power and that Parliament shall no longer be a preserve of the wealthy, and the reconstitution of village life, so that the rural labourer shall no longer be divorced from the soil, form the main features of a political programme which, if it errs at all, does not err on the side of meagreness. Yet even this list of great measures of reform by no means exhausts the full programme of the National Federation, in which

is included such further questions as the reform of the land laws, the popular control of the liquor traffic, the equalisation of the death duties, and the "mending or ending" of the House of Lords. There is no need to discuss these and the many minor questions to which the members of the Federation have committed themselves. They constitute the platform of the Liberal party, and a bare enumeration of them will suffice to show not only how solid and substantial, but how wide that platform is. To those who think that English Liberalism is played out, or that beyond Home Rule it has nothing to offer to the nation, we cannot do better than recommend a careful perusal of the Newcastle resolutions and of the speeches by which they are supported. Let us say also that those who have lately built their hopes upon a possible disunion in the Liberal ranks ought to learn from Newcastle how slender is the foundation on which they have built.

A WORD TO MANCHESTER.

THERE cannot be much doubt that if the genuine electorate of North-East Manchester, instead of an arbitrarily selected portion of it, were able to give its verdict on Thursday next, Mr. Scott would be elected by a decisive majority. The chief doubt as to his success arises from the fact that under our delightful system of registration the worker's life carries with it the daily danger of electoral disqualification. The working-man of the towns is necessarily a migratory animal, and as things stand it might very well happen for him to pass the best part of his life without ever becoming a qualified citizen. The evil is not so great in Manchester as in London, where the fraud of "successive occupation" acts as a perpetual bar to working-class enfranchisement. Still the chances are that many scores and hundreds of men whose votes would have been given to Mr. Scott for his English or Irish programmes, or for both, will be baulked of their will, either through inability to find their way through the registration tangle, or through the dodges of the party agent. We hope that the cry of the disfranchised Manchester voter will speak trumpet-tongued to the National Liberal Federation. It points to one of the most vital morals of the contest, whatever the result may be. Should it meet with no response, it will mean, on the very best issue for which the Liberal party can hope, the loss of many seats at the next election. No party can afford to suffer such a permanent disablement; and one of the very first tasks of the next Liberal Government should be to adapt the franchise to the end which it has never secured, namely, of satisfying the conditions of working-class life.

We have said that if North-East Manchester could put its true mind into its approaching verdict—instead of, as it were, a selected fragment of it—Mr. Scott's success would be certain. Probably there never was an election in which one candidate more completely represented the ideal choice of a constituency. Mr. Scott is the representative of the flower of Manchester culture, enlightenment, and good sense. The great paper which he so finely conducts has no superior in the English press for scholarship, accuracy, generous feeling, and breadth of interest. Year by year and day by day it preaches to Cottonopolis a gospel both of sweetness and of light, in a spirit at once strenuous and refined. Mr. Scott himself is not only a man of intellectual distinction, but he is one of the most active citizens of the great community which takes from him much of its best leading. The Irish voters owe to him one of the ablest

presentments of their case which have been made through the medium of the Liberal press. Nor have the claims of labour, new and old, and the policy which lies behind them, been ignored. Even the Fabian Society has no quarrel with Mr. Scott, and we do not understand why the advanced sections of the working-men need hesitate to support him. Both in regard to Irish land and the eight hours question, he stands on the ground which marks the last permeation of political opinion by moderate collectivist ideas. His organ has always given a conspicuously fair representation to later Radicalism, and it has been one of the steady stand-bys of Trade Unionism in its later troubles. It would be difficult to select from out the entire body of Liberal candidates a man more typical of the new spirit in politics, more intellectually competent to interpret its best side.

The contrast between Mr. Scott and his Conservative opponent ought to strengthen the desire of the electors of Manchester to maintain its old traditions of political enlightenment. Sir James Fergusson is a candidate for such honours as his party have been pleased to bestow on him in no scanty measure. He has had a creditable enough career, which is, so far as we know, unadorned by a single act or profession of independence, a quality that would be out of place in a gentleman who is prepared to serve his country in any sphere to which it pleases the Conservative Premier of the day to call him. He now proposes to serve it in the double capacity of Postmaster-General and director of nine great companies. On this point we do not take the extreme view of the party which makes it a high crime in a member of Parliament to earn his living while he attends to the national business. It is not an easy task to double the two occupations, but unless this is permitted we must point out that, at all events until we have paid members of Parliament, it restricts the national choice of representatives to men of leisure, and therefore of fortune. But there is a mean in all things; and a gentleman who professes, at the sufficient salary of £2,500 a year, to undertake the control of the most gigantic commercial organisation in the country, is hardly in a position to superintend the management of a large number of industrial corporations. Sir James Fergusson succeeds as Postmaster-General a man of no small capacity, who endeavoured, like him, to unite City and Post Office work, and who broke down hopelessly under the attempt. The department which commanded the services of a man of the highest administrative talent like Mr. Fawcett cannot be adequately served in the remnants of leisure which such business preoccupations as those of Sir James Fergusson permit. Mr. Sydney Buxton's return has given dramatic proof of the scandal of divided duty which the Pigott exposure revealed in the case of the Attorney-General. It would be an appropriate rebuke of an impossible system if the business men of Manchester were to send back Sir James Fergusson, with the polite reminder that he is not in their opinion free to do justice to his new responsibilities.

It cannot be denied, however, that the Postmaster-General is an accommodating candidate. In theory he represents the high-and-dry Toryism of which even his own party is ashamed, but his practice is singularly pliant. He has persuaded an eccentric body, styling itself, without apparent sense of humour, the Manchester Conservative Temperance Association, that he is a satisfactory representative of the temperance cause, and he has rallied the entire local drink interest to his banners as the champion of the down-trodden publican.

"I'm an eclectic: ez to choosin'
'Twixt this an' thet, I'm plaguy lawth"

says the Biglow "candidate," but Sir James Fergusson's attitude on the temperance question puts to shame all older traditions of the policy of Mr. Facing-both-ways. On Ireland, the endeavour to represent Mr. Balfour in one breath as the stalwart upholder of law and order, and in the other as the beneficent genius of the Irish people, is equally thin. One thoroughly dishonest pretence will, we hope, be well exposed before the election is over. Sir James insists that the Government are willing to grant equal rights of self-government to Ireland and to the rest of the United Kingdom. If that were so, we might be prepared to welcome the Irish Local Government Bill of 1891 as a tardy redemption of Sir James Fergusson's pledges in 1886. But nobody should know better than Sir James Fergusson that the title of "equal rights," as applied to the draft of the measure, is a dishonest fiction. The Irish Bill will be a pale shadow of the English Bill, incomplete as that measure has proved. Sir James Fergusson's concealment of this vital point affords a fair moral measure of his candidature.

RUSSIA AND INDIA.

WE are gratified to receive private information that one of the most distinguished officers in the British Navy, who has carefully examined the Suez Canal, and who is a strong Conservative in politics, has given it as his deliberate opinion that our argument against the Suez Canal route to India in time of war is entirely sound. He says that there are parts of the canal where the scuttling of a ship would inevitably block the passage for a much longer time than the difference between the two routes. The Suez Canal, then, being out of the question, Constantinople ceases to have any bearing on our possession of India, and the presence of a Russian fleet in the Mediterranean concerns England less than any Continental Power. But does Russia contemplate an invasion of India? Can any such design be reasonably regarded as within the sphere of practical politics? "It is not at all our interest," says the confidential memorandum communicated to our Government by the Russian Government in June, 1877, "to trouble England in her Indian possessions." That is the question. Let us assume, for the sake of argument, the very worst that can be charged against Russia; but is it her interest to invade India? It is the settled belief of a large section of Englishmen that Russia is pursuing her conquests in Central Asia for the purpose of pushing her frontier to some convenient point from which she may be able to invade India. In considering the possibility of such an enterprise, it is necessary to remember that the conditions of warfare have greatly changed since the Oriental expedition of Alexander the Great. A modern army requires very different means of transport and commissariat from that which would have sufficed for the days of spearmen and archers. The last Russian campaign against Turkey lasted nine months, and required the service, from first to last, of upwards of 400,000 soldiers. Yet Turkey lay close to the Russian frontier; no hostile population intervened, and no physical barriers of any moment had to be surmounted. We may confidently assert therefore that no prudent strategist would undertake the invasion of India from any base of operation open to Russia with an army of less than 500,000 men. But let us make an enormous concession to the alarmists, and reduce the numbers of the invading host by half. An army of 250,000 would require, according to the estimate of military experts, a transport service of some 200,000 camels, as many

horses, and about 500,000 camp followers. Lord Salisbury wittily observed, some years ago, that Russophobia was chiefly due to the study of small maps. A man placed his forefinger on the Indian frontier and his thumb on the Russian, and concluded that the distance between them could be easily traversed. He might have added that the study of physical geography would prove an even more effectual antidote to Russophobia than the study of large maps. Anyone who has seen a map in physical geography of the series of formidable mountain ranges which divide British India from Asiatic Russia has no difficulty in realising the impossibility of a Russian invasion of India under the present conditions of the problem. The analogy of previous invasions fails utterly. India was then a mere geographical expression. It was split up into rival nationalities and factions, and an astute invader had no difficulty in acting on the rule of dividing and ruling. The races and principalities of India are now soldered into one homogeneous power under British rule, and if any of them perchance sigh for independence, none of them is so stupid as to believe that independence could be achieved by a successful Russian invasion. "Jamie, Jamie," said the "Witty Monarch," when his brother informed him of a plot against the King's life, "no one will assassinate me to make you King." No Indian potentate or tribe will help to overthrow British rule in order to put Russian rule in its place.

In case of a Russian invasion of India, therefore, we might safely depend on the loyal co-operation of the teeming millions who own our sway there. Russia could make no dash at our Indian Empire were she ever so piratically inclined. It would take her months to mobilise her army, with its necessary equipment, before she began her march through the defiles of the mountain ranges that lie between us. We should therefore have timely notice of her intentions, and we should employ the interval in stirring up disaffection in the rear of the Russian army and harassing her advance to our frontier. But let us assume that we should be quite unsuccessful in such efforts. Admit that the Russian army reached unmolested the débouchure of the passes that lead to India. It would find us there fresh and ready to fall on its advancing columns before it could meet us in battle array—behind us boundless resources in men and money, plains seamed by railways, and an ocean owning our undisputed sway. Defeat to the Russian army under such circumstances would be ruin. Its prestige gone, swarms of enemies would rise up behind and around it, and we should see a repetition of the French retreat from Moscow. And the blow of so great a disaster would not only shake the Russian dominion in Central Asia; it might imperil the existence of the Imperial dynasty. Yet numbers of able and clear-headed men on all other subjects have succeeded in persuading themselves that Russia seriously contemplates an enterprise where success would hardly be possible and failure would be disastrous.

So much as to the difficulties of a Russian conquest of India if Russia wished it. But does she wish it? Does her national development lie in the direction of India? Clearly not. What she needs is a free outlet to the ocean. At present her navy is barred from the ocean for half the year by ice, and for the rest of the year by treaty. She is supposed to aim at the possession of Constantinople. In the interest of the races who are the residuary legatees of "the Sick Man," we should be sorry to see Russia enthroned on the Bosphorus; but the Russophobists ought to desire nothing better. Russia has no motive to vex us in India except for the sake of

checkmating us in Turkey, and we have no motive, from the point of view of British interests, to interfere with Russian aggression on Turkey, except for the purpose of preventing her from troubling us in India. But let Russia extend her dominion over some of the fair lands which are now withering under the blight of Turkish rule, and will anybody out of a lunatic asylum imagine that she would turn her back on the buried treasures which lay at her feet in order to waste her resources on the perilous stake of an invasion of India? Every sane man who has seriously considered the subject in all its bearings will echo the declaration of Prince Gortchakoff in 1877, that so egregious an absurdity belongs to "the domain of political mythology." We may therefore dismiss as chimeras of the imagination all rumours and surmises of a Russian invasion of India. Doubtless, Russia will use her position in Central Asia to vex us in India so long as we trouble her either there or elsewhere. But if we let her alone, every motive of self-interest will tempt her to cultivate friendly relations with us. She has invited us repeatedly to extend our frontier to the Hindu Koosh and meet her there as friends. We believe that this would be bad policy for us; but the invitation proves that Russia is not afraid of our advance in her direction. Our alarm at her advance, on the other hand, is both undignified and mischievous. These periodic panics about Russian aggression can hardly fail to make some of our Indian subjects suspect that our fear is an accurate measure of the inability of the Empress of India to cope with the Czar of Russia. As a matter of fact, we have less cause than any nation in Europe to quarrel with Russia. Our respective interests coincide, and a friendly understanding between us would be of incalculable benefit to both.

THE WOMAN SUFFRAGE QUESTION.

THE article in THE SPEAKER on "The True Function of Woman" has provoked a lively correspondence in our columns. We are severely taken to task for "crude generalisations," "unproved dogmas," "assertions for which next to no proof is offered, and which have been refuted over and over again," and for an endeavour to "insert into the Liberal programme a slice of Comtist absolutism, namely, the political suppression of women." Perhaps we may venture to suggest that the restriction of the franchise to men was not the invention of Comte, and that it is needless to insert in any programme a principle which lies at the foundation of our social system. "A Radical Woman" accuses us further of desiring to "retain half the human race in practical serfdom," a piece of emotional rhetoric which may be taken seriously when it is shown in what respect the position of Englishwomen resembles that of serfs, and how the adoption of female suffrage in this country is to emancipate "half the human race." Our correspondent is very angry with what she calls an "assumption of insight into the workshop of Nature, or—as the case may be—into the designs of the Almighty." We are sorry to excite irritation in the mind of any woman by the simple reminder that she is a woman. It needs no particular "insight into the workshop of Nature" to know that the organic difference of sex has created distinct spheres for men and women. It is scarcely a "crude generalisation" to assert that the function of most women is to be mothers, and that to this function are attached a number of duties which must absorb the energies of a woman during the most important period of her life. Moreover,

the time when a woman's health demands the utmost care, and when she is liable to emotional conditions which may be illustrated from the ordinary experience of any medical man, does not seem specially designed for the exercise of an independent judgment on national affairs. So far from ignoring, as "A Radical Woman" suggests, "the average wife's and mother's everyday life," we take that life as the crucial test of the proposal to give women absolute equality with men. How are "the petty cares, the tedious details of household supervision—too often the sordid economies," to qualify "the average married woman" for the service of the State? "One kind of governing," we are told, "is not so distinct from all other kinds as to demand a wholly different set of qualities"—that is to say, domestic management is not different in kind from national administration, and the vivid personal interest of mothers in their own households is a qualification for a broad view of the problems which engage the minds of politicians. We take leave to maintain that this conflicts with common experience, and that the duties of "the average married woman" leave her no scope for political training. Moreover, it is possible that her husband, without any brutal assertion of authority, may hold that divergent political opinions are an undesirable basis for family life. If Norah Helmer were to leave her home and slam the door, simply because she had discovered that she differed irreconcilably from her spouse on a question of national policy, would this be a vindication of womanly independence? Or would a husband's refusal to allow his wife to be canvassed be deemed illegal under a reformed dispensation?

We are well aware that these suggestions will be treated as masculine flippancy by some of our correspondents who have not quite realised all the bearings of this claim for political equality between the sexes. But "A Radical Woman" is much too able not to see that marriage creates a condition in which that equality cannot easily be asserted. This we take to be the real meaning of the significant reservation in favour of women "who find an exclusively home life but little to their taste and show small aptitude for its special functions and duties." Is it for a minority, then, that we are to revolutionise the franchise? Are they to enjoy a political privilege by virtue of their distaste for the functions and duties of the great majority of their sex? So it seems from the "demand that they shall not be debarred from occupations which are congenial to them, and in which they can render service to society—including political service—in deference to crude generalisations about woman's tendency to sentimentalism and unproved dogmas about her 'essential constitution.'" The disinclination of some women for the duties of motherhood is to be a complete answer to the dogma that the chief function of woman is to carry on the race. If we were to suggest that this is a piece of feminine inconclusiveness, we should be charged by Miss Wilkinson with "an intention to affront women"; but we are compelled to say that it is no argument for putting a political premium on spinsterhood. Why should women exercise all the rights of citizens when they have no desire to marry? Why should a woman who has no taste for home life be politically superior to "the average wife and mother"? And how is this remarkable franchise to be conferred? Is a simple declaration of inaptitude for the special functions and duties of woman to satisfy the revising barrister? Or must the claimant pass an examination in masculine subjects? And if a voter should marry after all—not a very wild hypothesis—is she to forfeit the franchise, or may she retain it on

stating that she has no intention of occupying herself with the interests of home life? These are a few of the complications which will arise if we adopt the illogical expedient of establishing the equality of men and women, by creating a privileged class of female electors. It is surely a little too much to ask us to abandon any coherent basis of Parliamentary representation, and to penalise motherhood by admitting a minority of childless women to a share in the national government, on the plea of providing them with a congenial vocation. We are twitted by "A Radical Woman" with having allowed that some women have done good work in organising the "industrial energies" of others. If we were to propose that, on this account, they ought to have a special franchise, the idea would be as consistent with the Constitution as Sir George Grey's entertaining scheme for filling a Legislative Chamber with ladies.

It is not agreeable to find ourselves in conflict with earnest women who have the cause of Liberalism at heart, but we are forced to point out to them the realities of their position. The franchise for a privileged section of the female population is as inadmissible as any of the "fancy franchises" which beguiled statesmen in the earlier days of Parliamentary reform. The franchise for married as well as unmarried women would lead us eventually to womanhood as well as manhood suffrage. It is no immoderate computation to say that there are three-quarters of a million more women than men in these islands; so that womanhood suffrage would give an enormous preponderance of electoral power to the sex who are physically incompetent to take any part in the national defence. Does "A Radical Woman" seriously believe that Englishmen are going to adopt as a constitutional principle the colossal incongruity of endowing women with the control of our military and naval resources? What is the use of railing at the "unproved dogma" of sex, when everybody knows that if the existence of the Empire were at stake, not a female elector would be of the smallest service in the field or on the sea? Civilisation has not yet abolished the arbitrament of force, and while men are liable to be called on to defend their country, they are not likely to place the choice of peace or war in the hands of women. It is true that the State is "an aggregation of families," but the head of the family is the man. He is the protector of the home, and his manhood is the bulwark of the State. And there is no great nation in the world, however democratic, which shows the smallest symptom of a desire to abandon this fundamental principle of society.

ACCIDENT INSURANCE.

TO an Englishman there is much that is significant, and not a little that is humiliating, in the report of the International Congress on Accidents to Workmen which has just concluded its labours at Berne. We have by this time grown accustomed to the loss of the lead in labour legislation, and England, mother of Factory Acts, now humbly follows in the wake of Switzerland, Germany, and even Austria, in the protecting, by appropriate collective action, the weak against the strong, the individual against the grinding oppression of the mass. But it might have been thought that, in the matter of provision against accidents to workmen, at any rate, we could still show a pattern to the world. Nowhere in Europe is there so much machinery used or such rapidity of motion or locomotion obtained as in this country. Nowhere,

outside of the United States, are industrial accidents in all probability so numerous in proportion to population as in England. Nowhere is the pecuniary value of the effective workman so large. Scarcely anywhere, owing to our peculiar doctrine of "common employment," is the law on the subject of employers' liability so unfavourable to the workman. It may be inferred that in no country is the annual loss to the community from workmen's accidents so great as in England. Yet in the International Congress just completed, England has taken, not the foremost, but almost the last place, and almost every country in Europe has shown more interest, taken a larger part, and contributed more importantly than the one which ought, in our view, to have out-distanced all the rest.

The Congress was composed, not of politicians or delegates from working-class organisations, but mainly of official experts on the points at issue. The three hundred representatives who met at Berne were nearly all experienced officials, either of the State, or of those employers' associations which have lately attained so high a degree of organisation in Germany. Not a single representative of any Socialist or Labour organisation took part in the proceedings. Yet to this most securely guarded conference of experts, Lord Salisbury's Government chose to be represented only, on a kind of watching brief, by an officer of the Board of Trade, who, however well versed he may be in commercial treaties, does not claim to possess, on this subject, either technical knowledge or official experience. The consequence was that Mr. Bateman took practically no part in the proceedings, and England's contribution to the proceedings was virtually nothing at all.

It may not uncharitably be inferred that Lord Salisbury, since Berlin, has had enough of Labour Conferences. Continental Governments are discovered, to our surprise, to be much more eager to secure life and leisure to the proletariat than we are ourselves. Faithful party adherents warn us that further concessions, even if all Europe makes them at the same time, will seriously offend our large industrial supporters. Our railway magnates, cotton kings, and coal barons are content to let things alone. Even the safest representatives at an International Congress have a dangerous habit of being ashamed to resist the voice of Europe. And hence, lest the voice of Europe should persuade us against our will, we are, apparently, to have as little as possible to do with the matter.

Meanwhile, at home, we are quarrelling about amending an hopelessly inefficient Employers' Liability Act by rival Bills about which it is difficult to be much more hopeful. But whilst we have been wrangling, others have been studying, and Europe now possesses, particularly in Germany, a whole literature upon accidents, medical aid, compensation, and insurance relating to working men engaged in industrial occupations, which, apart from that relating to superannuation and sick pay, is, we make bold to say, not in the possession of any public department in England, nor has been made a subject of study by any English statesman.

The Congress set an excellent example to similar bodies by discussing much and resolving little. The members were practically unanimous in believing that, whatever might be the legal rights of the workman against his employer, he should receive, for every accident suffered through his work, an indemnity from an insurance fund, to which he and the employer and the State should contribute. The able and powerful papers contributed by the German representatives, officials and employers alike, demonstrated to the satisfaction of the Congress the absolute necessity of

a compulsory and State-aided scheme, if it were really desired that the injured workman should receive anything like an adequate indemnity for his wound. The Congress appears to have been convinced, in addition, of the practical necessity of working this accident fund in conjunction with a fund for sickness. Finally, the Germans succeeded in carrying the Congress to the point of contemplating the combined action of sick and accident insurance with the German scheme of superannuation benefits and ordinary sick pay in chronic cases.

Now it will not do to dismiss the practically unanimous conclusions of these three hundred experienced officials and technical experts as altogether without relevance for this country. We, too, have accidents to workmen, by which not they alone, but the whole community, suffers enormous annual loss. In spite of all the efforts of our Trade Unions and Friendly Societies, many thousands of injured workmen are neither provided for by their colleagues nor indemnified by their employers. It may be, as our capitalists assert, that any extension of their civil liability would be likely to involve their businesses with destruction and their fortunes with ruin. But an extension of compensation to injured workmen is one of the foremost demands of the steadier of the Trade Unionists, and a demand which cannot permanently be resisted. If a thorough extension of employers' liability is objected to, some scheme of national indemnity may have to be tried instead. We can no longer afford to regard a maimed or crippled workman in the workhouse, or begging his bread in the streets, as a necessary incident of our industrial supremacy. It must be now obvious to the most superficial observer that politics are coming more and more to be made up of such subjects as working-class insurance, instead of either reforms of democratic machinery or dynastic intrigues. The Spanish Ministry thought the recent terrible railway accident a fit subject for a special Cabinet Council, and the fate of English Ministries may yet come to depend on their treatment of a colliery explosion. After all, as Carlyle expressed it, the workman is but the conscript on whom the lot falls, and, fighting our battle, is so marred. This social interest and common liability it is that the Berne Congress has just unanimously asserted.

SOUTH AFRICAN GOLD.

THE speculation which began a few weeks ago in American railroad securities is now extending to South African gold shares; but whereas there was a good cause for recovery in the former there is none for that in the latter. A number of wealthy operators have made much money owing to the rise in American securities; and as many of them hold large quantities of South African gold shares, which for two and a-half years have been practically unsaleable, they think the present a favourable opportunity for endeavouring to induce the public to buy from them. Whether they will succeed remains to be seen. It is to be hoped that the public has not yet forgotten the lesson taught a couple of years ago. When it became known that gold was found extensively in South Africa a wild gamble arose in the shares of the companies. Those that had previously existed were rapidly run up to extravagant prices, and unscrupulous promoters succeeded in floating new companies in surprising numbers. The promoters themselves, the issuing houses, and the investing public did not take the trouble to inquire whether gold in paying quantities existed in the

lands that were thus offered for sale. It seemed to be quite sufficient that the lands in question were situate in districts where gold had been found. After a while there was the inevitable collapse. Shares which had been eagerly bought at many pounds apiece dropped in a few months to as many shillings, and several other shares could not be sold at any price. The losses in many cases were ruinous, and great distress followed in South Africa. The price of land fell with the prices of shares, and many of the South African banks found too much of their capital locked up in advances to speculators who were no longer able to fulfil their engagements; in consequence, some of the banks became bankrupt, and all have been involved in serious difficulties. No real improvement has yet taken place. It is true that adversity has not been without its lessons. In some cases shareholders have bestirred themselves to get rid of incompetent and dishonest directors and managers. In other cases directors, who had erred rather from want of knowledge and skill than from dishonesty, have learnt experience. And in several instances, therefore, the position of the companies has been greatly improved. The capital has in not a few cases been greatly reduced, earnest efforts have been made to develop the properties, costly and powerful machinery has been bought and set up, and there is a fair prospect now that some of the companies have an era of solid prosperity before them. But the majority of the companies are still worthless, either because no gold exists in the lands owned by them or because they have extravagantly large capitals, or because they have spent their working capital and at present have not credit enough to borrow afresh. All competent observers on the spot agree on these two points: firstly, that some of the companies are now well managed and are working with very satisfactory results; and secondly, that the majority of the companies are still confronted by difficulties that it is very improbable they will be able to overcome. Lord Randolph Churchill is not the only visitor who has testified to the richness of the fields, to the reforms that have been effected in many cases, and to the utter worthlessness of too many of the companies. It will be well, then, for investors to bear in mind that the greatest care and the most thorough inquiry are necessary if they would not throw their money away, and that, so far at all events, the rise that has taken place is due to speculation pure and simple.

There is no question at all that the South African gold-fields are rich. The field which is best known in this country, and which has attracted by far the largest amount of British capital, is that of Witwatersrandt; but there appears to be good ground to believe that gold exists in other parts of the Transvaal as well as in Swaziland and Mashonaland. In the Witwatersrandt, more particularly, the output of gold has steadily increased year by year. For example, in the first eight months of the present year the production very nearly equals that of the whole of last year. But the increase, it should be carefully borne in mind, is due to improvement in the management and to the introduction of costly and powerful machinery, not to greater richness in the ores crushed; on the contrary, there is a very marked decrease in the yield of gold per ton, and this was what was to be expected. When mining first began gold was found at the very surface; and as the surface soil, having been long exposed to atmospheric influences, was soft and friable it could be worked without costly machinery. Therefore the ordinary labourer was able to pick up large quantities of the metal, and the managers of companies were in a position to select the ore which yielded the largest

results. They were tempted to do this because they desired to float so many new companies in London. When they were able to show that a ton of quartz yielded on crushing several ounces of gold the public eagerly subscribed to the companies. But now surface mining has come to an end. In many cases shafts have had to be sunk to a depth of several hundred feet, and from the bottom of the shafts galleries have had to be run right and left long distances, far under the surface. That alone makes the cost of working far greater than it was a few years ago. But further, the deeper the mines are sunk the harder the rock is found to be, and therefore the more powerful and costly is the machinery that is required. Over and above this, there is great difficulty in obtaining skilled European labour. Very high wages have to be paid to carpenters, smiths, and the like; but even the high wages do not succeed in keeping the workmen. Perhaps, however, the most formidable difficulty the companies have now to contend with is the absence of railway communication. The cumbersome and costly machinery has to be carried long distances on bullock carts through a country without proper roads, which adds so enormously to the cost of the stamps that even when the mines are fairly rich, they do not return an adequate profit on the working. It is true that railways are now being built, and by-and-by they will reach the gold-fields. Then it will be possible to bring up machinery at a reasonable cost, and there is no ground to doubt that then the well-managed companies which have rich claims will prove profitable. But, in the meantime, it cannot be hoped that there will be a great increase in the output; above all, it is certain that the cost of working will not be materially reduced. It follows, then, that the present speculation has no solid basis. The capitalist who takes the trouble to inform himself, and who can afford to wait for a good return on his money, may be able to buy just now on very favourable terms; but the ordinary public would do well to wait until railway communication is established, and proof is given that the mines are really as rich as they are represented to be.

Lord Randolph Churchill ventures to say in one of his letters that the South African gold-fields will prove to be the richest in the world. That remains to be seen; but that they are rich no one who has taken the trouble to inform himself seriously doubts, and that great advantage will result from developing and working them is clear. If the production is large, settlers from this country and from the Continent will be attracted in large numbers; even now the foreign element is very powerful; by-and-by it will probably largely outnumber the Boers. Then the European settlers will insist upon having a voice in the government of the country, and a more enlightened and progressive policy will be adopted. After a while agriculture will extend, other mines will be worked, and the country will reach a high degree of prosperity—gold-mining, as in California and Australia, ceasing to be the principal industry. Meanwhile a large out-turn of gold will enable the companies to provide themselves with all the powerful and costly machinery they require. It will also make it possible to raise capital for the construction of railways, for the building of towns, and for the extension of the area of cultivation. All that will give employment to our own manufacturers, and thus it is reasonable to hope that a considerable trade will grow up. Furthermore, a large increase in the annual production of gold will have a most beneficial influence upon the Money Markets of the world. The scramble for gold which has so seriously affected us of late, depressing trade for years together, and causing a

heavy fall in the prices of commodities, will come to an end for a while at all events, and it is not improbable that there will be a considerable recovery in prices. If so, a rise in prices will stimulate every branch of trade; and as trade in the older countries expands and improves, there will be more capital available for investment in South Africa. All the mines of every kind will be explored and developed, and other industries will grow up. But we would repeat that the small investor ought not to be dazzled by the prospects that are likely to be held out to him in the immediate future. Gold-mining is proverbially a precarious industry, and the investor, unless he is very careful, is much more likely to lose his money than to make profits. At the same time, if he is very careful and does not shrink from trouble in informing himself correctly, he may now invest on very satisfactory terms.

CHRONICLE OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THE most sensational event of the week in foreign politics has been the suicide of General Boulanger. The "Brummagem Bonaparte" has made a dramatic ending to an ignominious career. So completely had his popularity even in Paris passed away, that his death is an event which has not the smallest political importance, and the interest of it is chiefly psychological. Perhaps the moral which should be written on the tombstone beneath which Madame de Bonnemain lies, and which is now stained with the blood of General Boulanger, is that no man should attempt the rôle of a Pretender unless he has physical courage as well as moral audacity. Boulanger knew no shame. If he had only been ashamed of being a coward, he might have made his mark in history. And yet of what do we speak, and how much do we really know? The man who fled like a poltroon from arrest, because he feared he might be killed in prison, has since "done justice upon himself" with an unfaltering hand.

The good M. de Blowitz has been surpassing himself this week (he performs the feat about fifty times in the year). The death of the Grand Duchess Paul of Russia having made it necessary that the Czar and Czarina should return without delay to their own country, in order to pay the customary honours to the dead, M. Blowitz has explained in the *Times* with what eagerness the Czar seized the excuse thus furnished in order to avoid a meeting with the German Emperor—a meeting which, under the circumstances, would have been distinctly embarrassing. The explanation was ingenious, and was accepted by the readers of the *Times* with perfect satisfaction; nor is it likely that their faith in the prophet of Paris will be diminished by the announcement, which has since been made, that a meeting between the Czar and the German Emperor will, after all, take place within the next few weeks. Speaking generally, there is nothing new in the position of Continental politics; but the uneasy feelings which prevailed a few weeks ago, and which were so largely due to the panic-mongers of the press, are beginning to subside, and confidence in the maintenance of peace has been strengthened by speeches from M. Ribot and General Caprivi, both optimistic in tone.

The refusal of the two Berlin firms who had originally undertaken to present the Russian loan to the German public to place it on the Money Market has given great offence at St. Petersburg, and is the one disquieting event of the week.

The visit of the Austrian Emperor to Bohemia has been marked by much enthusiasm, and a drawing together of the two contending nationalities is confidently expected. The explosion of two bombs under a bridge near Reichenberg, over which the

Emperor was to pass is not regarded as a serious attempt at assassination.

Between twenty-five and fifty thousand persons are estimated to have been present at the great ceremony in St. Peter's on Tuesday. The Pope is described as showing extreme exhaustion. No wonder, if, as is stated, he spoke a kind word to every one of the three thousand pilgrims who had defiled before him on the previous day; but to speak only a word to three thousand persons in five hours would be a feat beyond Leo's failing strength.

The Marquis di Rudini is now expected to make his "programme-speech" at Rome on October 15th. M. Luzzatti will probably on that occasion elaborate the financial and economic programme of the Government.

The Congress on Accidents to Workmen, which concluded at Berne on Saturday—at which, by the way, England was quite unrepresented—is referred to in another column. Statistical and Literary Congresses have been sitting in Vienna and Neuchâtel.

A memorandum by the Financial Commissioner seems to indicate that there are in Upper Burmah two millions of people without means of purchasing food, and that even if they had money there is no food for them. More trouble is expected from the Tsawbwa of Wuntho.

There is no new development in China, but the Pekin authorities are filled with the most laudable intentions.

News of Captain Younghusband—who is even reported to have been killed by the advancing Russians—is still awaited.

There is no confirmation of a reported revolution in Guatemala. Chili is quiet, and Mr. Egan seems to have succeeded in allaying the suspicions excited by his recent conduct.

THE CHIEF PILLAR OF LIBERALISM.

I DO not believe that even yet the leaders of parties in England are fully alive to the vast and preponderating force which the labourers' vote is going to be in the future political history of this country. I don't know any political entity that is more misunderstood—except by those who have gone much among them—than the labourer. I remember the first time I made his acquaintance; it was at the historic Spalding election, at which Mr. Halley Stewart practically began the great record of Liberal victory at the bye-elections. I went down to the campaign in fear and trembling. A resident all my life in towns, and for nearly twenty years a Cockney by adoption and habit, I knew nothing of the labourer save in caricature and in fiction. I had spoken a short time before to a very intelligent member of the Home Rule Union, engaged in the work of lecturing and providing lecturers for the rural regions on the Home Rule Question. "The first thing," he said, half jocosely, half seriously, "we tell our lecturers is that they must forget all their lofty style of speaking on political subjects; that they must begin by remembering that the labourers they are going to address are ignorant, not only of politics but of everything else—including geography; and the very first thing they must do is to state that Ireland is an island; that an island means a piece of land surrounded by water; and that, therefore, Ireland is not like an English county whence the Irish labourers can cross over to lower English wages and cut English throats." By the way, let me make the remark in passing that even political lies come under the reproach of there being nothing new under the sun. You will find in Macaulay a long account of the trepidation and, if I remember rightly, the bloodshed which were caused in the reign of James II. by a report that the Irish savages were coming over to slaughter law-abiding Englishmen.

These were the views with which I started on my

journey to the Spalding division. I can never forget that first meeting of labourers I addressed. I will not weary your readers by a description of personal feeling, which is apt to bore and cannot help appearing egotistic. Suffice it to say that, in the course of a somewhat varied experience, I never remember to have addressed an audience more ready, responsive, and intelligent, than this audience of Lincolnshire labourers. I have had to speak to audiences of labourers many times since; I know no audience which it is easier or more satisfactory to address. My experience in Spalding set me a-thinking, and this is the conclusion I have come to with regard to the labourer; That in many respects he bears a curiously close resemblance to the small Irish farmer. And first, in this respect, that the hard necessities of his lot have made him a much keener and better politician than a great many that consider themselves his betters. Compare the labourer, for instance, with the farmer. I have had electioneering experience of the latter category also. I well remember during a bye-election we were followed in one town from meeting to meeting by a Tory farmer. I shall never forget the face of that unmitigated ruffian. Red and swollen with beer-drinking, with racial hatred, with brute prejudice and intolerance, it inspired in me a feeling of loathing and disgust that I remember distinctly to this day. The Tory farmer had but one argument; and that was to drown the voice of a political opponent with shouts. In short, in political method, every Tory farmer that I have ever met seemed to be on the level of the civilisation and culture of Dahomey. The chief political doctrine of the Tory farmer that I have ever discovered is a belief in Protection; and a vague hope that if only the Tories had the power they would restore it; which is, indeed, quite true—except that even a Tory majority can never have sufficient power to do that.

But to return to the labourer: his hard lot has set him, like the Irish farmer, thinking; and he has reached political conclusions which, to us at least, who believe in popular doctrines, appear to be sound and just. And the second resemblance between the English labourer and the Irish farmer is, that they both look—and justly—to legislation for vast and immediate relief of some at least of the grievances of their lot. Everybody knows that the legislation of the last ten years has put millions of money directly into the pockets of the Irish tenantry; or, perhaps, to be a little more accurate, has kept millions of money from leaving their pockets. Surely, everybody can see that, when we have established in England popular Parish Councils with the power to deal with the charities and the allotment, a large amount will also be given—or rather restored—to the agricultural labourer. Furthermore, when the Liberal majority comes to seriously deal with the Land Question, and especially with the Allotment Question, they will do their work very badly indeed if they do not add a vast amount to the resources, the comfort, and the chances of the labourer. To the labourer, then, in England, as to the farmer in Ireland, politics is not a pastime or a struggle for abstract principle; it is a struggle for material, visible, attainable advantage. Of course, politics has its higher and more passionate side with the labourer as well—the hatred of wrong, the resentment of injustice; sometimes, the strong sectarian feeling that rages between church and chapel in rural England. Finally, the English labourer is like the Irish farmer in being simple, straightforward, and single-minded in his political views. Both classes know what they want, and go for it straight. In the English towns, you have never a class wholly united in one great object, or even on half a dozen common objects. The town dwellers, even of the same class, get divided by fads and side-issues; vaccination, nationalisation of the land, and so on, and perhaps some incident of foreign policy—painful and tragic, like the death of Gordon, but altogether outside the great and fundamental struggles

of principle between the two parties. But in the county districts, the labourer has two or three plain issues upon which, and upon which alone, he will fight, or even think—at least, for the moment; and therein he shows, to my mind, his political judgment, and enormously strengthens his power as a dominating political factor.

I think, from what I have seen in county constituencies, then, that the labourer can be relied on, if only he get the chance, to be the mainstay and centre of the Liberal Army of the future. It may seem exaggeration, but I am convinced that, with proper organisation, with a good programme, with suitable candidates, and with good agents, we could win every single county seat in England at the next election. There are some things more wanted, and first among these I would put a good labourers' newspaper. The reader will smile—and naturally—at the cry of the journalist that there is nothing like leather. But has there ever been any vast class in a community that has been stirred to its depths in modern time without the agency of a newspaper? Irish Nationalists date modern Ireland largely from the day when Sir Charles Gavan Duffy and a few other young men started the *Nation* newspaper. What is wanted for the labourer is some great organ which will give expression to his dumb thoughts and aspirations, which will present in microcosm the hardships, the tyrannies, the daily life of the villager in every part of the country, and in that way, and by the infection of communication, infuse fire and ardour and a united movement into the class throughout the whole country. I know that much good work is already being done by Liberal journals in several county towns; but the class wants to be brought into communication all over the country, and this can only be done by a journal issued from the metropolis. Such a journal would not interfere in the least with the local journal—the two would supplement each other. I know also that there are one or two labourers' journals already in existence, but they have not a large circulation. All practical journalists, I think, will agree with me that a class paper for the poor with only class news has never a chance of paying. The poor, of course, are interested in the affairs of their own order, but they want all the rest of the news as well. The poorest of our population can now get ten or twelve or sixteen pages of a newspaper, with a full record of the whole week, for a penny; and so long as they can do that, they are not going to spend the one penny they can afford on a newspaper which gives them nothing but a brief and scanty record of their own class. The true way to make a good newspaper for the labourer, or any other class of working men, is to give them—first, a large supply of news, and then let the leading columns be the expression and advocacy of their views and interests.

And, finally, to retain the labourers' vote it is necessary that the Liberal party should take their case in hand much more seriously than it has ever yet done. I don't like to speak harshly of the General Election of 1886; it is so easy to be wise after the event. But most people who are acquainted with the agricultural constituencies say that one of the many reasons why the labourers' vote was so light on the Liberal side at that election was that there was a feeling of discouragement and disappointment that the great majority, which the labourers had helped to create, had dissolved without doing anything for the labourer. The mistake must not be repeated. It is not premature even now to speculate on what the great Liberal majority of next election will do with itself. I am strongly of opinion that that majority will act most unwisely if it allow itself to be dissolved until it is able to take to the labourer some good and strong measure of relief, at least honestly and courageously attempted, if not accomplished. Radicals are getting tired of the House of Lords being allowed to dictate to Liberal Ministries the length of their existence and the season of their appeal to the nation. There is a

strong and widespread, though, perhaps, still vague, hope that the second next election may bring to the front the final conflict between the voice of the nation and the arrogance of a hereditary chamber. I trust, if that struggle should come, there may be joined to the other forces making for a spring-tide of stormy feeling against the House of Lords an agricultural population, which the Liberal party has made happier and more prosperous, or which a Tory party and the House of Lords have exasperated to the fever pitch that makes revolutionary change possible.

T. P. O'CONNOR.

MR. GLADSTONE AT NEWCASTLE.

A JOURNALIST'S REMINISCENCE.

IT is not of the visit which the Liberal leader is at this moment paying to the great city on the banks of the Tyne that I have to speak, but of one which he paid to the same place just nine-and-twenty years ago. There are probably few among those who will cheer Mr. Gladstone to-day when he receives the honorary citizenship of Newcastle who joined in the welcome given to him in the same city in October, 1862. Yet those who do so can bear testimony to the fact that even then Mr. Gladstone's presence excited the people of the northern town to a display of enthusiasm of a very remarkable character. How it came about that the Chancellor of the Exchequer, as he then was, received an invitation to a public banquet at Newcastle, in which the leading Liberals of the north of England were to take part, it is difficult now to state. The step had probably something to do with that awakening of political feeling on the banks of the Tyne which was then taking place. In the previous year Lord Russell had been entertained in the Newcastle Town Hall by a great gathering of northern magnates, but the celebration in his honour had been essentially Whiggish in its character, and the Radicals of Northumberland, determined not to be outdone by the Whigs, proffered Mr. Gladstone an invitation to a similar entertainment in 1862. The invitation was accepted, and Mr. Gladstone, upon whom the hopes of the Radical party were then just beginning to be fixed, went to Newcastle to receive what he himself described as the most magnificent welcome ever tendered to him. I can still remember the scene in the ugly Town Hall on the night of the banquet, at which he was the honoured guest, and can still recall the melodious accents of that wonderful voice then heard by many of us for the first time. Even then Mr. Gladstone seemed to be an old man, though he was still only advancing to his prime. But the record of work which lay behind him was so long and varied, his achievements had already been so great, that there was not one of us who joined in the welcome he received when he rose to speak, who in his wildest dreams could have imagined that nine-and-twenty years afterwards Mr. Gladstone would be standing in the same building, not merely to receive another mark of honour from the citizens of Newcastle, but to hear their voices encouraging him on the eve of another great political contest in which he was to take the leading part. The speech which he made in response to the toast of his health was one of historic interest, and upon one passage in it the people of Great Britain immediately fastened. It was that in which, referring to the civil war then raging in the United States, he made his famous declaration that Jefferson Davis seemed to him to have made a nation. I can remember how, when he used these words, even those who were under the spell of his eloquence lapsed into silence, and ceased for a moment to applaud. Of all the many utterances of his public life it was, perhaps, that which gave the most just cause of offence to the party of which he is now the leader and the idol. But the offending, such as it was, was nobly atoned for at no distant date, and the remem-

brance of that ill-omened declaration in the Town Hall of Newcastle has long since been obliterated.

It was on the following day, however, that the greatest demonstration in Mr. Gladstone's honour took place, and, in its way, it was almost unique. The River Tyne Commissioners, an important and most useful public body, invited the great Minister to survey the Tyne from Newcastle to its mouth. A vast flotilla of steamboats accompanied the vessel reserved for Mr. Gladstone and the principal guests, and the banks on both sides of the river were lined by enthusiastic crowds. From first to last his progress was a veritable triumph. At the great piers in progress at Tynemouth and South Shields he went ashore to receive addresses of welcome from representatives of various public bodies, and on the return journey to Newcastle he was entertained at a sumptuous banquet and again right royally toasted. Nowhere else in the United Kingdom is the presence of human energy of no common order more clearly indicated than on the River Tyne below Newcastle. There is hardly an inch of the way where great factories, coal staithes, docks, and wharves, do not meet the eye; there is not a spot where one cannot see the signs of man's industry and enterprise. Mr. Gladstone admitted that he was fairly astonished by all that he saw before him, and, even accustomed as he was to the vast commerce of Liverpool, he was impressed by the scene presented on this river where manufacturing industry lives side by side with mercantile enterprise, and where one seems to have been suddenly plunged into one of the great workshops of the world. Mrs. Gladstone was his companion, and I can well remember the words she spoke on that memorable day, expressive of the delight with which she had witnessed a scene that was then new to her, and of the joy with which she recognised the cordiality and enthusiasm of the greeting given to her husband. Since then he has had many a reception surpassing in its magnitude that which was given to him in 1862 on his visit to the Tyne, but he can have had none which impressed him more deeply. It was almost the first occasion upon which he, the representative of one of the Universities and but recently a member of the Tory party, found himself the object of a great popular demonstration of confidence and affection, and I have reason to know that the recollection of it has never been effaced from his mind. Newcastle in this, as in many other public works, "showed the way," and thus heads the list of those great English towns in which Mr. Gladstone has received that welcome which in other days was reserved for kings and conquerors. One may be sure that his first visit to the place has been recalled to his mind during the present week; nor can one doubt that although the lifetime of a whole generation has elapsed since that visit took place, the feelings with which the sturdy men of the Tyne regard him are as warm and enthusiastic to-day as they were in that bygone year.

DR. SPENCE WATSON.

THE good old city of Newcastle-upon-Tyne has legitimate reason to be proud of the circumstances under which the meetings of the National Liberal Federation are being held within its walls—and there are still literal "town walls" at Newcastle—during the present week. Not only is one of the most distinguished members of the Liberal party—the man whose utterances, next to those of Mr. Gladstone himself, are most eagerly awaited—one of the Members for Newcastle, but the President of the Federation is himself a Tyneside man, born and reared within sound of the sonorous bell of St. Nicholas—the time-honoured "major," which performs on the banks of the Tyne the functions allotted to Big Ben on the banks of the Thames. Dr. Spence Watson's political career synchronises with that growth of modern Liberalism which dates from the agitation for the

Household Suffrage Bill of 1867. The agitation, it need hardly be said, was carried on for years before a successful issue was reached, and nowhere was it carried on with greater vigour than at Newcastle. The Liberalism of the people in that ancient city had long been conspicuous, and had possessed a singularly robust character. In the days of the old Reform Movement, Newcastle had sent famous orators into the field to do battle against the rampant political corruption, and these had set forth demands going far beyond the limits of the Reform Bill as it was carried by Parliament. The Chartists were a powerful and ardent body in the local life of the town, and such a man as Charles Larkin, the Newcastle surgeon whose eloquence entranced multitudes and alarmed an Administration, long kept alive in the place the tradition of that fervent movement on behalf of the rights of men. But gradually, under the influence of the middle-class constitution of the time, the political life of Newcastle, so far as its Parliamentary representation was concerned, lapsed into a state of lethargy. Newcastle was Liberal, in the sense in which the word Liberal was used in those days. In other words, it was Whig; and a Whig solicitor of immense local influence was popularly believed to carry the representation of the borough in his pocket. At all events, for many a long year no man was allowed to sit for Newcastle who was not a member of some old Tyneside family. He might have brains and Liberal instincts in addition, but family name and influence were indispensable. Twice attempts were made to throw off the galling yoke of the solicitor (who was also town clerk). The first occasion was in 1857, when the local Dissenters brought down from London a gentleman named Carstairs as their candidate. Mr. Carstairs was a worthy man of somewhat Pickwickian aspect, who, having acquired a fortune in India, was ambitious of a seat in the House of Commons. What chance he might have had under more favourable circumstances it is impossible now to say; but he absolutely killed his prospects on his first appearance at a public meeting of the electors by beginning his address with these remarkable words: "Electors of Newcastle-on-Tyne, four-and-twenty hours ago I hardly knew that such a town as this existed"! It is needless to say that an ancient community steeped in old traditions, time-honoured prejudices and a liberal self-esteem, made short work of Mr. Carstairs after this simple confession. It was not the Dissenters, but the Radicals—name abhorred in those days—who made the next attempt to break the Whig domination. Their leader was Mr. Joseph Cowen, Junr., and they imported into the town Mr. Peter Taylor, of Leicester, then comparatively unknown in politics, and ran him against a strong local candidate. He was beaten at the poll; but on the nomination day he had an overwhelming majority in the "show of hands" at the hustings, and it was made evident that, if household suffrage had been in force, he would have been triumphantly returned. The Radicals groaned under their ill-success, and worked harder than ever to obtain the extension of the suffrage; but it was not until, learning something of the wisdom of the serpent, they found a candidate who had local influence of his own at his back—the late Sir Joseph Cowen—that they were at last able to break the power of the mighty, and to secure a representative who was neither a needy place-hunter nor a Whig aristocrat.

Honour to whom honour is due! At that time the leavening spirit in Tyneside Liberalism was Joseph Cowen—"Young Joe," as he was called, to distinguish him from his father. He and Robert Spence Watson have travelled far apart since those times; and to-day the man who was once the leader and the idol of the popular party in Newcastle sits moodily in his tent whilst the Liberal army is in the field. But neither Dr. Watson nor any other Newcastle Liberal who was his contemporary will refuse to acknowledge the debt he owes to Mr. Cowen.

Sympathy with oppressed nationalities abroad was the key-note of Tyneside Liberalism in those days—ay, and not oppressed foreign nationalities alone. Under the inspiration of Mr. Cowen's generous eloquence the cause of Ireland made many friends on the banks of the Tyne in the days when its friends were but few in the land. For years the Lecture Room at Newcastle was one of the few public gathering-places in England where any man who represented an oppressed race, any victim of tyranny or cruelty, even though he was an Irishman, was certain of receiving a warm welcome and a respectful hearing. Among all the cities of the Old World, Newcastle held, in the minds of such men, a peculiar place. Thither went Garibaldi, when he was the simple captain of a merchantman, to receive the sword of honour for which the sturdy Radicals of Newcastle subscribed long before he had become famous by his raid on the Two Sicilies. Mazzini, Kossuth, Louis Blanc, Ledru-Rollin, Felice Orsini, Dr. Bernard, and many another patriot who was proscribed in his own country, entered Newcastle as a conqueror and a hero, under Mr. Cowen's auspices. And the young Liberals of the town became filled with a generous sympathy with the oppressed throughout the world. Their hearts beat in unison with the Italians of Lombardy and Naples, with the Poles and the Hungarians, as well as with those Germans and Frenchmen who were seeking to substitute constitutional for despotic forms of government. It was a source of pride to them in those days that Mr. Cowen was forbidden to enter any of the great States of Central Europe, and that there was not a Continental despot on whose black books his name was not inscribed.

Young Robert Spence Watson was at this time in the fullest sympathy with the man who seemed to be his natural leader, and to this day, as many know, he remains true in his heart to the victims of foreign despotism. None was more enthusiastic than he in the great contest which resulted in the return of Mr. Cowen to Parliament in 1873, and for some years afterwards Mr. Cowen had in him his warmest and most useful supporter. But when the Jingo fever spread throughout the land, and it seemed as though England were about to be involved in a wicked war for the purpose of propping up the decaying power of the Turk in Europe, there was a fierce struggle in the breasts of the Liberals of Newcastle. Mr. Cowen had taken sides with the Jingo, and not a few of those who had loved him and followed him most gladly, now sorrowfully turned away from him. Some, indeed, embittered the situation by using that language of sharp reproof which springs naturally to the lips of outraged affection. They had loved and honoured the man who seemed to them to have suddenly betrayed them; and the greater their love and honour had been, the more keen and bitter were now their reproaches. Dr. Spence Watson was not one of these. Unswerving in his resolve to follow Mr. Gladstone in the great conflict of opinion in the years between 1876 and 1880, he was still mindful of the services which Mr. Cowen had rendered to the Liberal party in the past, and hopeful of a time when the existing differences might be healed. It was not to be. The moment came when Dr. Watson had to choose between loyalty to his own conscience and friendship for Mr. Cowen. He could not and did not hesitate; and the earnest Liberals of Newcastle, who, by the defection of the man they idolised, had found themselves as sheep without a shepherd, hailed the young lawyer with acclamation and followed his leadership with gladness. Since then the power of Liberalism in Newcastle has been steadily growing. The good seed sown by Mr. Cowen in the old days has not been lost. Your Newcastle Liberal still has sympathies and views and aspirations which travel far beyond the limits of his own country; but in all that concerns the affairs of the United Kingdom he is sound in his devotion to Liberal principles, and

has resolutely turned his back upon the plague of Jingoism. As for Dr. Watson, he is an ideal leader of a party. A man who has travelled in many lands and seen much, a scholar, a man-of-letters, an excellent speaker, an enthusiast whose judgment is always cool—above all, a Liberal whose instincts are naturally right at all times, and on all questions—he seems born for the position he has held now for several years in his native town, as well as for that higher position which he occupies this week.

THE COUNTY COUNCILS AND TECHNICAL INSTRUCTION.

“WHAT shall I do with it, sir?” she said,” was a rustic difficulty which might serve as a motto for the County Council meetings for the consideration of the grant in aid of technical instruction. It is £743,000, a sum equal to a penny rate throughout the country! Though its use for technical education is permissive, only the continuance of the grant will probably be conditional upon its being mainly so applied. The County Councils, with the important exceptions of those of London and Middlesex, are practically unanimous in allotting the greater part of the funds placed at their disposal to technical instruction, and thirty-eight of the sixty-one County Councils are devoting the whole of their share of the grant to this purpose. Committees of the Councils are now busily engaged in considering the details of schemes of instruction, and the applications for aid which are pouring in on all sides from educational institutions.

The most important feature of these schemes is the prominence which is given to provisions for instruction in agricultural districts. This is quite as marked a feature in the schemes for Lancashire and the West Riding as in those of the non-manufacturing counties. Among the hundred and one applications received by the Lancashire committee from educational institutions, not one came from the rural districts of the county. Fortunately, the committee had the sense to perceive that this very circumstance emphasised the backward condition of these districts, and a considerable share of the fund will be allotted to the salaries of peripatetic lecturers on agricultural subjects, to the establishment of a migratory dairy school, and so forth. The West Riding has a still more extensive scheme of agricultural instruction, in which it is probable that the other Ridings may join. The Yorkshire College, Leeds, will form the central institution for agricultural teaching, with a chair of agriculture and lecturers in special departments of the subject. By the Act of March, 1891, the aid of County Councils is no longer restricted to institutions within their own administrative district; so that the Yorkshire College, which is in the County Borough of Leeds, is eligible for assistance from the West Riding fund, and even from those of the North and East Ridings. There will be a staff of peripatetic teachers connected with the college, and plots of land will be obtained in various parts of the county for conducting practical experiments on the use of chemical manures. Another important feature of the scheme will be the provision of classes for schoolmasters, attendance on which will, it is hoped, qualify them for, at all events, the more elementary part of the specialised instruction in the principles of agriculture which it is hoped will become a part of the regular work of continuation schools in the country districts. The provision of scholarships will absorb a considerable portion of the funds. These will be, first £1 to £10 scholarships for young students passing from elementary to continuation schools; and secondly, more valuable scholarships, up to £60, to enable students to attend the technical schools or university colleges. The sons of farmers will probably have a preferential

claim for these scholarships, and the needs of those desiring to become teachers will also receive special consideration. At the College of Science, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, a complete agricultural department is in like manner being organised, which will stand to the county of Northumberland in the same relation as that of the Yorkshire College to the West Riding. The cost of this department, exclusive of extension work, is estimated at £1,600 or £1,700 a year. Northumberland receives £11,000 from the Government fund for the current year, and if, as there seems reasonable ground to believe, the Government grant to the County Councils will be continued in future years, the County Council would be in a position to bear no inconsiderable portion of this expenditure in return for the services which such a central organisation would confer on the whole county.

The problem of agricultural instruction presents itself in a somewhat different form in counties where no such central institution exists. Devonshire is an example of such a county, in which the first attempt has already been made to grapple with the problem. The scheme adopted in Devonshire for the present year has taken the form of an extensive system of local lectures undertaken by the University Extension Organisation of Oxford and Cambridge. Lecturers have been at work in thirty-eight centres. The courses are on mechanics and chemistry, and their object is to arouse interest in the movement throughout the county and to pave the way for the appreciation of more specialised instruction. Of the more specialised instruction applicable in rural districts that in dairy work has so far met with the most general support. This is no doubt due to the success which has attended the dairy schools conducted during recent years in various districts, notably at the well-known dairy school of Kilmarnock, and the migratory dairy school established three years ago by the Bath and West of England Agricultural Society; and it has been repeatedly demonstrated that a short course of instruction at these institutions enables pupils with a previous knowledge of general dairy-work to make butter of such superior quality as to obtain twopence or threepence per pound weight above the current price of the butter of the district.

In many counties travelling dairy schools are already at work, and are uniformly appreciated. The cost of carrying on these schools is high. The Hampshire County Council, for instance, are spending £900 on dairy instruction. In other counties the estimated cost is about one-half the above figure, but this is where a large part of the expenses are borne by the localities visited—a bad principle, we think, as it generally results in the benefit of the travelling dairy being available only in neighbourhoods where some wealthy proprietor takes an interest in the subject. The districts which need the teaching most are often passed over, as there is no one to guarantee the requisite share of the expenses.

In Gloucestershire, the School of Cookery and Domestic Economy has received from the County Council a share of the Government fund, and in this and other counties the instruction of women is receiving material assistance from the new fund. We note that a petition has been forwarded to the County Councils from the Oxford Association for the Education of Women, and other bodies, suggesting the foundation of County Scholarships, to enable girls to pass from places of elementary education to colleges at which more advanced instruction can be obtained.

The question of inspection and examination will demand careful attention as the schemes of the County Councils come into operation, in order that there shall be a sufficient guarantee that the money expended is properly applied. The Science and Art Department and the City Guilds Institute will have a share in this work; but there is an evident disinclination to follow the system of testing

by the results of individual examination, and a report on general efficiency will probably in many cases be taken as the basis of future grants. The Technical Education Committee for the West Riding have given very definite expression to their distrust of the method of payment by results, and anticipate in their report the probable need for the employment of a special inspector acting on behalf of the County Council. The arrangements which may be made for inspection and examination can in any case only be regarded as provisional, until England possesses a comprehensive scheme of secondary education such as already exists in Wales.

It is an important question for the County Councils to decide, whether the non-county boroughs shall receive aid on the same terms as the rural districts, or whether the money shall be handed over to the Town Councils. The Lancashire County Council has decided to keep the fund in their own hands, and in other cases it is probable that the Town Councils will be required to adopt the Technical Instruction Act and levy a rate as a condition of receiving grants from the fund to administer for themselves. The county boroughs receive a share of the fund allotted to the whole county, and their wants are therefore attended to by their own Councils. In Sheffield, where the Technical Instruction Act of 1889 was adopted, the funds placed at the disposal of various educational institutions in the borough in 1889 and 1890 resulted in a very marked increase in efficiency all round. The success which attended the experiment has decided the Education Committee to recommend the allocation of the whole of the new fund to the same purpose, in addition to levying a farthing rate. The technical school is to receive £5,800, the School Board £500, on condition that three-fourths of this sum be devoted to district evening classes and continuation schools; and among the other grants may be noticed one of £160 to the Yorkshire Ladies' Council of Education. In Bristol, the Education Committee proposes to devote a considerable proportion of the fund to scholarships at the Merchant Venturers' School and other institutions, and allots a sum of £300 towards the formation of a school of cookery. Among the subjects suggested for evening classes are shorthand and book-keeping, and £100 is voted for a course of popular lectures on the nursing of the sick and similar subjects.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THERE hung on the walls of Burlington House, two or three summers ago, the portrait of a pretty lady, clad in a grey morning costume obviously "composed" by Worth or Pingat, sauntering along an evidently mundane sea-beach—Étretat, say, or Trouville. Very few people paused to inspect this portrait, for it happened to be a work of art. Those who did pause found that the lady was described as Madame la Comtesse de Martel, and for the most part they went unenlightened away. Yet it would be only slightly extravagant to say that this lady of whose name they were ignorant is one of the most astonishing talents of the century. Mme. de Martel comes, to begin with, of an astonishing stock. She is the great-granddaughter of a Mirabeau—not "the" Mirabeau, but "the other" Mirabeau, Mirabeau-Tonneau. And her talent is even more "lordly and surprising" (as Swift said of some opponent's language) than her ancestry. For she is "Gyp." Now to be "Gyp" is a really brilliant achievement. *Ne fait pas ce tour qui vult.* For to be "Gyp" is to be at once a *Parisienne parisienne*; a cynic philosopher; an aristocrat-democrat; a keen observer of the "half-world" from the point of view of the "world," and of the "world" from that of the "half-world;" a wit; a mistress of dialogue; and the incarnation of modernity in petticoats. Some there are who, if asked to discover the quintessence of modern Parisianism, would

find it in M. Renan; others in M. Rochefort; others in "Grosclaude"; others in M. Paulus of the cafés-concerts. But we are for finding it in "Gyp." In her you have the *esprit gaulois* thrice distilled. Anything, therefore, less English it would be impossible to conceive. One forbears to inquire in what guise she would present herself to the keepers of the Nonconformist Conscience. As the Scarlet Lady, doubtless. But she is, nevertheless, what Mr. Christopher Newman would call an immense fact. Her popularity among readers of both sexes and in both hemispheres is out of all questioning. Hedda Gabler reads her in Christiania, and Fédora Romazoff in St. Petersburg, and Mr. W. D. Howells' young ladies (secretly) in Boston. Her most successful book—she has published some scores—has reached its seventy-fifth edition. For the jaded Londoner she offers a quicker route to Paris than the Club-Train. You open one of her books in Piccadilly, and straightway you are transported to the Boulevard between the Madeleine and Tortoni's. You sniff the asphalt, you hear the *camelots* shrieking "*Le Soir-r-r! ach!tez l'Soir-r-r! dix centimes!*" at the restaurant door. And you have accomplished the journey for just three francs fifty.

It is a rude shock to one's gallant instincts to have to reflect that this fascinating personality must now be considered as "of a certain age." For "Gyp" has recently taken to analysing the rising generation—an infallible sign that the analyst belongs to the risen. Her study of French girlhood—"Loulou"—was one of her best things. This wayward heroine was a little convent-bred aristocrat who obstinately persisted in remaining a child of nature, in scandalising her papa by conversing affably with street-arabs, in admiring *chocolat Marquis* and M. Andrieux, in detesting "good form" and M. Floquet. One loved this terrible infant, and profoundly pitied the man she was destined to marry. To "Loulou" we now have a pendant in "Monsieur Fred" (Calmann Lévy), a study of French hobbledohoyhood. The boy, however, is as detestable as the girl was charming. Fred is a little monster of perversity, innate viciousness, cynicism, and ignorance. He is just nineteen. When he is twenty-one he will be the Duc de Nevers. Meanwhile he is qualifying himself for his position by trying to pawn the family order, given to his ancestor by Henri Trois—by lying through thick-and-thin to his mamma the Duchess, by intriguing with his mamma's lady friends, and by spending with ladies whose profligacy is only worse than theirs because it is frankly mercenary the evenings which he is supposed to devote to his mathematical tutor—in his own slang, the "*répétiteur de math*"—who is coaching him for his "*bachot*." His only advantage over some of our own golden youth is that he does not marry the music-hall singer to whose cult he is devoted. He is also a shade better than they in his intellects. For he has been to the Français and can mimic great tragedians:—

La Duchesse.—Mais M. de Santander est un homme charmant! . . . il était de la suite de Don Carlos! . . .
Monsieur Fred (déclamant pompeusement à la Mounet-Sully, en montrant ses dents).—"Où, de ta suite, ô roi, de ta suite, j'en suis."

He has even read Lombroso on criminology:—

Cette dame a—à mon gré—trop d'yeux et trop de cheveux pour une personne seule. . . . Lombroso vous dira que c'est un signe certain de criminalité originelle . . .

Nay! he has enough brains to make a shrewd house-agent:—

As-tu fait valoir toutes ses qualités, à l'appartement? . . . as-tu dit qu'il a deux sorties, et que de nulle part . . . de nulle part, entends-tu bien . . . on ne voit la tour Eiffel? . . .

On the whole, there is no gainsaying that this rising hope of the old French nobility is an odious little cad. One pities, too, his partner for life, as one pitied Loulou's. There is a bitter taste of irony in the concluding sentence of the book: "Monsieur Fred est tout-à-fait mûr pour le mariage!" Is this a true picture, one wonders, of the French aristocrat

of to-morrow? If so, the Republic stands sufficiently excused. The Puritan moralist will find the book an excellent opportunity for improving the occasion; but the average sensual man (and woman) will prefer to regard it as a piquant *chasse* to their coffee. And yet . . . and yet . . . one wonders, with a vague disquietude, what sort of books "Gyp" will write in her old age—if "Gyp" can ever grow old.

Among the current Parisian topics which Monsieur Fred and his friends discuss are the songs of Mademoiselle Yvette Guilbert, and the sermons of the Abbé d'Hulst. Further information about these notoriety of the hour may be gleaned from M. Hugues le Roux's "*Portraits de Cire*" (Lecène, Oudin). The title of his book, M. le Roux is careful to explain, is not fantastic. He gives us a series of portraits of contemporaries—literary, artistic, theatrical, and ecclesiastical—in wax, not "bustified" in bronze. Rather, they represent the art of the Interviewer devulgarised, leavened with easy erudition, keen criticism, apt literary allusion. Here we see short-sighted Alphonse Daudet writing with his nose against the paper, and Guy de Maupassant in his habit as he lives, the clown Chadwick at home, and La Belle Fatma in her booth at the fair of St. Cloud. But we see them all through the spectacles of a scholar and a gentleman. M. le Roux dissects his trivial subjects as gracefully and good-humouredly as the short-faced man dissected the trivialities, the Beau's heart and the Belle's fan, of the Augustan age. The theatrical ladies are, of course, the most amusing: your French journalist (M. le Roux is a distinguished contributor to the *Temps*) seems, lucky fellow, to act as Father Confessor to them all. And the fashionable preachers—there appear to be a good many rivals of the Rev. Charles Honeyman in Paris just now—are not bad fun. About the "littery chaps" there was less that was new to be told; they are already public property; and M. Rochefort's tuft or M. Renan's nose is as well known over here as on the Boulevards. We learn, however, for the first time, perhaps, that M. Guy de Maupassant—contrary to expectation, for he strikes one as a born writer—did not take to writing because he couldn't help it, but out of sheer ratiocination. A clerk in the French Admiralty, he pined for fresh air and liberty, and convinced himself, by logically working the question out, that the only way to attain these desirable ends was through literature. "But," he says, "I am certain that I was no more born to write than for any other business. The truth is that never once in my life have I found any pleasure in literary work. Literature has never been for me anything but a means of enfranchisement." Contrast with this the irresistible "vocation" of M. Hugues le Roux himself, who actually took a lodging opposite the house of M. Daudet, in order that he might bombard his literary idol with manuscript stories, and letters beginning "*Monsieur, je suis le petit Chose*. . . ." For the rest, let it be said (for the benefit of grandmotherly library committees) that the "*Portraits de Cire*" of M. le Roux are like those of a greater showman, Artemus Ward: they are "moral wax-fingers."

MR. HENRY JAMES.

WHATEVER may be the fate of *The American*, Mr. James should have no regrets over last Saturday. For it was not until he made his first appearance in London as a playwright that the full extent of our admiration for him as a novelist became apparent. We mean no malice in saying this. The art of this novelist has always been so quiet and so serious that noisy demonstrations of delight in it have an air of "bad form." Somehow the reader feels, at any rate, that Mr. James would consider them "bad form." This may be a mistake. It may be that Mr. James has been yearning, all this while, for louder appreciation, and his admirers have

been, as the small boy said of his sister, too infernally well-behaved. We ought all perhaps to have cried "Modernity!" and joined in Mr. W. D. Howells' hallelujahs. But by this time, at any rate, Mr. James should have no doubt that the admiration felt for his work and the interest with which it is followed are both sincere and widely spread. Why has his new venture been watched so eagerly? Surely not because we are all on thorns until our British drama is revived and made intelligent. We doubt if the popular desire for this revivification be at all commensurate with the talk about it. Anyhow, it is not large enough to account for the real pains which all the critics have taken to write remarks of some value on last Saturday's performance. And most of them have admitted this. To be sure, there is one gentleman who enhances the intrinsic worth of his remarks by spreading them over many papers, and who believes, or professes to believe, that *The American* was intended to tilt against the old traditions of the stage: or, to put it in his own words, "As in the self-assertive opinion of the young gentlemen of the 'cock-sure school,' the poor old British drama is supposed to be in a very bad way, it has been decided to call in medical advice. The first remedy prescribed is a dose of Dr. James's powder." The humour of this is more conspicuous than its truth. Everyone who knows Mr. Henry James knows him for the most modest of men. He is also, on all questions relating to his art, extremely slow to dogmatise and extremely swift to sympathise. To imagine him charging in among our playwrights as a lively ball among ninepins, or standing up, a "forward impudent," and telling them "You know nothing of your trade, and by your leave, I'm going to show you how a play should be written," is quite too far from the mark. As a matter of fact, Mr. James has been struck with the notion of mastering a second trade, a trade which lies close beside his own but hardly overlaps it at all. Being a sound and careful workman in his own trade, he probably did not expect to write a perfect play at the first attempt. If he could do that, he would probably decide next day that a playwright's art was too easy to be worth following. Nor did he set out with any intention of making our drama "literary." Mr. James may have his faults, but after all he is a more intelligent creature than Mr. Jones. Indeed, if possible, he is too keenly aware of his own limitations.

No; the audience in the Opéra Comique were eager and full of expectation over this experiment, simply because Mr. James has always been an artist, and therefore everything he does is bound to be interesting. He is not the sort of man who can repeat an easy triumph and quiet his soul with the praise of reviewers. Probably there is no living writer with a stronger, more domineering, artistic conscience. He has always been trying to improve on himself, driven, as by a daemon, to experiment and explore. *The American* may, as some assert, be a failure: but one failure of this sort is worth, of course, a hundred successes by Messrs. Sims, Pettitt, Buchanan & Co.

But really the public has been paying Mr. James this week, in a half-hesitating manner, the tribute of a very deep regard. Even where there is little regard, we find respect. It is only illiterate papers now which utter the complaint that "nothing happens" in his novels. The Philistine or Cockney reviewer has dropped his scornfulness and now contents himself with "knowing what he likes" and finding the "Aspern Papers" or "The Tragic Muse" not much in his way. So long as their manners have improved they may be pardoned for their insensibility; for even Tourguéneff, with all his generous appreciation of other men's work, was unable to like Mr. James's novels—*tarabiscotée* was, if we remember, his word for the style of them. But by a large number of our younger writers Mr. James's work is regarded with something very like enthusiasm: and it seems a pity,

almost, that his own modesty should have made his admirers so shy. He is too English, perhaps; too much afraid of being taken for a mere man of letters. It is not the same sort of fear that Congreve displayed when Voltaire called upon him; but is rather a natural dread of being made ridiculous by the zeal of his disciples. But the worth of few men has to wait long for applause, nowadays; and we have learnt this week to what a surprising extent the deftness and delicacy, the honesty and thoroughness of all his work are known and valued in this country.

OPEN QUESTIONS.

VII.—HOW SHOULD OUR AGES BE SETTLED?

IT is no business of mine particularly, but I have noticed that hardly anyone ever looks exactly the age that he or she is. Everybody looks either younger or older than the reality. There are some ages which nobody, within my own experience, ever looks at all. I have never heard of anyone appearing to be twenty-six: I have heard a man guessed to be twenty-three or twenty-four, put down positively at twenty-five, or allowed the choice between twenty-seven and twenty-eight; but nobody ever guesses twenty-six. Yet twenty-six is a real age; there is nothing offensive about it. I have tried being twenty-six, and rather liked it than not. Still fewer are perfectly content with their real age, if, indeed, there are any such. To think of one's moral mistakes is to wish, of course, to be younger; to think of a coming happiness is to wish the opposite. Many of us would give a good deal sometimes to be one day younger; it happens more rarely that we would give as much to be one day older; we mostly have more to repent than to expect. Every girl looks forward to the day when she will wear her hair up; every woman looks backward to the day when she wore her hair down. At some time between the periods she has passed the perfect time, the age that suited her best, but she has passed it unconsciously. It seems as if we must pass that point during a night's sleep—one of those nights from which we wake discontented but with the vague idea that we have dreamed happily; for we can never remember a day on which we could sit down and say that we wanted never to be any older nor any younger. Indeed, the logical result of such conscious happiness, combined with the certainty of future deterioration, would, of course, be suicide. We may feel sure that no one both looks the age that he is and is the age that he wants to be. To put it briefly, we are all the wrong age. Why is this?

It may possibly be because we are so much more mathematical than our circumstances, and the time-test is wrong. If a man looks twenty and wishes that he was thirty, why should we not find the mean and call him twenty-five, instead of being satisfied for merely arithmetical reasons that he is thirty-two? If he really looks twenty and really wishes he was thirty, he is probably nearer to the average of men at twenty-five than to the average at his nominal age of thirty-two; and if he has the quality of twenty-fiveness, it is absurd not to own it. But there are difficulties in the way of this method of fixing an age; we should have to settle exactly how old each person looked. A jury of women might decide the apparent age of men; and a jury of men might decide for the women. The male jury would, of course, have police protection. Even then there would be difficulty, for a woman's apparent age depends to some extent on the thermometer. She always looks older on a cold day. Then, too, there are the mysteries of dress, of which it would be profane to speak. The time-test is unsatisfactory enough; it puts us all at the wrong age, but it is of no use to abolish the time-test unless we can suggest something else.

We might, perhaps, leave the fixing of age to individual choice. The practice would consort well with our native freedom. It is, I know, a common jest that even now, after a certain age, a woman generally does defy the arithmetic and fix her age for herself. This is not so, for there are always too many other women who know all about her; but it is a practice that would consort better with our freedom than our intelligence, for we are always reluctant to exercise individual choice about anything. Opinions are only pardonable when they are copied, and a preference must be general before an individual can use it. The whole question would be settled by items in society papers. If we were told that the smartest people were now chiefly in the thirties, we should fix our age accordingly. If a leader of society decided to be octogenarian, we should not dare to adopt the age of innocence—a year and six months. It is of no use to leave this, or any other question, to individual choice, because we have already decided the individual choice is in bad taste. We feel that if we do not herd, we are lost.

We cannot abolish Time, but we might possibly ignore it. This would, however, be no real remedy. It would not decide what our age was; it would only forget it. When a man feels younger than he is, looks older, and, for different reasons, would like to be both, he cannot be expected to be satisfied with the nominal, delusive age that custom allows him. The time-test is unsatisfactory; but at present I do not quite see what to substitute for it.

THE DRAMA.

"OH! What a mess I'm in," cried the Chevalier Walkinshaw on a famous occasion. This week I am like the Chevalier Walkinshaw. I have to criticise a gentleman who knows all about me ("me" is here a philosophic euphemism for the others) beforehand, who has not only discounted all I am going to say, but has already said it himself more skilfully. For Mr. Henry James, who understands everything, also understands that nothing which calls itself criticism. He knows, like the corybantic hymnologists, what it is to be there. "He contented himself with saying that there was no reason a theatrical critic shouldn't be a gentleman, at the same time that he often remarked that it was an odious trade, which no gentleman could possibly follow." Quite so. An odious trade it is. Who says this? None other than Mr. Peter Sherringham in the *Tragic Muse*. I was bound to bring in Sherringham. That, again, Mr. Henry James foresaw. And, you see, I have done it. But the trade is odious, not because it is ungentlemanly, but because it is so terribly hard to follow. I read the other day of some little hole-and-corner theatre in Paris, wherein they had printed over the proscenium the conspicuous device: "Art is easy, Criticism is difficult." Some thought this a trick to soften the heart of the press-gang. Others, that it was an impudent paradox. For my part, I proclaim it a profound truth. It consoles me. They ought to blazon it on the act-drop of the Opéra Comique forthwith.

The peculiar difficulty, as I say, of criticism when confronted by the art of Mr. Henry James is to find judgments which Mr. James himself has not anticipated. I, for one, shall not set out on any quest so hopeless as that. It would be like hunting the Snark. With what grace I may, I shall resign myself to the necessity of having to tell Mr. James what he knows, and has said already. This will be teaching one's grandmother to suck eggs, or, if Mr. James prefers the Gallic idiom, loutish Jean instructing his curé. "*Connu! Connu!*" I shall seem to hear him objecting to all my appreciations. Ah, yes! It is an odious trade.

Connu! the dogma that the novelist should never turn dramatist. To pass from the art of

two dimensions to the art of three, from the novel with its leisurely pace, its wealth of minute detail, its broken lights, its ductility, its vague and shifting moods, to the play, all foreground, glare, hurry, brutal definiteness, this is to pass from the free ambient air into a stifling prison. It has been already said by Mr. Gabriel Nash. "The dramatist shows us so little, is so hampered by his audience, is restricted to so poor an analysis. What can you do with a character, with an idea, with a feeling, between dinner and the suburban trains? You can give a gross, rough sketch of them, but how little you touch them, how bald you leave them. What crudity compared with what the novelist does!" Had he been his homonym the archangel, Gabriel could not have spoken more truly. When one hears that a novelist has taken to play-writing, one leaves a card of condolence on his family. It is as though one learned he had taken to drink or Psychical Research.

Connu! the dogma that dramatised novels will never do. We can all rattle through the long list of good novels which have made bad plays. And we have our reasons, pat. The very fact that you first write your story as a novel shows that the novel was its proper form. Squeeze it into dramatic shape, and you deform it. Your best things sink in, your worst things bulge out. That brilliant bit of dialogue—you cannot resist the pleasure of transcribing it. And lo! your action stands still and your characters have become "talky." That plot which was so plausible, with four hundred pages for its narration, or was, maybe, a negligible quantity in the total impression produced by your book, now cuts a sorry figure under the fierce glare of the footlights. The plain man in the pit is puzzled or incredulous. No, no. Dramatise from life at first hand, not at second hand, out of a novel. . . . I have said this sort of thing so often and with such conviction that I begin to suspect it must be false. (Here, for a moment, I go a-hunting the Snark.) After all, scores of good plays have been made out of novels. The most famous of the younger Dumas' plays is a dramatised novel, so is the best of Jules Sandeau's, so the best of Charles Reade's, so the best of Daudet's. If you come to that (for the novel, I suppose, includes the *nouvelle*) so are many of the best of Shakespeare's. . . . But stay! None of these were novels of analysis, like *The American*. How, if you please, is Mr. James, or anyone else, to synthetise analysis? One thinks of Jack Tar's recipe for making a cannon. You take a hole and put some metal round it. I open Mr. James's novel at random, and alight on this passage:—

Newman, after he had seated himself, began to consider what, in truth, was his errand. He had an unusual, unexpected sense of having wandered into a strange corner of the world. He was not given, as a general rule, to anticipating danger, or forecasting disaster, and he had had no special tremors on this particular occasion. He was not timid and he was not impudent. He felt too kindly towards himself to be the one, and too good-naturedly towards the rest of the world to be the other. But his native shrewdness sometimes placed his ease of temper at its mercy; with every disposition to take things simply, it was obliged to perceive that some things were not so simple as others. He felt as one does in missing a step in an ascent, where one expected to find it. This strange, pretty woman, sitting in fire-side talk with her brother, in the grey depths of her inhospitable-looking house—what had he to say to her? She seemed enveloped in a sort of fantastic privacy; on what grounds had he pulled away the curtain? For a moment he felt as if he had plunged into some medium as deep as the ocean, and as if he must exert himself to keep from sinking.

I do not offer this chance extract as a *κῆρυγμα ἐς αἰς*. But it is such things as this that give the true note of Mr. Henry James's talent. Frankly, to read them gives me, in my everyday moods, more pleasure than to read the masterpieces of the immortals. I hear the modern man speaking to the modern man. The speaker is immeasurably my superior; yet I straightway feel myself on the same plane with him. What he expresses, I seem capable, some day or other, of feeling myself. But dramatised this passage, and all my pleasure goes. Newman becomes merely a lanky gentleman in obtrusively new kid gloves. I can no

longer peep into his mind. The inhospitable looking house becomes a few square yards of tawdry canvas, with no grey depths. And where is the pretty lady's fantastic privacy, invaded as it has now been by a whole crowd of intruders from the stalls and the pit?

Unable, then, to achieve the impossible, to synthesise his analysis, Mr. James has had to fall back upon the mere story-telling element of his book, never the strongest element of his work, certainly not a strong element in *The American*. And how does the story, in Christopher Newman's own phrase, pen out in the play? Its central motive remains, a little weakened to be sure, but still there. I mean the motive of bringing in the New World to redress the balance of the Old, of letting a draught of fresh Western air into the musty Faubourg, of reading the Declaration of Independence in the Rue de l'Université. Obviously, all that the dramatist has to do here is to bring into sufficient relief and sharp contrast the buoyancy, imperturbability, openness, essential goodness of his American hero, and the ferocious family pride, the flinty hardness, the sordid selfishness of the Bellegardes. This he does—I had almost said overdoes. Newman is firmly planted on his feet in a really delightful first act (*chez Mlle. Noémie Nioche*), wherein the author's nimble, urbane, discreetly joyous wit finds free play. Miss Adrienne Dairolles was evidently born to play Noémie, who a generation or two earlier would have been Mimi Pinson, and has now narrowly escaped being a Demoiselle Cardinal. And Mr. Edward Compton shows us with a pleasing gust and *brio* the outer man of Christopher Newman—though why that outer man should be clothed in a garment of chocolate faced with sky-blue remains a mystery known only to himself and his tailor. As for the Bellegardes, we are left in no doubt as to what manner of people they are. Mr. James puts the dots on their "i's" with great vigour. Or the players do, for him. As the Marquise, Miss Bateman may, as has been said, look like Queen Bess, but she behaves like Bloody Mary. Is she not a little too stiff, a little too automatic, a personified passion rather than a person? I can imagine this Marquise of hers figuring in some old Mystery-Play of *The Seven Deadly Sins* as Gammer Pride. The gentleman who plays the Marquise's eldest son is in such deadly earnest as to get more than once perilously near caricature. I submit to Mr. Henry James (though, of course, this again is one of the things which he knows already) that, for stage use, these Bellegardes want slightly toning down.

For every crisis of the struggle of Chicago Sense-and-Sensibility with the Pride-and-Prejudice of the Faubourg, we have a corresponding act—an act to show the Bellegardes accepting Newman as Claire's future husband, an act to show them casting him off, and an act (here the story of the novel is made to execute a right-about-face) to show Claire herself rewarding Newman with her hand for his magnanimity in surrendering the document which he has held in *terrorem* over her family. It cannot be said that these acts show the usual weakness of a novelist's stage-work. They do not sacrifice action to conversation. There is plenty of action. In fact, there is too much of it. Thus in Act II. we have several love scenes, one or two family councils, a quarrel and a challenge. In Act III. we have more family councils, a duel "off," a prolonged death-agony "on," and alarms and excursions for minor personages. In Act IV. we have family councils again, revelation of terrible secrets (it is Miss Louise Moodie who is entrusted with the important part of the old housekeeper, or, rather, turnkey of the Bellegarde skeleton-closet, and she plays it admirably), paper-chases after compromising document, games of hide-and-seek behind doors and on balconies—in short, the last act is of itself a whole drama of intrigue. What, Mr. James? All this "between dinner and the suburban trains?" *Allons donc!* as our dear Gabriel Nash would observe.

And I think Gabriel would be likely to ask "what has become of Claire de Cintré?" She, I think, has suffered more than any of the other characters in transit from book to play. She becomes vague, unexplained, rather a *ficelle*—a string to pull Newman by—than the "live woman" of the novel. If there is any actress who could have shown us the other Claire—the real Claire—Miss Robins is she. I only wish the author had given her the chance.

After all this petty fault-finding (yes, yes, criticism is an odious trade), I am going to allow myself a little burst of emotion. I want to say how delighted I am to join in the chorus of welcome which has hailed Mr. Henry James's appearance in the play-house. In one act, at least, of *The American* we can foresee what fresh, delicate, subtle stage-work Mr. James is soon going to give us. We shall see it, I am sure, in more acts than one, when he gives us, as he will, a story that has never been a novel, but has been designed *ab ovo usque ad mala* for the stage. Nash and Sherringham, too, are as elated at the prospect as I am. I can see the pair now, unfolding their napkins over that "small but immaculate" table you wot of. Nash is talking of the "belittling, coarsening conditions of the drama," over his dish of eggs with asparagus-tips; and, Sherringham retorting "*connu, connu!*" is stabbing him indignantly with a long roll. But you will find them both, depend upon it, applauding heartily at Mr. James's next play. A. B. W.

THE WEEK.

THE statement that SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN and MR. GILBERT had settled their differences and were engaged in the production of another comic opera of the recognised Savoy type is authoritatively denied. Most persons would, doubtless, have been glad if the report had been confirmed, but, as it is, we may hope that there is still to be found among English literary men a talent which, if it be not exactly the same as that possessed by MR. GILBERT, will, at all events, not be inferior to it.

MR. J. M. BARRIE, whose three-volume novel, "The Little Minister," will be produced in a couple of weeks, is now engaged in superintending the rehearsals of a play which he has written for MR. TOOLE, and which will be produced by that gentleman at his theatre at Christmas next.

BJÖRNSTJERN BJÖRNSSON'S famous play *En Handske* has recently appeared in Russian translation. It has been received with much interest in the leading literary circles in St. Petersburg, and the traits of similarity between the Norwegian play and TOLSTOI'S *Kreutzer Sonata* have, naturally, been the cause of considerable comment. Efforts are now being made to bring BJÖRNSSON'S play upon the stage in the Russian capital.

THE last of the privately printed opuscula of the "Sette of Odd Volumes" is by their necromancer, MR. HERON-ALLEN. It is a charming little volume of ballades and rondeaux. Club-life, bachelor comforts, loves not too deep for ballades, form his subjects. MR. HERON-ALLEN is well suited by the restrictions of this dainty, artistic form of verse; its difficulties do not, as a rule, hamper him; occasionally he amuses himself by adding to them, as, for instance, when he finds and uses four different rhymes to "darling." There are echoes here and there, as, for instance:—

"It is not mine to chaunt my Lady's praise;"

and, in another place,

"Time shall not wither nor deface
Your beauty."

But, as a whole, the collection is graceful and pleasant, and some of the prettiest lines are to be found in the concluding rondeau. Only ninety-nine copies have been printed.

IN November the year of the *Century Magazine* begins, and the publishers have already issued part of their programme for 1892. There will be four serial novels, viz.—“The Naulakha, a tale of West and East,” by RUDYARD KIPLING and WOLCOTT BALESTIER—the latter, a young American author and MR. HEINEMANN’S partner in his Continental enterprise; a new study of fashionable American life by MRS. BURTON HARRISON; “The Chosen Valley,” by MRS. HALLOCK FOOTE; and “Characteristics,” by DR. WEIR MITCHELL. EMILIO CASTELAR will write on Columbus, ARCHIBALD FORBES on the Paris Commune, and BILL NYE on himself; and a series of “Papers by Famous French Musicians” will be contributed by GOUNOD, SAINT-SAËNS, REYER, and MASSENET.

A TRANSLATION of an important Italian work on genius, “L’Uomo di Genio,” by PROFESSOR LOMBROSO, is being prepared for the “Contemporary Science Series” (SCOTT). The work deals with the causes of genius; the influence of race, of heredity, of climate, of great cities; the mental and physical characteristics of men of genius in literature, art, politics, religion; and goes fully into the much-debated question of the relation between genius and insanity. Who is the authority who has supplied additional material for the English edition? MR. J. F. NISBET?

THE first number of *The Bookman* has appeared during the present week, and is full of promise, though the paragraphs of gossip which it contains are in some cases of very unequal interest. There is ample room for a monthly journal devoted to literary affairs. It is indeed surprising that we should have had to wait so long the appearance of such a periodical. Moreover, anything is to be desired which will tend to break down the monopoly so long enjoyed by the *Athenæum*, that curious trade circular, which arrogates to itself the functions of a literary critic. The first number of *The Bookman* contains many interesting articles, the most striking of which is the account of MR. THOMAS HARDY’S “Wessex” and the spots identified with his admirable stories.

It is sad, very, that MR. ANDREW LANG should find himself unable to appreciate the humour of MR. BARRY PAIN; but every man to his taste, and MR. PAIN will doubtless be consoled for MR. LANG’S lack of appreciation by the fact that the greater public are buying his book and enjoying it. Nor will the consolation be lessened when he peruses the example of “genuine humour” which MR. LANG has presented to his readers in *Longman’s Magazine* by way of a foil to MR. PAIN’S jesting. No human being exists who has been able to discover wherein the humour lies in the story which MR. LANG has given to his readers to show them what wit of the old school really was. MR. LANG is no doubt an admirable judge, but like most judges, he would be more fortunate if he forbore to illustrate his judgments. The next time he attempts to extinguish a young writer he will do well to refrain from the attempt to show how much better he himself can joke, or sing, or tell tales as the case may be.

NOT the least important event in the publishing world during the week has been the appearance of the first number of the illustrated edition of MR. GREEN’S “Short History of the English People.” Hitherto the publication of standard works in serial parts has been almost the monopoly of a

single firm. It would appear, however, that MESSRS. MACMILLAN have now entered the field in rivalry to MESSRS. CASSELL, and certainly it must be admitted that they have made a strong start with this edition of GREEN’S History. The illustrations and typography of the work are admirable, and the notes accompanying it seem to be all that could be desired. The book well deserves the widespread popularity which it is certain to attain.

THERE is no more interesting article in the magazines of the month than the little paper by MR. LECKY on “Carlyle’s Message to his Age,” which appears in the *Contemporary Review*. The “modern man” is inclined to disparage CARLYLE, and to ignore the influence which to this very hour he exercises not only upon the thought but upon the practical work of this generation. MR. LECKY, who is no blind admirer of the author of “Sartor Resartus,” has set forth clearly and concisely a few of his many claims to the respect and admiration of his fellow-countrymen, and in doing so has himself laid the reading world under a debt of gratitude. “The greatest modifying force of our age” was the description which an English statesman once applied to CARLYLE, and no one can read MR. LECKY’S paper without admitting the truth of the phrase.

It has been generally accepted for thousands of years that the iniquity of the father is often visited upon the children, but we have no scriptural or natural law which requires that one brother should be as excellent in the quality he professes as another. A current criticism of MR. FREDERICK TENNYSON’S last volume is, however, based upon some such idea. “As regards style,” says a reviewer in one of the monthlies, “there is a certain diffuseness for which the admirably balanced poems of the poet’s brother would hardly have prepared us.” No man, not even the Laureate, can be his brother’s poetical keeper.

WE hope MR. LECKY’S “Seville” in *Longmans* is not a specimen of his best, nor of his second-best, poetical style. The tolerable passages are an echo of “L’Allegro,” thin and commonplace, while such verses as—

“Let thy Northern sisters boast
They can work and win the most,”

follow Touchstone’s “right butter-woman’s rank to market.”

THE resemblance between DICKENS and DAUDET patent to every reader, is only partially the result of a study of the former by the latter; nor is the fact that they frequently select the same material sufficient to explain similarity in point of view and parallelism of treatment. A writer in the *Cornhill* points out that the chief reason for this fundamental likeness may perhaps be found in the history of their early lives. Thrown, both of them, when little more than children, on their own resources, driven to earn a precarious livelihood and to consort with the poor and out-at-elbows, they endured slights which their self-respect was long in recovering, learnt by bitter experience what kind of life the poor lead, and, by a happier chance, how unselfishly helpful the members of that great class are to one another.

MR. ROBERT STANNARD, C.E., who died last week at Brighton, at the residence of his son-in-law, MR. GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA, was the last survivor of those who were connected with the historic Liverpool and Manchester railway. He was born in the neighbourhood of Chat Moss, and it was his father who supported GEORGE STEPHENSON, and overcame

If housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY’S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

the difficulties of constructing a railway across the Moss after STEPHENSON had despaired of accomplishing the feat. ROBERT STANNARD, the elder, conceived the idea of making a bottom to the Moss by the ingenious plan of laying down, "herring-bone" fashion, whole plantations of larch trees, and by tipping earth on the foundation was thus formed. But this was not all. GEORGE STEPHENSON was so faint-hearted about its success, that he refused to spend more money over the scheme, and it was his friend, ROBERT STANNARD, the elder, who found the money to carry it out—with what result all the world knows. He also invented a kind of snow-shoe or "patten," for the horses to wear while working on the Moss, which is exhibited to this day in Manchester. All these little details SMILES, in his "Life of George Stephenson," has omitted to give, but they were made generally known to the public about three years ago by SIR HENRY ROSCOE, M.P., and ALDERMAN BAILEY at a meeting held in connection with the Manchester Ship Canal.

MR. STANNARD'S son was a lad at the time of the Chat Moss difficulty; but, boy as he was, he had already announced his intention of becoming an engineer, and he never lost a chance of following close to GEORGE STEPHENSON'S heels and listening to the many anxious conferences held between the two engineers who were not only bound together in business, but by the additional tie of a firm friendship. From that time his whole mind was given to railway construction, and early in life he became remarkable for his zeal and practical knowledge. Before he was twenty he was singled out by MR. BRASSEY as his manager for a large section of the Paris and Rouen Railway; and a few years later by BRUNEL, with whom he was very closely associated. For the last thirty years of his life he was a principal representative of the firm of MESSRS. LUCAS & AIRD, and has either carried out or advised upon all the most important railway contracts undertaken by that firm. He died almost in harness, since he retired from active life through ill-health, brought about by over-work, barely two years ago. He has directed that the level and theodolite left him by GEORGE STEPHENSON, and which the pioneer of railways used at Chat Moss, be offered to the South Kensington Museum to be placed by the side of the "Rocket," which his father, ROBERT STANNARD, the elder, rode the day MR. HUSKISSON was killed. He has also left many interesting notes and sketches of railways, past and present, which will be utilised by his daughter, MRS. GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA, who is writing a little biography of her father.

MR. FREDERIC HARRISON is announced to deliver a series of public addresses on "The Great Modern Poets, Artists, and Musicians," on Sunday evenings during October, at Newton Hall, Fetter Lane, at seven o'clock.

Of three popular lectures on the art of engraving, to be delivered at St. George's Hall, Langham Place, by MR. LOUIS FAGAN, of the British Museum, on Tuesday nights, October 20th and 27th and November 3rd, the first will deal with line engraving, the second with the master-etchers, and the third with mezzotint, especially as applied to the representation of types of English beauty portrayed by Reynolds. Many photographic reproductions will be exhibited by oxy-hydrogen light.

AN "Anonymous Art Exhibition" will be opened in Stockholm early next year. The Academy appears to view with favour this original experiment, and the general art society of Sweden has agreed to house it. The exhibition will, no doubt, prove rich in surprises.

THE CONSPIRACY ABOARD THE MIDAS.*

"ARE you going home to England? So am I. I'm Johnny; and I've never been to England before, but I know all about it. There's great palaces of gold and ivory—that's for the lords and bishops—and there's Windsor Castle, the biggest of all, carved out of a single diamond—that's for the Queen. And she's the most beautiful lady in the whole world, and feeds her peacocks and birds of paradise out of a ruby cup. And then the sun is always shining, so that nobody wants any candles. Oh, words would fail me if I endeavoured to convey to you one half of the splendours of that enchanted realm!"

This last sentence tumbled so oddly from the childish lips, that I could not hide a smile as I looked down on my visitor. He stood just outside my cabin-door—a small, serious boy of about eight with long flaxen curls hardly dry after his morning bath. In the pauses of conversation he rubbed his head with a big bath-towel. His legs and feet were bare, and he wore only a little shirt and velveteen breeches with scarlet ribbons hanging untied at the knees.

"What are you laughing at?" he demanded.

I was driven to evasion.

"Why, you're wrong about the sunshine in England," I said. "The sun is not always shining there, by any means."

"That only shows how little you know about it."

"Johnny! Johnny!" a voice called down the companion ladder at this moment. It was followed by a thin, weary-looking man, dressed in carpet slippers and a suit of seedy black. I guessed his age at fifty, but suspect now that the lines about his somewhat prim mouth were traced there by sorrows rather than by years. He bowed to me shyly and addressed the boy.

"Johnny, what are you doing here—in bare feet?"

"Father, here is a man who says the sun doesn't always shine in England."

The man gave me a fleeting, embarrassed glance, and echoed, as if to shirk answering,

"In bare feet!"

"But it does, doesn't it? Tell him that it does," the child insisted.

Driven thus into a corner, the father turned his profile, avoiding my eyes, and said dully—

"The sun is always shining in England."

"Go on, father; tell him the rest."

"—and the use of candles, except as a luxury, is consequently unknown to the denizens of that favoured clime," he wound up, in the tone of a man who repeats an old, old lecture.

Johnny was turning to me triumphantly, when his father caught him by the hand and led him back to his dressing. The movement was hasty, almost rough; and it did not puzzle me the less because I heard a sob in the man's throat as they moved away. I stood at the cabin-door and looked after them.

We were fellow-passengers aboard the *Midas*, a merchant barque of near on a thousand tons, homeward bound from Sydney; and we had lost sight of the Heads of Port Jackson Bay but a couple of days before. It was the first week of the new year, and all day long a fiery sun made life below deck insupportable. Nevertheless, though we three were the only passengers on board and lived constantly in sight of each other, it was many days before I made any further acquaintance with Johnny and his father. The sad-faced man clearly desired to avoid me, answering my nod with a cold embarrassment, and clutching Johnny's hand whenever the child called "Good morning!" to me cordially. I fancied him ashamed of his foolish falsehood; and I, on my side, was angry at it. The pair were for ever strolling backwards and forwards on deck, or resting beneath the awning on the poop, and talking—always talking. I fancied the boy was delicate; he certainly had a bad cough during the first few days.

* The story of this conspiracy has been told before by the writer; but with some mistakes which he tries here to put right.

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But this went away as our voyage proceeded, and his colour was rich and rosy.

One afternoon I caught a fragment of their talk as they passed, Johnny brightly dressed and smiling, his father looking even more shabby and weary than usual. The man was speaking.

"—and Queen Victoria rides once a year through the streets of London, on her milk-white courser, to hear the nightingales sing in the Tower. For when she came to the throne, the Tower was full of prisoners; but with a stroke of her sceptre she changed them all into song-birds. Every year she releases fifty; and that is why they sing so rapturously, because each one hopes his turn has come at last."

I turned away. It was unconscionable, to cram the child's mind with these preposterous fables. I pictured the poor little chap's disappointment when the bleak reality came to stare him in the face. To my mind his father was worse than an idiot, and I could hardly bring myself to greet him, next morning, when we met.

My disgust did not seem to trouble him. In a timid way, even, his eyes expressed satisfaction. For a few days I let him alone, and then was forced to speak.

It happened in this way. Soon after passing the Cape, we had a day or two of total calm. The sails hung slack and the *Midas* slept like a turtle on the greasy sea. In the seams the pitch bubbled, and to walk the deck bare-foot was to blister the feet. The sailors loafed about and grumbled, with their hands in their pockets, or huddled forward under a second awning that was rigged up to protect them from the flaring heat.

On the second day of the calm, shortly after noon, I happened to pass this awning, and glanced in. Pretty well all the men were there, sitting or lounging; and in their midst, on a barrel, sat Johnny, with a flushed face.

One of the seamen—a fellow name Gibbings—was speaking. I heard him say—

An' the Lord Mayor'll be down at the docks to meet us, wi' his five-an'-fifty black boys, all a-blowin' on their silver trumpets. Pretty's the music they make, sonny"

The whole crew then, it seemed, was in this stupid conspiracy. I determined, for Johnny's sake, to protest, and that very evening drew Gibbings aside and rebuked him.

"Why," I asked, "lay up this certain, this bitter disappointment for the poor boy? Why talk to him as if he were bound for the New Jerusalem?"

Gibbings stared at me out of his honest eyes, and whispered—

"Why, sir, don't you know? Can't you see for yourself? It's because he is bound for the New Jerusalem: because—bless his small soul!—that's all the land he'll ever touch."

"Good Lord!" I cried. "Nonsense! His cough's better: and look at his cheeks."

"Ay,—we knows that colour, on this line. His cough's better, you say. You just wait for the nor'-east trades."

I left Gibbings, and after pacing up or down the deck a few times, stepped to the bulwarks, where a dark figure was leaning and gazing out over the black waters. Johnny was in bed; and a great shame swept over me as I noted the appealing wretchedness of this lonely form.

I stepped up and touched him softly on the arm.

"Sir, I am come to beg your forgiveness."

Next morning I joined the conspiracy.

After his father I became Johnny's most constant companion. "Father disliked you at first," was the child's frank comment; "he said you told fibs, but now he wants us to be friends." And we were excellent friends. I lied from morning to night—lied glibly, grandly. Sometimes, indeed, as I lay awake in my berth, a horror took me lest the springs of my imagination should run dry. But they never did. As a liar I out-classed every man on board.

But, by and by, the boy began to punctuate my fables with that hateful cough. This went on for a week; and, one day, in the midst of our short stroll, his legs gave way under him. As I caught him in my arms, he looked up with a smile.

"I'm very weak, you know. But it'll be all right when I get to England."

But it was not till we caught the trade-winds, as Gibbings had foretold, that Johnny grew visibly worse. In a week he had to lie still on his couch beneath the awning, and the patter of his feet ceased on the deck. The captain, who was a bit of a doctor, said to me one day:

"He will never live to see England."

But he did.

It was a soft spring morning when the *Midas* sighted the Lizard, and Johnny was still with us, lying on his couch, though almost too weak to move a limb. As the day wore on, we lifted him, once or twice, to look—

"Can you see them quite plain?" he asked; "and the precious stones hanging on the trees? And the palaces—and the white elephants?"

I stared through my glass at the naked rocks and white-washed light-house above them, and answered—

"Yes, they are all there."

All day long we were beside him, looking out and peopling the shores of home with all manner of vain shows and pageants; and when one man broke down another took his place.

As the sun fell, and twilight drew on, the bright revolving lights on the two towers suddenly flashed out their greeting. We were about to carry the child below; but he saw the flash, and held up a feeble hand.

"What is that?"

"Those two lights," I answered, telling my last lie, "are the lanterns of Cormelian and Cormoran, the two Cornish giants. They are standing on the shore to welcome us. See—each swings his lantern round, and then for a moment it is dark; now wait a moment and you'll see the light again."

"Ah," said the child, with a little sigh, "it is good to be—home!"

And with that word on his lips, as we waited for the next flash, Johnny stretched himself and died.

Q.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

"THE TRUE FUNCTION OF WOMAN."

SIR.—The sphere of women's influence and activity is confined within limits imposed by social usage no less than by legal enactment, which, I take it, the supporters of the *status quo* do not desire to see relaxed.

Now, either women are naturally unadapted for the exercise of those functions which your correspondents deny them, or they are not. If they are, what can be the sense of excluding them from occupations which they are naturally incapable of following? and if they are not, what reasonable ground can there be for depriving the community of the benefit of those services which they are admittedly able to render?

The fact is, the true function of woman is exactly what woman chooses to make it. As long as legal restrictions and social conventions interpose themselves between her and the untrammelled exercise of her abilities, so long must we be content to remain in ignorance of what that function is.

The discussion of what women may and ought to do will remain the most idle and unfruitful possible, until we have copious and irrefragable proofs of what they have done and can do.

The propriety of confining women within the narrow limits of their domestic life is a matter which ought to be determined by the taste and temperament of individuals, not by exclusive and unjust restrictions.

The number of women who are able to find sufficient outlet for their energies in the care of husband and children, and the details of household management, is less than it used to be, and the number of those who care little or nothing for these things increases day by day; this may be a matter for regret, but it is the truest wisdom to look the fact fairly in the face and to make provision for its existence, not by useless appeals to a domestic ideal, which is less in accord with the general sentiment of mankind than it used to be, but by a prompt recognition of the evils

of which it is the expression, by the entire and instant removal of those disabilities by which the sexes are legally differentiated and by the cultivation of a broader and more generous public sentiment.—Your obedient servant,
September 28th, 1891.

J. P. SLAGG.

SIR,—I read with great regret and some indignation your article on Frederic Harrison's address on "The True Function of Woman" in your issue of September 12th. It is difficult to understand why the domain of politics differs so vitally from all others. Women manage their homes, train and teach their boys and girls; they are authors, artists, doctors, nurses, farmers, etc., and they manage businesses of all kinds, frequently not only earning their own living, but maintaining parents or children. It is idle to say that all this can be done without either intelligence or practical shrewdness; and yet we are told that the moment a woman turns her attention to public affairs, her common sense will desert her, and she will be drowned in a flood of sentiment. To look round on any community and to observe the part which women play in it, and the part which men play, seems enough to convict the writer of the article either of a total blindness to the facts of the case or of an intention to affront women. I confess that the latter suggestion seems the more probable one. Such an attitude on the part of professed Liberals is enough to crush out all hope of that intelligent co-operation between men and women in all affairs, whether of the family or the State, which to many thoughtful people seems to promise a satisfaction and completeness not to be found in the action of either alone.

While women are every day becoming more and more conscious of their own powers, and are every day giving fresh proof of them in different directions, it is futile to attempt to shut any door in their faces. The only effect of such an attempt will be to create discord where there should be harmony, and by placing obstacles in their way to give them one more opportunity of refuting the charges brought against them.—Yours faithfully,
ANNIE WILKINSON.

SIR,—Mr. Burne-Jones's letter in last Saturday's *SPEAKER* says that "ladies" seem to be pursuing a dignified silence while this discussion is going on about the habits and characteristics of their sex. Do you not think that the silence really arises from a feeling of despair?

Each writer of these various letters no doubt has before his mental vision, as he puts pen to paper, some female relative unknown to the general public, but who forms the basis for his philosophy of the sex. Now, in order to allow these disputants to judge the question dispassionately, we should have to undertake the stupendous task of finding out who that female relative is in each case, and then of forcibly removing her from his range of vision. You will agree with me, I am sure, that under these circumstances, it is better to let the controversy take its own course.

Meanwhile, may I be allowed to recall to your memory an incident of the Law Courts. The other day a wily counsel introduced Mrs. —, who was possessed of considerable personal attractions, into the witness-box, to be sworn. The learned judge looked down at the wily counsel with a shake of the head and a look of disapprobation.

"Mr. —," he said, solemnly, "I know you're doing this just to prejudice me!"

Does this suggest to you that there might be a very instructive discussion on the "instinctively emotional" temperament of what is called the "sterner" sex, or do you think the *tu quoque* argument too primitive a weapon of warfare?—Faithfully yours,
ELLEN S. H. RITCHIE.

39, Banbury Road, Oxford, September 30th.

SIR,—To many of us who desire women's political and social enfranchisement, Mr. Frederic Harrison's late disquisition upon our "true function" has seemed more curious than important. The Positivists are thoroughly consistent. The social despotism which they advocate forms an integral part of a coherent system which embraces the whole of life and politics. But the case is altogether different when our only Liberal weekly endeavours, through an unsigned, and, we suppose, "authorised" article, to insert into the Liberal programme a slice of Comtist absolutism, namely, the political suppression of women. It is true that the writer of your article on "The True Function of Woman" endorses Mr. Harrison's view with some qualifications, but these are only such as any sane person must inevitably make who occasionally descends from Utopia to look common facts of life in the face. In all essentials his sympathies are with Mr. Harrison. Though your writer is probably in the habit of describing himself as a Liberal, his mode of reasoning belongs altogether to the worshipper of authority. He would retain half the human race in practical serfdom, on the ancient and well-worn plea that its natural constitution renders it unfit for freedom. His assumption of insight into the workshop of Nature, or—as the case may be—into the designs of the Almighty, is simply an

arrogant method of stating his personal tastes and predilections. The article is packed with assertions for which next to no proof is offered, and which have been refuted again and again.

It is interesting to note that this writer, in his contempt for women, is led to prove, or rather to assert, too much for his purpose. Regarding the government of the home as woman's primary function, he would also have her engage in charitable enterprise, especially the "organisation" of other women's "industrial energies." But to grant her the franchise would, he thinks, be to let a "perfect flood of emotion" into political life. Is there, then, no risk in handing over operations of charity, including the delicate and difficult task of organising the industry of women, to our "superfluously sentimental" sex, whose imagination, according to this writer, so far exceeds its reasoning powers? Surely nothing has been more convincingly proved than the need of self-restraint and "practical shrewdness" to temper enthusiasm, in the successful organisation of philanthropic enterprise. Yet he sees no objection to turning upon it that "flood of emotion" which he apprehends as a serious danger in politics.

Further, one would think that a creature so incapable of reasoning, so entirely at the mercy of emotion, as this writer's average woman, must even be ill adapted for the special career which Mr. Harrison and he mark out for her. I cannot imagine that she would be capable of governing her household or training her children efficiently. The State is, to a great extent, an aggregation of families. One kind of governing is not so distinct from all other kinds as to demand a wholly different set of qualities. Defects which absolutely unfit women for the service of the State would, in a great measure, unfit them for the government of the home.

Mr. Harrison's eloquent description, so much admired by your writer, of Woman and the Ideal Home betrays a defective knowledge of the average wife's and mother's everyday life. That is by no means given up to the exercise of the emotions and affections. He seems to ignore the petty cares, the tedious details of household supervision—too often the sordid economies—which engage so much time with women who do not belong to the wealthy and leisured classes. To receive the worship of her husband and the caresses of her children, to radiate a strictly feminine kind of culture and refinement as she "queens it" in her artistic drawing-room among the objects of art that have been collected for her and the graceful embroideries of her creation, would seem to be the principal functions of Mr. Harrison's ideal woman. That elegant female may be an everyday phenomenon in the Positivist Society, but hers is not the condition of the average married woman outside it—though, indeed, some of us would doubt if this glorified queen-bee kind of existence would be altogether enviable.

Your writer's theory as to the "part which nature primarily intended woman to play," needs to be confronted with the patent fact that among women, as among men, there exists a wide variety of capacity, both moral and intellectual. We are all acquainted with women, and not a few of these, who find an exclusively home life but little to their taste, and show small aptitude for its special functions and duties. I do not care to inquire if these women are of a higher or lower sort. We only contend that it is bad economy to force them to choose between inaction and functions for which they are indifferently fitted. We demand for them the privilege freely to engage in any kind of independent activity, either public or private, for which they feel they have a vocation. We demand that they shall not be debarred from occupations which are congenial to them, and in which they can render service to society—including political service—in deference to crude generalisations about woman's tendency to sentimentalism and unproved dogmas about her "essential constitution." Surely one of the chief problems of the future is how we may best utilise every variety of human capacity in the interests of the individual and of society. Experience points to freedom and equality of opportunity as the surest way—at least, that is the opinion of Radicals—and no Radical woman who deserves the name asks either for coddling or for suppression—only for a "fair field and no favour;" but this *THE SPEAKER* would deny us.
A RADICAL WOMAN.

Champéry, Valais, September, 1891.

SIR W. LAWSON AND THE DRINK TRAFFIC.

SIR,—In your issue of last Saturday Sir Wilfrid Lawson says, "What we object to is the present system of making people drunk by Act of Parliament." Though his words seem to imply it, Sir Wilfrid does not—I assume it—charge the British Parliament with designedly causing intemperance. No; it is only responsible by permitting things to be done which of necessity eventuate in intemperance. To diminish intemperance, to promote sobriety, the following should be—on the part of promoters—the "agenda":—

1. To reduce the number of public-houses. The labouring classes are quite entitled to their "drink;" but if five licensed houses supply the demand, why license ten?

2. To prohibit the holder of a "grocer's licence" selling liquor for consumption on his premises. It is illegal already, but still generally done because of ineffectual police supervision.

3, 1891.

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3. To see after the "quality" of the "stuff" sold—a thing rarely done. It is frequently not the "quantity" but the "quality" of the stuff sold that causes intemperance.

4. To punish, and largely, all who give to those who have already imbibed sufficiently deeply.

5. To see after the "police," who so very frequently go about with closed eyes.

6. To disallow late hours—say, to close all *purely* drinking houses—houses supplying liquids without solids—at nine p.m.
September 28th, 1891. SACERDOS HIBERNICUS.

"THE NATIONALISATION OF CATHEDRALS."

SIR,—I do not desire to inflict on you an everlasting controversy on cathedrals; but "Scrutator's" letter again reminds me that the abundant criticism of the article in the *Contemporary* has mostly been directed to small details rather than to principles. "Scrutator" says that Mr. Gwatkin is a thorough Churchman, and that Sir George has been a clergyman, though he pursues a layman's career. But the point I made in regard to Mr. Gwatkin was that, be his reasons for remaining a layman what they might, the authorities were vehemently desirous of finding a clergyman for the position he fills so admirably, but that, though they hunted high and low through Cambridge, they could not find one, that eventually they got an Oxford man, and that when he obtained his bishopric, they had perforce to fall back on the layman whom they ought to have appointed long before. As for Sir George Stokes, what more remarkable proof of my main point could be given than that he prefers the wider and freer scope of a layman's career as compared with that of a clergyman?

Let me sum up the moral of the controversy as I see it. The Church will be disestablished or it will not. In either case the difficulty presents itself: "What is the nation going to do with its cathedrals?" Will it, in the event of disestablishment, follow the precedent of the Irish Church, and (as Mr. Goldwin Smith suggests in the *Nineteenth Century*) give over to a mere sect, which will have lost its corporate and national existence, the cathedrals and the parish churches, to say nothing of the glebes? Then it will have given away a national inheritance for a fanciful ideal of religious equality, worth nothing from the point of view of practical politics. Or suppose, again, that the Church withstands the assaults on her association with the State. Then we must either develop the Arnold and Stanley ideal of a really national church which would enrich, "like a dome of many-coloured glass," the varied social, intellectual, and religious life of the time, or we must submit to the spectacle of a powerful ecclesiastical corporation monopolising the most imposing historic monuments and using them and its endowments for sectarian ends. I showed that it would not be so difficult partially and cautiously to secularise the cathedrals; and I have been reminded, since the *Contemporary* article was written, that the rubric excluding laymen from the ministry was not passed till 1660. Surely the spirit of the age, as well as the most enlightened school of modern church theology, is favourable not to widening but to narrowing the bonds between what is "secular" and what is "sacred." The mediæval Churchman mingled the two in his conception of the use of religious buildings; while the modern man perpetually finds himself asking Emerson's question, "Which is human, which divine?"—I am, sir, yours faithfully,
H. W. MASSINGHAM.

CROMER.

MISGUIDED persons, who abused
"The sunless summertide," have used
A strange misnomer;
As they would find if they had seen
East Anglia's sunshine, and had been
With us at Cromer.

No child of wisdom understands
How anyone in foreign lands
Can be a roamer,
Who might instead fly Eastward-ho!
And feel the soft sea-breezes blow
The sands at Cromer.

The corn-fields fringe the ocean there,
Like some mermaid's golden hair
Who comes to comb her
Bright locks where sea and shore are wed:
And poppies mark with letters red
The days at Cromer.

The sea is blue as sapphire-stone,
And every wave upon its zone
A snowy foamer:

The land seems robed in purple plush,
For crimson heather loves to flush
The moors at Cromer.

In telling tales of such a land
I would that I could find to hand
The pen of Homer,
That I might raise poetic steam,
And hymn—with justice to the theme—
The praise of Cromer.

ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE,

Friday, October 2nd, 1891.

THE volume of verse by the late Miss Amy Levy which Mr. T. Fisher Unwin has just reprinted under the title of "A Minor Poet" raises a melancholy but important question. In common pity and common charity a critic might well pass by the grave of this young poetess, and say no harder word than that "she chose to die." Even when we open this book and learn from the first poem—which gives its name to the collection—that her end came in no blind fit of impatience, but was merely the conclusion, put into practice, of that sad syllogism in which she summed up human existence, we might still forbear from comment if we could believe hers to be an isolated case, the mistake of one unquiet spirit lost in solitary paths. To keep silence in that case would be wise as well as kind.

But nobody who reads many modern books can believe this. Miss Levy's case is by no means solitary: it is rather symptomatic just now—one in a great epidemic of hopelessness which has infected whole tracts of literature. On every hand one hears protests from middle-aged critics against this pervading and desolating pessimism; and, though it is a genuine grief to me to find myself on the side of the middle-aged, I cannot help it, because I believe them in this matter to be in the right. Nor does it seem unwarrantable to take Miss Levy's *apologia pro morte sua* and strip it to its lowest terms in an honest attempt to show that the reasons for despair which she found so convincing are, in reality, counsels of narrow selfishness, of indolence, and of poor work, and, in themselves, quite despicable.

The motto at the head of her poem asks—

"What should such fellows as I do,
Crawling between earth and heaven?"

—and the Minor Poet, who is about to take laudanum as a protest against the intolerable weight of living, soliloquises as follows—

"I am myself, as each man is himself—
Feels his own pain, joys his own joy, and loves
With his own love, no other's. Friend, the world
Is but one man; one man is but the world.
And I am I, and you are Tom, that bleeds
When needles prick your flesh (mark, yours, not mine).
I must confess it; I can feel the pulse
A-beating at my heart, yet never knew
The throb of cosmic pulses. I lament
The death of youths' ideal in my heart;
And, to be honest, never yet rejoiced
In the world's progress—scarce, indeed, discerned. . . ."

I make no comment on this, beyond saying that, when a man views the wide world and his fellow-creatures in this light, we may expect him very shortly to be complaining that his environment does not suit him; and so it happens in this instance. The hero tells us he is

"a note
All out of tune in this world's instrument,"

and proceeds to hint that the fault lies with his fellow-men, who are a trifle too gross for him. He is, in fact,

"a dweller on the earth
Yet not content to dig with other men,
Because of certain sudden sights and sounds
(Bars of broke music; furtive, fleeting glimpse
Of angel faces 'thwart the grating seen)
Perceived in Heaven. Yet when I approach
To catch the sound's completeness, to absorb
The faces' full perfection, Heaven's gate,
Which then had stood ajar, sudden falls to,
And I, a-shiver in the dark and cold,
Scarce hear afar the mocking tones of men:
'He would not dig forsooth; but he must strive
For higher fruits than what our tillage yields;
Behold what comes, my brothers, of vain pride!'"

And, upon my word, it seems that the "mocking tones of men" are pretty much in the right.

For observe that the man confesses to have sought nothing but his own satisfaction in it all. The notion that his brothers and sisters, too, have glimpses of Heaven, or should be encouraged to have any, never dawns on his understanding. He wants the place all to himself. Nor does it even occur to him that the way might possibly lie through the hearts of these fellow-mortals. They are assumed to be dull, negligible brutes, digging for low vegetables. In dealing with self-absorption of this sort it is difficult to avoid a theological tone; and to speak in terms of theology would appear to our opponents a *petitio principii*. You see, our views of life have changed so very much since Coleridge wrote—

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small."

When a critic gets down to the bed-rock of first-principles—and that is where we find ourselves—he can do little more than state his belief and refer those who are curious about his reasons for it to the moral philosopher or the divine. My own belief is that to be selfishly absorbed in the welfare of one's own soul is rather ugly and excessively foolish. Possibly men have lived, before now, in the world who were too good for their environment—men whose souls were so priceless that it was worth their owners' while to neglect all else for the purpose of cultivating them. But the temptation to rank ourselves with these splendid creatures should only, I think, be yielded to after deep consideration; for the chances favour a mistake. It is rash to cry out, with Miss Levy,

"There is no place for me in all this world;"

and it is even more rash to assume, without quite a large quantity of evidence, that the fault lies with the world.

Everybody nowadays seems fallen into a sweat about his own soul. He or she—for Ibsen's Nora is an instance, of course—seems so anxious that it should develop properly; and people run about in a truly terrible flutter, and call their environment all manner of hard names when it appears to obstruct this development at all. It is not even a new game. Augustine played it with Christianity, and impartial minds may judge if he improved on the Gospel. But what, after all, does it matter?

It matters this much at any rate: it is bound to result in bad work, for the simple reason that it is so contemptibly easy. As in life and writing it is easier to be brutal than human, ugly than beautiful, diseased than healthy—for a pound of unripe fruit will do more mischief to a man's stomach than he can cure in a year—so it is easier to be self-absorbed than catholic; and the easiness of the feat may account for the number of studies of the artistic temperament that have lately been given to a world which probably (and wisely) does not care two straws for the artistic temperament. Why on earth should the healthy men and women whom we see be hustled

into sympathy for Dick Heldars and James Colthursts? Why should we, who aspire to be artists—that is, to paint the world, with its joys and sorrows—be for ever neglecting our business and prating about our own joys and sorrows instead? The simple reason is that it comes so much easier than the study of our fellows.

But Miss Levy's book is instructive because in it this creed of self-absorption is courageously pushed to its final absurdity. If a man is really "all out of tune with this world's instrument," and cannot develop himself to his mind, and really believes it of supreme importance that he should, the conclusion is that all things are hopeless and he had better follow the "Minor Poet's" example and take poison. Or, to put it differently: No man is responsible for his entrance into this world and if he chooses to dislike the place and disclaim the responsibility of living in it, that is his concern. As I say, to contest this we must go deeper than criticism; but the critic can, at any rate, ask one question, "If life is hopeless, why go on writing about it?"

A. T. Q. C.

REVIEWS.

THE LONDON PROGRAMME.

THE LONDON PROGRAMME. By Sidney Webb. London: Swan Sonnenschein. 1891.

IN view of the coming General Election, the book before us is a most opportune publication, constituting as it does a complete text-book of the London Liberal Programme. It is, like everything from Mr. Webb's pen, very readable, lucid, and interesting; and should be studied, not only by all London politicians, but by provincial politicians as well. For, indeed, while professedly treating of London problems alone, many of the reforms advocated apply equally to other towns; while some, such as the question of registration, for instance, are of Imperial interest.

It is well, however, that London should have a special programme and a special appeal. Deprived, until quite lately, of any real self-government, even now the self-government that has at last been vouchsafed to her, is trammelled and curtailed in every direction. As Mr. Webb well puts it:—

"The London County Council is often assumed to correspond roughly (outside the City) with the Town Council in a provincial borough. But it is a municipal authority without any of the powers and duties which take up nine-tenths of the time of a provincial Town Council. It has nothing to do with paving, cleansing, or lighting the streets; waterworks, gasworks, markets, and tramways are completely outside its province; its police form an army as alien as the Irish Constabulary; it is functionless and almost powerless in valuation and assessment; it does not collect its own rates; it has no more control over the Thames than over the tides; it is neither the sanitary nor the burial authority; and it cannot even prepare or supervise the registration of the voters who elect it."

"It is, in fact, simply a cross between the county justices and the Metropolitan Board of Works; and its chief occupations are a strange hotch-potch of lunatic asylums and the fire-brigade, main drainage and industrial schools, bridges and baby-farms."

Further than this, while hampered in its action by all sorts of absurd restrictions on its power, the Representative Body of London is harassed and harried in the House of Commons—to which, by the way, no appeal should be necessary. The London Tories, defeated in their attempt to capture the County Council at the polls, vent their spleen by mortifying and maltreating it as far as they dare in the House.

People sneer—provincials, who have themselves enjoyed fifty years of self-government, sneer—at the lack of interest that Londoners take in their own affairs. But corporate interest cannot be evoked without the existence of a centre, of some rallying-point. How could the interest of local citizenship be evoked by the existence of the vestries or by

that vestrified vestry, the Metropolitan Board of Works? The thing was impossible. But already, with the change of system, the interest of Londoners in their municipal affairs is being awakened. And if, and when, they are at last allowed really to govern themselves, they intend that their great municipality shall outvie in intelligence, activity, and zeal, that of Birmingham, of Manchester, or of any other large town. To turn this prolonged apathy into really acute interest, Londoners must be given both freedom and power. They must have, not only the rudiments of Municipal Home Rule, but real self-government. That which is still lacking who runs may read in this little volume: London as it might be and ought to be, is contrasted with London as it is.

Mr. Sidney Webb's political proclivities are so well known that it may be some old-fashioned politicians will be "put off" his book by imagining that it was yet another propagandist manifesto of those "economic bushrangers, the young men of the Fabian Society." This is not so. On this occasion Mr. Webb writes more as a Radical than as a Fabian, and, except on one subject, leasehold enfranchisement, every reform that he advocates is, as far as we can see, included, or, at least, about to be included, in the authorised programme of the Liberal party; is certainly included in the programme of every Liberal and Radical in London. We do not mean, of course, for a moment to insinuate that Mr. Webb is in any degree false to his Fabian faith. But "collectivism"—the "promotion of the interests of London as a whole rather than those of individual Londoners"—is, as regards municipal matters, as dear to the heart of the Liberal as to that of the Fabian.

And what are these essential reforms? London Radicals are not red and revolutionary, they are a moderate and peaceable set of persons. Their principal desire, as far as London is concerned, may be summed up in a word—a free hand to the great central representative Body of the metropolis. Give this body, say they, the largest possible power of dealing with all questions affecting citizenship in London. Give it full power to deal with the water question, the question of lighting, the question of food supply—both as to provision and as to supervision. Give it power to deal, by way of ownership, of supervision, and if necessary of administration, with the tramway question. Give it power to solve the difficulties of the housing question. Make it responsible for "law and order" in its own area. Give it power to deal with the large group of financial questions classed under the head of local taxation and rating—including the problems of "unearned increment," "betterment,"* "ground values," and "a municipal death duty." And, in connection with this question of equalisation of taxation and relief of burdens, London's heritage in the City Companies should be brought into the common stock.

So far as regards the Central Body. But local government in London must be reformed at the bottom as well as at the top. The Vestries and the District Boards must be placed on a popular and truly representative basis; and the new local body, though independent and with real responsibilities of its own, should be directly in touch with the County Council Body. Again, for Poor Law purposes, London should be unified into a representative Poor Law Council, so that equality of rating, equality of treatment, and greater publicity, may be brought about. Three other points. The Thames, like the Clyde, the Mersey, and the Tyne, should belong to the citizens of London, and be controlled by a representative body. The carrying trade of the greatest port in the world should no longer be left at the mercy of a single class—capitalist or labour—but, as at Liverpool, Glasgow, and Bristol, should be controlled in the interest of the community at large. A "Hospitals

Board" is necessary for the sake of the efficient and economical administration of our London hospitals. Finally, registration reform is more urgently needed in London than anywhere else.

To this platform we could add two other planks not mentioned by Mr. Webb—the pauper alien must be kept out; the benefits of the Factory Act must be genuinely extended and properly applied to workshops, domestic or otherwise. One thing further. It should be laid down as a fundamental principle in regard to the administration of London affairs that the different public bodies should, both in regard to the labour they themselves employ, and in regard to their contract work, take care that a "fair wage" shall be paid, and moderate hours of work prevail; thus setting a good example to other employers of labour.

A word on the question of leasehold enfranchisement, to which we have already incidentally alluded. Mr. Webb, as a Fabian (supported as he is in this view by Mr. Haldane, Mr. Asquith, Sir Edward Grey, and a few other "logical" Radicals), objects altogether to what is called "leasehold enfranchisement," on the ground that we ought to municipalise our land and not merely add to the number of freeholders. This is true. At the same time we agree rather with the view of some of the London Radicals, who, when the question lately came up in the House, first voted for Mr. Haldane's amendment—practically municipalisation of land—and then, that amendment being lost, voted for the principle of leasehold enfranchisement as a protest against the existing land system in London. The amendment embodied the Ideal—as yet but a counsel of Perfection. Municipalisation of land, or even "municipalisation of the unearned increment," is not yet within the range of practical politics; and meanwhile the present leasehold system—the absorption of the property of the tenant by the freeholder or middleman—is a crying evil. Leasehold enfranchisement deals, we admit, with only the fringe of a great subject: it is inadequate, but it is not necessarily retrograde. To introduce the thin end of the wedge into the land monopoly of London would be surely a satisfactory move; while the subsequent application of the principle of municipalisation of land would thereby be in no way retarded or endangered. The opposition, if opposition there were, on the part of the new freeholders, would be of no avail against public opinion when educated up to the necessary point.

However, we will not quarrel with Mr. Webb over this point, which, after all, is a very minor matter. With his "London Programme" as a whole we are most heartily in accord, and we cordially echo his eloquent words:—

"The hope of the future for dense urban communities admittedly lies in the wise extension of collective action. By himself the typical Londoner is a frail and sickly unit, cradled in the gutter, housed in a slum, slaving in a sweater's den, and dying in the workhouse infirmary. Collectively he is a member of the greatest and most magnificent city which the world has known, commanding all the latest resources of civilisation, and disposing of almost boundless wealth."

HOSMER'S "HISTORY OF ANGLO-SAXON FREEDOM."

A SHORT HISTORY OF ANGLO-SAXON FREEDOM, the Polity of the English-speaking Race, outlined in its Inception, Development, Diffusion, and Present Condition. By James K. Hosmer. London: Walter Scott. 1890.

This book, though it has only a London publisher's name on its title-page, is an American book, and was printed at Boston, Mass. It is the fact that the book is American—very essentially American—that gives it its value. Mr. Hosmer, a professor in Washington University, St. Louis, is one of those who are doing their best to teach the severed branches of the English folk to understand their true relations to one another. No object can be worthier; and every man who does anything towards it should be received with a cordial welcome. Towards such we cannot afford to be fastidious. In a book written

* In connection with these financial questions, Sir Thomas Farrer's little volume on "Mr. Goschen's Finance," recently reviewed in these columns, should be consulted.

with such a purpose there may be faults of style, there may be slips of detail in matters of fact, and yet the book may be likely to do thoroughly good work. We do not expect its matter to be new. A German critic would of course turn up his nose at it; here is *Nichts neues*, and that is enough. But the ready scribe of the Gospel, who brings out of his treasure things new and old, is a higher and more useful character than the German critic. There are many fields of work, and that in which Mr. Hosmer is engaged is pre-eminently one of them, in which the best work that can be done is to say the same truths over and over again. The more mouths that utter them, the more shapes in which they are uttered, the better. The minds of a great part of the English people in both hemispheres are utterly confused as to the important facts who they are themselves and in what relations they stand to their parted kinsfolk. And there are not a few in both hemispheres who make it their deliberate business to lead them astray. In such a case we want all the prophets we can get, even though some of them may be minor prophets. One gets a hearing in one place or from one kind of people, and another in another. And as long as their prophesying is essentially true, we can, under the present distress, forgive smaller matters. We talked some time ago about Mr. Fiske; we are now talking about Mr. Hosmer. We are not sure whether, in strict order of time, we ought not to have talked about this book of Mr. Hosmer's before some books of Mr. Fiske's; but it does not matter. On the whole, we like Mr. Fiske's way of putting things better than Mr. Hosmer's; but as long as they both put forth essentially the right things, there is room for both, and for plenty more. Neither Mr. Fiske nor Mr. Hosmer could abide the standard of the German critic; but neither of them is the worse for that. Neither of them is writing a dissertation for the degree of Ph.D. If he were, it would of course be his business to say something that nobody had ever said before, to make some sharp guess, to put forth some ingenious paradox, which may haply be admired till the next candidate puts forth some other paradox more ingenious still. Our American fellow-workers aim at something better; they have not to devise new guesses, but to repeat old truths. They have to go on saying the same things, precept upon precept, line upon line, here a little and there a little. When there are so many that sow tares, the more that sow wheat the better. When so many need to be preached to, great must be the company of the preachers. We cannot afford to discourage any, though there is perhaps none to whom we may not now and then be able to give a useful hint.

Mr. Hosmer certainly comes nearer to "high falutin'"—at least he talks in a bigger way—than Mr. Fiske. And one could almost have wished to get rid of the rather misleading terms, in the title-page, "Anglo-Saxon freedom" and "English-speaking race." One's first feeling is, Why not plain "English" at once? "English-speaking" is a form which can be needed only if we wish to take in Irish and negroes; and, whatever English, Irish, and negroes make, it cannot be a "race." Yet if the English beyond the Ocean can be more easily persuaded that they are English by calling them by some other name and not "English," it may be a bit of the wisdom of the serpent to call them by that other name. In this way one can, by an effort, bring oneself to swallow the formula of "Anglo-Saxon freedom" where one wants either the simpler "English" or the wider "Teutonic." It is harder to accept Mr. Hosmer's favourite formula of quotation; "Says a modern English authority;" "Said Gladstone at Oxford;" "Wrote a poet;" where "says," "said," and "wrote" are the first words in the sentence. It needs some self-restraint when we find the Norman Conqueror turned into "a prince from France," and when he is made to land at Hastings, even though it be to point a contrast between him and Louis-Napoleon Bonaparte. We heartily wish Mr. Hosmer would not talk

about "serfs" in England, a word which was never in use in England in either French or English. The *servi* of Domesday are not "serfs," but slaves. And we should be sorry to guarantee the minute accuracy of all Mr. Hosmer's statements about English affairs, in which there is very little sign of any handling of original writers. But one can forgive a good deal to one who so thoroughly has the root of the matter in him as Mr. Hosmer. Let us take a characteristic specimen of Mr. Hosmer's matter and manner, in its strength and in its weakness. He is still on the continent of Europe, among "Primitive Saxons." He quotes a highly wrought passage of J. R. Green, starting from the text, "All England lay in that oldest home;" then Mr. Hosmer takes up his own parable:

"All America lay in that oldest home no less. The blood and fibre of the whole great English-speaking race, in fact, is derived from those Elbe and Weser plains; government of the people, for the people, by the people, which is the breath of its life wherever that race may be scattered, is the ancient Anglo-Saxon freedom."

It is thus seen to be quite to the purpose when Mr. Hosmer, in his first chapter on "The Primitive Saxons," begins with the sentence "On the 30th of April, 1789, Washington, as the first President of the United States, took a solemn oath to maintain the Federal Constitution." Mr. Hosmer's object is to trace the steps, in the oldest England on the European mainland, in the middle England in the European island, in the newer England in the new world of America, by which the presidential oath of Washington grew out of the state of things which Green, with somewhat of lively fancy, pictured in the older Saxon and Anglian lands. Mr. Hosmer goes diligently through all the intervening ages, dealing with the constitutional aspect of things, first in England, then in England and America, then in England, America, and the rest of the English world. He does this in the kind of way at which we have already hinted—a way which, in point of scholarly treatment and finish, leaves much to be desired, but which cannot fail to be useful to those to whom it is immediately addressed. After his historical sketch—a sketch, as he says, "taking in eighteen hundred years, from the Germans of Tacitus to the present moment," he goes on to discuss "the Future of Anglo-Saxon Freedom." Here he has to fight an oft-fought battle against those in either hemisphere who fancy that the amount of foreign immigration into the United States has destroyed their English character. It is only in America that such a question can need to be seriously argued. In England there is a large amount of ignorance and dislike; but it hardly gets beyond ignorance and dislike; there cannot be said to be any definite doctrine to dispute against. In America it is otherwise. The foreign settler in America is ready to become "American," whatever meaning he attaches to that name. He does not like to be told that he can become "American" only by in some sort becoming English. And even a New Englander of the purest Puritan blood does not always like to be called "English," though he may allow Mr. Hosmer to call him "Anglo-Saxon." He does not like to be called "English," because he thinks that so to call him denies or depreciates his political nationality; he does not grasp the existence of a higher nationality, which, while leaving his political nationality untouched within its own range, overrides it for higher purposes. And there is moreover a more curious feeling than all, which Mr. Fiske, Mr. Hosmer, and their comrades have often to strive against. We have known Americans feel offended at any setting forth of the essentially English character of American institutions. They answer, "You deny us all originality." Their share in the common English, the common Teutonic, heritage is thought less precious than the supposed credit of having invented something new. The best answer to this kind of talk is to take our stand at

the year 1789, to compare the revolution which ended that year in America with the revolution which began that year in France. The French Revolution had just that kind of "originality" which is denied to the American. The French Revolution, as far as could be done, cut loose all ties between the past and the present. The American Revolution preserved those ties in a way which, under the circumstances, was wonderful indeed. Which answered best, the conservative revolution or the destructive one?

From the assertion of the essential unity of the English folk under all difficulties Mr. Hosmer goes on to ask two questions, which he puts thus:—

"1. Does the English-speaking race respect and love the freedom which it has inherited? 2. Has the race within it any proper feeling of brotherhood?"

It is not quite easy to see what Mr. Hosmer means to be the answer to the first question. The chapter consists mainly of extracts from various writers, British and American, setting forth the essential unity of the English folk on both sides of the Ocean. The last chapter also contains a good many extracts, chiefly from writers in Great Britain and the still dependent Colonies of Great Britain, which may be commended to the notice of those who babble about Imperial Federation without telling us what it is, without explaining how the two exactly opposite ideas of "empire" and "federation" are to be reconciled. Such talkers, when they talk of a federation of the Queen's dominions and a federation of the English-speaking people as if they were the same thing, just forget that the majority of the Queen's subjects are not English-speaking, and that the majority of the English-speaking people are not the Queen's subjects. Mr. Hosmer has brought together from various parts the sayings of men who have not forgotten those two simple facts. They see that a union of the "Anglo-Saxon," the "English-speaking" people, is no union at all if the "Anglo-Saxon people," the "English-speaking people," of the United States, are left out. But they see also that a political union of any kind between the older and the newer England is out of the question; and while they look forward hopefully to a union of another kind, they see the difficulties in the way even of that. Mr. Hosmer states some of them strongly and clearly:—

"As for a union, only one purely moral is possible or desirable. . . . Should the will for such fraternity be felt, there is no power of nature or man which could interfere to prevent it. Had we but the will! We nurse too carefully old prejudices; we remember too long ancient injuries. We train our children, as we were trained ourselves, to execrate all things British, to think only of England's tyranny. Do we not know that more than half of England were, in the Revolution, really on our side, regarding our cause as their own?"

This last refers to what Mr. Hosmer has said in a former chapter about the state of feeling in England at the time of the American War of Independence. He quotes an American writer for the saying that "the American Revolution was not a quarrel between two peoples, but a strife between two parties in one people—Conservatives and Liberals." This is hardly an exhaustive account of the case; but it has a strong element of truth in it. If not the mass of the nation, if not the whole of any party, yet some of the wisest men in England at that day undoubtedly looked on the cause of the American Colonies as their own cause.

We welcome Mr. Hosmer as one of the supporters of what, though in another shape, is essentially the same cause in our own day. We could wish that Mr. Hosmer would, in another edition, chasten his style a little, that he would get some competent scholar to revise his minuter statements of fact in the earlier ages. But even as he is, his hearty and generous advocacy of doctrines which, in his country, it needs some boldness to maintain, cannot fail to help on the object which is common to him and to us.

THE QUAKER AS CRUSADER.

BRITISH FOLKS AND BRITISH INDIA FIFTY YEARS AGO: JOSEPH PEASE AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES. By John Hyslop Bell. Manchester and London: John Heywood.

THIS book is in some degree typical of the Quakers of whom it treats. Modest, if not unattractive, in its title and appearance, it improves steadily on nearer acquaintance, and introduces us not only to some of the best men of whom England has reason to be proud, but to the struggles and success of a policy which has gone far to create and to justify our Empire. It contains an account of the efforts made between the years 1833 and 1841 to improve the condition of the native races of India, and especially to abolish the slavery which then existed amongst them. The chief actor in this campaign was Joseph Pease, of Darlington, the most distinguished of a numerous family, the members of which still maintain in various walks of life the talents and virtues of their ancestor. Edward and Joseph Pease carried on a large woollen manufacturing business in Darlington. The junior partner had been for some years the travelling member of the firm, so that he had large opportunities of becoming acquainted with the life and occupations of the people. He retired from business in middle life and devoted himself to public affairs. The keynote of his character was benevolence. He had a passionate hatred of cruelty and oppression, a horror of war and slavery. He was never tired of inculcating the duty of loving all men and fearing no man.

The year 1833 witnessed the first fruits of the reformed Parliament in two Acts, one for the abolition of negro slavery in the West Indies and other British colonies, and the other for granting a new charter to the East India Company for another twenty years. These victories only whetted the appetite for future conquests. Slavery must be abolished throughout the world, in North America, and, above all, in our own dependency of India. Great hopes were raised by the accession of Queen Victoria. The women of England prayed that her coming to the throne might be marked by the immediate and complete emancipation of female slaves. To attain any alleviation of slavery in India, it was first necessary to dispel the ignorance of Englishmen. The terrible famine in Bengal of 1838 presented a favourable opportunity. The mortality had been terrible. Newspaper correspondents wrote that the inhabitants of some of the larger cities were compelled to abandon their evening drives from the impossibility of avoiding the effluvia of putrid corpses. Joseph Pease organised an agitation, and obtained the assistance of O'Connell. Meetings were held in Birmingham and many other large towns. Specially notable was the meeting of the British Association at Newcastle in 1839. The abolitionists then adopted as their programme the emancipation of the slaves of our Eastern Empire and the granting of land to Indian labourers, in order to supplant in the British market the slave-grown cotton of the United States. New recruits appeared in the persons of Jonathan Backhouse, Thomas Wemyss, and the young William Forster, and societies for the protection of the natives of British India were formed at Darlington and many other places in the North. At length, in May, 1839, a central association was set on foot in London under the name of the "British India Society for bettering the condition of our fellow-subjects, the natives and inhabitants of British India." At the request of Joseph Pease, Thomas Clarkson accepted the office of President. Quakers, as was natural, formed the backbone of the movement, but the meeting was attended by an army of Indian princes, of eminent Anglo-Indians, by members of Parliament, notably by Mr. Charles Villiers, who is still amongst us. As was natural, the promoters entertained a sanguine hope that all abuses of Indian Government would be swept away at once. Many of them, alas, still remain. Lord Brougham argued eloquently that India should be controlled by the voice of its

representatives, and O'Connell depicted in glowing language the lightning speed with which the enthusiasm for righting wrong would flash from one corner of the Empire to the other.

The second part of the programme, the extinction of the American cotton market, was strongly supported in the United States, where the belief was held that cotton was the strongest anti-abolition influence of the country. An American wrote: "Were English and French manufacturers supplied with Indian or Egyptian cotton, the demand for slaves from Virginia and Maryland would cease." The movement, however, soon encountered the opposition which was a sign of its success. At Darlington itself it came into conflict with the Chartists, and the motion for the amelioration of the Indians was lost because the working-men present objected to petition a House of Commons in which they were not represented. This critical condition of things spread to London. A split occurred as to whether the opium trade was properly within the sphere of the society, and the organisation was nearly given up. Thomas Clarkson, however, and Richard Cobden, were not men to be dismayed by a first rebuff. On June 12th, 1840, the first "World Anti-slavery Convention" was held at Freemasons' Hall. The "friends of the slaves of every nation" met almost to the number of five hundred. Haydon has left us an historical painting of the memorable scene. Of the one hundred and thirty-two portraits which the picture contains, fifty of them were members or associates of the British India Society. The concluding prayer of Clarkson's was responded to by deep-toned utterances of "Amen, Amen." The success of this movement gave new life to the British India Society. The American abolitionists cheered to the echo O'Connell's glowing appeal to "raise the shield of humanity around the natives of India in order to vindicate our common Christianity, and promote the blessings of peace and prosperity in that long-oppressed quarter of the world."

The Society now began to attract the attention of the East India Company. Joseph Pease held important communications with James Cosmo Melvill, who was, perhaps, the most influential member of that corporation. Melvill expressed the strongest sympathy with the entire abolition of slavery in India. The centre of gravity was shifted to Manchester, the fittest town in England to decide all questions connected with the cotton trade. John Bright lent his youthful eloquence to the cause, a fact which has been neglected by all his biographers. In November, 1840, Clarkson could assert cheerfully that the cause was gaining ground. The general election of 1841 seemed at first likely to inflict a serious blow upon the society. The whole Whig party appeared to be doomed. The new Parliament was evidently Protectionist, whereas the friends of the Indians were almost to a man Free Traders. The best course seemed to be to grasp the nettle. This was done by forming a close alliance between the British India Society and the Anti-Corn-Law League embodied in a regular treaty signed by Joseph Pease and Richard Cobden. This combination was not, however, of much advantage to the weaker organisation. The advocates of India had to bear their full share of the odium attaching to Free Traders, while the introduction of Indian topics into Free Trade speeches was tolerated with impatience. The effect of the Afghan war upon India had been very serious: her treasury was exhausted; she had lost fifteen thousand men and fifty thousand camels. In this state of things any proposal for improving the revenue was likely to be listened to. Efforts were made to push the growth of cotton in India. The South Durham British India Society presented an address dated May 20th, 1843, urging this policy on the board of directors. Joseph Pease who presented the address was referred to the secretary for a reply. With startling and dramatic effect the secretary produced an Act dated on the previous seventh of April abolishing slavery within the territories of the East

India Company. We are told by Mr. Bell that "the suddenness of so stupendous a communication produced a dreadful shock. Every nerve in Joseph Pease thrilled with the sudden conflict of his emotions." In giving to the South Durham Society an account of this memorable interview, he wrote: "With inexpressible pleasure in his countenance, Mr. Secretary Melvill handed me the Act of the President of the Council of India abolishing slavery throughout that vast Empire, remarking: 'You have had something to do with this,' well knowing it belonged to himself, though he did not choose to acknowledge it. But, my friends, let us not deceive ourselves. The work for the redemption of the slave has not been the work of man. To Him whose compassion faileth not, whose tender mercies are over all the workmanship of His holy hands, we ascribe the praise."

Joseph Pease died on March 16th, 1845. He bequeathed to each of his five sons and grandsons a copy of the law of 1843, which he regarded as the crowning happiness of his life to have witnessed. His friend, Thomas Clarkson, followed him six months later. This admirably written book contains not only the record of a noble life, but an example of the means by which great reforms are conceived and carried out under free institutions.

MORE OF MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF.

THE LETTERS OF MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF. Translated from the French by Mary J. Serrano. With Portrait, Autograph Letters, etc. London: Cassell & Co. 1891.

THE publication of a selection from the correspondence of Marie Bashkirtseff was inevitable. The tragedy of inordinate desires revealed in the Journal and her early death had excited the curiosity we all know. Eugénie de Guérin's letters had followed her Journal: the inference was plain. The difficulty was that one who was accustomed to deposit regularly her self-confessions in her Journal would naturally transfer appropriate portions of it to her private letters, and that anything which was not a repetition would be merely trivial. The dilemma has not been escaped, though the variations on the old themes of the Journal are sufficiently entertaining. By way of preface we have the brief notice of François Coppée, contributed originally to the catalogue of her works exhibited in 1885, in which the accredited poet of the humble, simple poor is "stupefied" at the pile of masterpieces of literature in their original languages which he found lying on the table of the young well-to-do *mondaine*, who was so highly delighted when a painting of hers fetched four guineas at a sale at the Hôtel Drouot, and whose attainments might possibly, in case of need, have qualified her for the post of a governess, if only she could have obtained pardon for the originality of her English as displayed in these letters.

We miss the terrible tenacity of purpose which marked the Journal so strongly. Doubtless her fierce determination to be a genius, to win admiration and notoriety one way or another, to have the two hemispheres at her feet, to gain the suffrage even of the crowd whose individual members she so haughtily despised, was best reserved for self-confession. What is new in this volume are the letters addressed to the literary gods of the moment, corresponding in date to the fits of enthusiasm noted in the Journal. Stendhal and Balzac were inconveniently dead, and so escaped. What their successors thought of the letters sent to them in her terrible scrawl is left to the imagination, but their replies are easily gathered from Mlle. Marie's letters and from the known characteristics of the recipients. Alexander Dumas *fils* seems to have sagely told her that she had been turning her brain by reading too many novels, that the ideal and the real are not quite the same thing in this world, and that she would do wisely to go to bed regularly at an early hour. This rebuff seems to have damped her ardour till next year, when she presents herself to M. de M—— (read, doubtless, Guy de

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Maupassant) as a sister-soul worthy of a confidential correspondence. This time, however, she is wiser than before, and does not appoint a rendezvous at the opera ball; she prefers to remain unknown. M. de M——, as might be supposed, replies that he is not the man she is seeking, that he is not romantic, poetical, or gallant, and that he is the victim of eternal ennui. They play at hide-and-seek for a short time; the author very cautious and mistrustful, the would-be celebrity of the future brilliantly flighty and impertinent. Evidently she thought that the watchword of 1830, "*épater les bourgeois*" (startle the Philistines), was out of date, and that modernity demanded that one should rather endeavour to startle the literary artists themselves. M. de M—— failing her, she turns to M. Edmond de Goncourt, whom she had dubbed in a letter to M. de M—— as a naïve old Japanese with a Louis XV. wig. M. de Goncourt had based his "*Chérie*" on confidences received from young girls. "*Chérie*," Marie tells him, is "full of poor things." She offers him at the moment her Journal, which she had originally intended to leave by will to "a talented young writer," evidently M. de M——. But, though all the deficiencies of "*Chérie*" would doubtless be amply compensated by her own Journal, she does not seem to have received an answer. Nor had she more luck, apparently, in flinging herself at the feet of Zola, in admiration of his "passion for truth." She vouches she had read every word he had written; yet there is no second letter addressed to him, any more than to M. Edmond de Goncourt. Finally, she turns to M. Sully-Prudhomme, whose preface to his *Lucretius* is "infinitely more difficult to understand than the philosophy of the ancients. And I have such a high opinion of my intellect, that he who is capable of embarrassing it is in my eyes a giant."

MM. Alexander Dumas and Paul Bourget are greatly alarmed at the contemporary ravages in France of the analytical spirit, and the consequent "incapability of loving," at the increasing intensity of the "duel of the sexes." It is true they have not yet found it necessary to advise the resuscitation of the *jus trium liberorum*, and that marriages still take place. Yet Marie Bashkirtseff's confessions strengthen these writers' views—or paying paradoxes. Here was a young girl, not at all subject to that malady of lack of will they fear so greatly, who was ready and capable of being, in her relations with the opposite sex, a *camarade*, as they desire, and not a dressed doll. Yet none but perfectly modelled dukes, or at least great geniuses, need apply for her hand. Here was a girl who was intellectual, but her genius (if you will) only served to make her relatives uncomfortable, and to hasten her own death. These modern Atalantas are, on their own showing, intricate bundles of nerves and victims of moods. They live on excitement, and *se montent la tête à froid* in default of spontaneous enthusiasm. They no longer complain, as in George Sand's youthful days, that they are *femmes incomprises*, but use the scalpels of analysis to the injury of themselves and of others. But, after all, they do not escape the woman in them; though they regard a husband as a mere accessory to their glory, they are always seeking for a lay confessor, an Alexandre Dumas; or a master, a Bastien-Lepage. They are ever disciples and mouth-pieces, even George Sand and George Eliot. "Fie! 'tis an unweeded garden," we might say of Marie Bashkirtseff's soul; yet she wins our deepest sympathy. When a girl of sixteen not only writes to a friend that she "has placed a sort of pride in the building up for herself of a life all fair and glorious, with that selfish pride of a painter who is working at the picture which is to be his masterpiece," but with iron will proceeds to carry out her plan into effect, we can only follow with alarmed sympathy the inevitable drama of disappointments and doubts, of alternating self-confidence and distrust, or even judge that she was *felix opportunitate mortis*, though her inordinate desires seemed in a fair way to their accomplishment.

FICTION.

1. MISS WENTWORTH'S IDEA. By W. E. Norris. Two vols. London: Ward & Downey. 1891.
2. BY RIGHT NOT LAW. By Robert H. Sherard. One vol. London, Paris, and Melbourne: Cassell & Co. 1891.
3. THE VRIL STAFF. By X. Y. Z. One vol. London: David Stott. 1891.

MISS WENTWORTH went one Sunday evening to hear the Rev. the Hon. Ernest Compton preach on behalf of the Society of S. Francis. He was a fine preacher, and he had great effect upon Miss Wentworth. She wished to surrender her worldly wealth, which was considerable, to the Society, and to devote herself to its work. She was opposed, however, by Ernest Compton himself; in the second volume, after she had renewed her offer, he insisted that she should take another week for consideration before he would accept it. An event which was more unexpected to herself than to Compton occurred during that week, and put an end to her idea of joining the Society. "It was never anything more than an idea," Compton remarked to her. There will certainly be some readers who will be more interested in Miss Wentworth's niece, Sylvia. Indeed, during a great part of the story, it is not Miss Wentworth, but Sylvia, who is the principal figure; one is more deeply engaged with the passions of the younger heroine than the mere proclivities of the elder. Sylvia returned the love of a bad baronet, a man divorced from his wife. The engagement was not sanctioned by her father or her aunt; and although Sylvia's illness ultimately won some concession from them, she did not live to marry her bad baronet. We have given briefly the raw material of the story; it is less easy to give any notion of the way in which Mr. Norris deals with it. Sometimes he seems to have amused himself by taking one of the typical characters of fiction and adding something. Ernest Compton is the typical religious enthusiast, with insight and strong common sense added. Sir Harry Brewster is the bad, bold baronet, with a genuine passion added. Miss Wentworth's cynical brother, James, is another new departure; for the cynical of fiction are not generally brothers, but uncles—elderly uncles. The whole story is written with spirit and confidence; it is bright on the surface and pessimistic beneath it; the style has a curiously winning and engaging quality in it. In choice of subject more than in execution the author reminds us of Trollope. For the choice of the title and the arrangement of the story some fault might be found; the main interest is stopped by an interest which was only intended to be subservient. But these are not points of the first importance. "*Miss Wentworth's Idea*" is an exceedingly pleasant and interesting novel.

Mr. Sherard dedicates his new book, "*By Right not Law*," to the many gentlemen of the press who have encouraged him in the past with their kindly notices. Such a dedication is embarrassing. One feels an inclination to be kind in order to share the honour of some future dedication. And the inclination to be kind is as uncritical as the impulse of the more common reviewer not to be dull on Saturday. There was a man once, the hero of "*By Right not Law*," whose name was variable and may be neglected. He discovered that his great-grandfather had been murdered by an innkeeper, and that the innkeeper had possessed himself of the great-grandfather's money. In course of time the innkeeper committed suicide and the stolen money went to his daughter, Prudence. Prudence was exceedingly religious. She lived an austere life, denying herself, saving all her money for the service of the Church. She wished to restore an old ruined chapel. To the hero it seemed better that she should restore the money that her father, that unrighteous innkeeper, had stolen. To this Prudence objected; the hero pressed his point; he became so exasperated that he wrote texts on her furniture. Now Prudence lived alone and kept the money in the house with her; she

had religious objections to any investments. One day the hero called, and found Prudence lying on the floor strangled; he seized his opportunity and that portion of the money to which he was entitled by right not law. It was, perhaps, not unnatural that he should afterwards have been suspected of murder. His own story was considered so monstrously incredible that he was placed in sûreté. Now La Sûreté, in the criminal lunatic asylum at Bicêtre, is the part reserved for such patients as during the examination subsequent on their arrest have given signs of mental aberration. The same instinct which tells the hunter when he has reached "just the place for a snark," makes the reviewer certain that here he has reached just the point for some hypnotism. We get our hypnotism. To suspect the wrong man is nothing—we may see as brave things in shilling fiction any day—but in this case Dr. Bernuys hypnotises the wrong man. Now this is new with a novelty born rather of ingenuity than of imagination. The climax of the story is somewhat weak, hurried, and inadequate. The book, as a whole, would not be a bad companion for a railway journey; it has rather more merit than the average of its class; the incidents which it records are interesting enough, and are, of course, more convincing in the book than in a sketch of the plot.

It is not possible to say very much of "The Vril Staff" except that it is outrageous, prophetic, and irritating. It derives its inspiration from one of the weakest works of by no means the strongest English novelist. It is frequently incoherent and obscure; it is frequently absurd; it is never convincing. Politics gone mad blind with religion gone maudlin; and the chief moral of the book is that a literary inefficiency cannot make the frantically impossible interesting. As a description of the events which are to be, we may say—without pretensions to prophecy—that it is untrue; of its literary quality the following is a fair sample:—

"The eloquence of Norman's prowess was powerful, but while it flashed before them, the poor memory that hugs a fable makes but a vaporous track if to retain a grand truth in minds which are neither attuned to grandeur or truth."

One cannot criticise such work. It is unspeakable.

SIR WILLIAM STIRLING-MAXWELL.

THE CLOISTER LIFE OF THE EMPEROR CHARLES V.—MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS AND ADDRESSES. Vols. V. and VI. of the Works of Sir William Stirling-Maxwell, Baronet. Edinburgh: John C. Nimmo.

THESE two volumes conclude Mr. Nimmo's *édition de luxe* of Sir William Stirling-Maxwell's works.

This, the fourth edition of "The Cloister Life of the Emperor Charles V.," contains the author's latest notes, additions, and emendations. It was a curious subject to choose, the last days of the prematurely old man who had fought sixty almost useless battles, and then retired in disgust from the eye of the world, for no other purpose, apparently, than to enjoy heavy dinners and nurse his gout and his soul in peace, since he never really relaxed his hold on the Empire. It is indeed a triumph to have made of the cloister life of Charles V. one of the most fascinating biographical studies in English literature.

The meagreness of the biographical note prefixed to the "Essays and Addresses" is disappointing. We have nothing except the dates of the chief events in the life of one who was scholar, historian, poet, politician, and country gentleman—a life which when it comes to be written should prove one of the most interesting chapters in the literary history of the century. "If the style be anywhere the man, it must be in historical writing." It is true enough, as Sir William himself says, that a Hume and a Gibbon could have been constructed from their writings, had Hill Burton never written the life of the one, or had Lord Sheffield suppressed the autobiography of the other; but would it have been the true Hume or the true Gibbon? It is very questionable, when we consider how different a Carlyle from the actual one would have been constructed by posterity had Mr. Froide elected to destroy the "Reminiscences" and letters. Still, we can remark in Sir William Stirling-Maxwell's historical works some proof of his scrupulous honesty, of his care not to decide on imperfect evidence, or his anxiety to avoid saying more than he actually knew, or obtaining credit for having himself investigated that which he had taken upon trust. Nor is his writing by any means deficient in the narrative power, the brilliant criticism, the convincing argument, the sparkle of

illustration or allusion which are so distinctive of Macaulay's work; although there are not many traces of the perfect self-confidence of the latter historian which originated Lord Melbourne's saying: "I wish I were only as sure about any one thing as Macaulay is about everything."

From his "Essays and Addresses" we can gather some idea of the width of his culture, of his insight into the events of his own time, of his warmth of friendship, and of his genuineness as a man.

MINOR ECONOMICS.

COLLECTIVISM AND THE SOCIALISM OF THE LIBERAL SCHOOL. By A. Naquet. Translated by William Heaford. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1891.

POLITICS AND PROPERTY; OR, PHRONOCRACY. By Slack Worthington. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1891.

THE last addition to the useful "Social Science Series" published by Messrs. Sonnenschein is a criticism of the "Collectivist" or Socialist theory put forward in France by M. Jules Guérde, as the representative, apparently, of the Marxist school. We were under the impression that Socialists generally, who are always ready to exploit the most recent discoveries of political economy in their own interest, had been led by the recent progress of the science, as exemplified in the conclusions, e.g., of Gerons and Walker, to abandon Marx's theory of value as based on labour and Lassalle's "iron law of wages"—which, as M. Naquet remarks, is merely the Malthusian law of population in another form—in order to attach a Collectivist moral to the "complex co-operation of labour" and "the rent of ability." It is surely slaying the slain in England to refute Marx now; but granting it is to be done at all, it seems to us well done here. Some practical difficulties, too, which we have not seen noticed before, are mentioned as lying in the way of a Socialist state. There is the danger of usurious lending (privately, of course) and illicit dealing; the difficulties that will arise when lawyers and physicians are State functionaries and the public cannot choose among them; the danger of bureaucracy (Mr. Herbert Spencer's main point); the check on invention, and on the formation of that "reserve fund of capital" which States, as well as men, must lay by. Here and there the book is rather weak, as when, after urging very sensibly that capital tends to be diffused, the author proposes to check the accumulation of large fortunes by high succession duties. Free competition, improved education, State protection for the labourer, and progressive taxation, apparently are the chief items of M. Naquet's programme. As a whole, the book is rather too French in scheme, illustrations, and allusions. The translator has enlivened the stiffness inevitable in a translation with one or two little slips, e.g., "the Leman," "the young Frau," "Arkangel," "competing exploitation" (rival enterprise), and Isabeau of Bavaria is made to wear a "shirt"—as if she had been addicted to lawn tennis. There are sensible remarks on the present state of Europe, and rise in real wages visible in recent years. We must protest against the misuse of a definite technical term like "antinomies" to express conflicting tendencies, or difficulties attaching to a notion. The book may, perhaps, as its translator hopes, be of some use in promoting discussion among English Socialists; to other English people we do not see that its use can be very great.

Mr. Slack Worthington is an amateur political philosopher, who, in striving after the *Gründlichkeit* of the German, often falls into the prosiness that is occasionally also a characteristic of the American. He begins his book by noticing that it is evident to most men that the earth exists and contains "the animal called the human being"; and he sketches the history of this animal from its earliest beginnings, almost wholly confining himself, indeed, to those ages which are prehistoric, in a manner more suitable to the last century than to the present. He advocates restriction of the suffrage, cumulative taxation, free trade, decentralisation and encouragement of foreign immigration; and, despite his unpromising beginning and a tendency to diffuseness in style, there is a good deal of sound sense in his remarks, though we cannot say they are strikingly original. As a commentary, however, on the present day problems of the United States the book has a certain significance, and may, by-and-by, possess some value for the historian of thought. For the student of language it has a value already.

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THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1891.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

THE present week will be memorable in history because of the number of deaths of eminent persons which it has witnessed. The unexpected death of MR. PARNELL on Tuesday evening has naturally made a profound impression on the public mind. He had played so great and so strange a part in our recent history, and had succeeded in impressing his own personality so strongly upon the popular imagination, that his sudden removal, at the moment when he seemed bent on carrying on a hopeless struggle with all the strength of his indomitable will, has naturally touched all classes. Elsewhere we have sought to gather up some of the lessons taught by the life of this very remarkable man. Here it is only necessary to note the fact that his death is an almost unmixed advantage to the cause of which he was so long the representative and the leader. The Home Rule party in Ireland can now forget its differences and heal its feud, for the one real cause of division within its ranks since last November was the personality of MR. PARNELL. For the rest, it must always be remembered that, whatever may have been the faults and shortcomings of the last twelve months, MR. PARNELL was a man who had been deeply wronged, and for whose sufferings no adequate reparation has yet been made.

Two other men of mark have died during the week. The KING OF WÜRTEMBERG expired on Tuesday, and on the same afternoon MR. W. H. SMITH, the estimable leader of the Tory party in the House of Commons, died somewhat suddenly at the time when his fellow-countrymen were hoping that his recovery from a tedious and distressing complaint had been practically accomplished. Of the KING OF WÜRTEMBERG little that is satisfactory or complimentary can be said. He belonged to that erratic class of monarchs whose personal weaknesses have in all ages done so much to restrain the sentiment of loyalty among their subjects, and his death causes no appreciable change in European politics. To Englishmen the loss of MR. SMITH is a more serious event. A member of the middle class, who had risen almost from poverty to the possession of vast wealth, he was one of those honourable examples of the right use of the influence which wealth brings with it. His political career had been singularly fortunate and successful, and in nothing was it more fortunate than in the extent to which he was enabled to gain the confidence, not merely of his political supporters, but of his opponents. The very limitations of his mind helped to endear him to his fellow-countrymen, and his loss, which is a very serious one to LORD SALISBURY and his colleagues in the Ministry, is not a light one to the nation at large.

ANOTHER death of the week has been that of the EARL OF PORTSMOUTH, a nobleman of high character, who, both as landlord and politician, has played an honourable part in our national life. LORD PORTSMOUTH seceded from the Liberal party when it formally adopted Home Rule; but it must be remembered to his credit that he was one of the few peers holding large Irish estates who warmly

supported MR. GLADSTONE in his efforts to improve the condition of the land tenure of Ireland during his first and second Administrations. LORD PORTSMOUTH'S death causes a vacancy in the South Molton division of Devonshire, his successor, LORD LYMINGTON, having sat as member for that constituency. Finally, we have to notice the death of SIR JOHN POPE HENNESSY, a man who had many remarkable qualities, and whose somewhat stormy life would well repay the attention of a capable biographer. His election for Kilkenny, as an opponent of MR. PARNELL, was the first serious blow to the influence of the member for Cork. Since his return to Parliament he has played but a small part in public life.

THE various events which have been crowded into the history of the week at home have had a somewhat disturbing influence upon the political atmosphere. The death of MR. PARNELL is generally recognised as an event of very great importance. It is certainly an event which is advantageous to the Liberal and Home Rule party. Not only is a cause of division in the Irish party removed, but the Liberal leaders are relieved from a criticism which had latterly been as unfair as it was unscrupulous. The question of MR. SMITH'S successor is another topic which has been warmly discussed during the week. We have reason to believe that the feeling within the Tory party is strongly adverse to the appointment of MR. GOSCHEN, and not less strongly favourable to the selection of MR. BALFOUR. Strange to say, the chief opponent of MR. BALFOUR is said to be MR. BALFOUR himself. The Irish Secretary does not see what is to be gained by taking the leadership of a moribund House of Commons, especially since his acceptance of that post would necessitate his retirement from the office he now holds. There can be no doubt that the position created by the melancholy death of MR. SMITH must be one of considerable embarrassment to LORD SALISBURY. One of its consequences will probably be the acceleration of the date of the General Election.

THE election in North-East Manchester has resulted in the return of SIR JAMES FERGUSSON, the Conservative candidate, by a majority of 150 votes. This is a distinct Liberal gain as compared with the elections of 1885 and 1886, when the Tory majorities were 1,448 and 327 respectively. But although the result is thus far encouraging, it cannot be denied that the failure to win SIR JAMES FERGUSSON'S seat shows that in Lancashire the leaven of Toryism is still very strong. Happily this is not inconsistent with the preponderance of Liberalism elsewhere in the North of England. We publish on another page an interesting letter from Manchester, written before the result of the election was made known, from which some idea of the special characteristics of the constituency will be gathered. MR. SCOTT made an admirable candidate, and deserves the thanks of the Liberal party for the service he has rendered them.

MR. GLADSTONE'S visit to Newcastle which terminated on Saturday last was like a renewal of the triumphs he secured in the same town nine-and-twenty years ago. The great speech in the Tyne Theatre on Friday night was as remarkable as a